

The Ideal Christmas Gift

It has often been said; "Christmas comes but once a year." This is perhaps the one just criticism that can be made of Christmas.

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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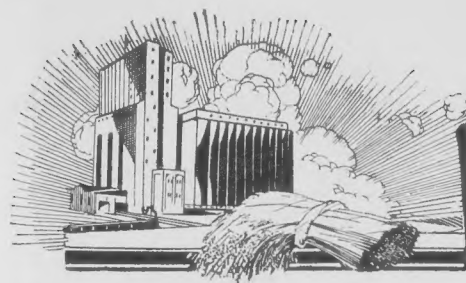
"LONE HAND"

the story of a clever girl crook.

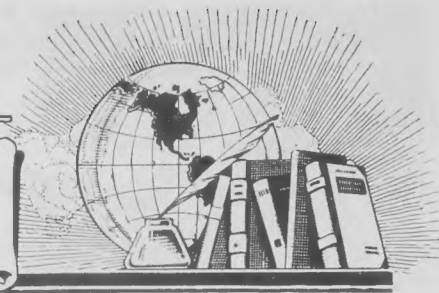
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EDITORIAL



Hunger

TENNYSON put into the mouth of Ulysses the yearning of all mankind when he said:
 "For always roaming with a hungry heart,
 Much have I seen and known.....
 Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
 Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
 Forever and forever as I move."

Of all the ministries of men there is none more gracious than that which seeks to appease hunger. Hunger of body—for food, for exercise, for rest, for recreation; hunger of the mind—for truth, for enlightenment, for wisdom; hunger of the heart for sympathy and friendship and understanding; hunger of the soul for forgiveness and rest and peace; hunger of the aesthetic sense—for beauty in form and color and design; hunger that is never satisfied until life on earth is ended and that new life begins wherein is neither hunger nor thirst nor weariness nor sin.

There is no time during the year when people hunger so much as at Christmastide, no time when souls who wish to help their fellows can find it so easy to be of service. Let us plead that assistance rendered be not limited to material gifts.

"Not what we give, but what we share,
 The gift without the giver is bare."

The Hunger of Loneliness

THE reason for emphasizing this is that Western Canada is in the nature of things a very lonely land. It is a country of magnificent distances—which if they bespeak illimitable possibilities, also ensure loneliness and privations. And the loneliness is accentuated because so many people are far from their kindred, so many without a single friend in the whole broad land. To all of these the need is companionship and kindly recognition, and if to this is added as occasion may require a dinner or a remembrance, why it is so much the better. But it is the companionship, the heart-touch that is essential. Let there be no mistaking that fact.

Individual Effort

WHAT an opportunity here for individual and social endeavor. How nobly have the pioneers accepted their opportunity? The danger is that with the growth of population and the forming of family ties the strangers may be forgotten and the unfortunate neglected.

Often it is impossible and inadvisable for strangers to be invited to the home. The alternative is to see to it that something is provided for every one who is unable to plan for himself. This has led to the commendable practice now followed everywhere of sending Christmas hampers where they will be of most service, of writing letters of good cheer, of looking after the needy and distressed. Never was individual effort so common, never were hearts so open to appeal as during the years since the opening of the Great War.

Community Effort

THE tendency today, however, is toward community service. The church, the society and the municipality, act. The individual becomes a contributor to the greater group which because of its wider knowledge is able to distribute more judiciously. Thus the Federated Budget scheme supplants the plan of collection by individual organizations and the distribution by a central committee takes place of direct giving by individual members. For instance it is the custom for the New York Times to publish the city's three hundred neediest cases and to solicit aid for these. Last year over \$250,000 was collected and a recent report indicates just what resulted in each case of help. The story is like a chapter from the Arabian Nights Entertainment. It is as if three hundred Good Samaritans had dropped into the Great Metropolis. And what has been done in New York in a smaller way has been done in other centres, owing to the initiative of newspapers and other agencies.

Heart Hunger

MOST of the help thus given has looked towards providing the necessities of life, food, clothing and shelter. Even more to the point has been the service rendered by the Home Welfare Associations which have maintained a system of visitation throughout the year. For instance the Winnipeg branch has vitally interested itself in taking care of no less than one hundred and fifty needy families. This has meant much more to these families than a donation in cash and kind—it has been a devotion of personality and kindness. To those receiving visits the world seems not such a cold and cheerless place, as no place is cheerless which is warmed by the fires of friendship and kindly interest.

The Hunger of the Newcomer

PERHAPS there are no people so much in need of friends as the non-English newcomers. They often do not understand our language, our customs

our manners; and as a result they stand aloof. They are hungry for friendship and for understanding, and are eagerly looking toward citizenship. There is no better service that can be rendered them than that some of the native born who just for the present are in a natural position of leadership, should show them the way and extend to them a hand of welcome.

A Good Example

UP at Desjarlais in Alberta there is a branch of the U.F.A., and it is doing a very creditable piece of work. At the last general gathering two of the addresses delivered were of outstanding importance, one by Dr. Keane, explaining to the new Canadians the values of good citizenship and another by the member of the legislature for the district, himself one of the new Canadians, setting forth the privileges and advantages of Canadian life. These addresses, undoubtedly had the effect intended. The newcomers will feel that they are not strangers in our midst; but members of a great commonwealth. Surely that is an attitude that is worth while. Here, then, is a suggestion for others. What Mrs. Keane has done in her district may be repeated elsewhere. Those who

A Christmas Message

From Sir Arthur Currie

TO Canadians, as to all other Christian peoples, Christmas is fraught with deep and solemn meaning. It is a season of peace and good will to men, a season of joy and boundless hope and promise. It is a season of fact as well as a season of prophecy. It should be a period of renewed ideals—ideals born in a manger nineteen hundred years ago, which after the passing of the centuries appeal alike to men of all creeds and of none. But it is a time, too, of vivid and sacred memories, memories of childhood and of home and of the old kindly faces, many of whom have vanished with the years.

Today, the Christmas call is for a new chivalry, a chivalry in which the chief ambition is service and the willingness to risk all for a cause. In our vast country with its wide energies and its broad activities, even as in the world with its weariness, its disillusionment, and, in places, its despair, the Yule log with its symbol of divine fire needs to be kindled afresh and the Christmas spirit reincarnated in our far-flung homes. We need to be worthy of our pioneer ancestors. They toiled and suffered and conquered in the Christmas spirit. With them self-surrender came high. But, as always, the price was worth the paying.

are settled here are our coming citizens. It is for us to determine the character of their citizenship. There is all the difference in the world between the feeling that one is a citizen and the feeling that one is an outcast. The future of Canada demands that we intensify the feeling of brotherhood. There is no better time to begin than during the Christmas season.

Giving and Gaining

THERE is another side to this whole question: one finds life in losing it. In other words self-realization comes through service. He who would know joy must give joy to others; he who would minister to the needy must sacrifice time and means. Thank Heaven, there is no other way. It is the way to peace and brotherhood and God; it is the way to peace on earth and goodwill among men. And with this thought in mind The Western Home Monthly says to its readers "A Happy Christmas to All."

Let Us Be Optimists

THE frontier of civilization extends from the Atlantic Coast of Labrador to Prince Rupert on the far Pacific. Every year it is being pushed farther north. Dr. Frank Bohn, an American, writing of Stefansson has this to say, and it should thrill all Canadians.

"The biggest shock that Canada has yet received from an explorer has come from this adventurous and brilliant Swedish-Canadian-American. Probably of all the expeditions that ever invaded the far north those of Stefansson will prove to be, in the end, the most valuable. He has exploded for all time the theory that 'north of the fifty-fifth parallel of north latitude, Canada is a dreary and uninhabitable waste.' In fact, this theory was sedulously propagated for 200 years by the agents of the Hudson Bay Company.

"Stefansson's books make the most delightful reading for the Canadian optimist. His works excel in literary craftsmanship as in scientific value. The Canadian northland he describes as a region covered either by deep forests or nutritious grasses. 'These grasses prevail through the whole northern territory, from the tree line as far north as 80 degrees north latitude, where the soil is suitable, wherever it is not rocky.' The nutritive value and the abundance of these grasses are 'shown by the fatness of the animals and the size of the herds.' 'The musk-oxen keep fat through the whole year.'

"Moose are increasing in the forestry area. A herd of caribou passed our camp on the Dease River on Bear Lake. The trail they made was four miles wide and there was scarcely a square foot in that whole area unless it might be in the shelter of a high rock, where it was not covered with footprints. There were probably 1,000,000 in the herd."

"Reindeer, he believes, can be bred over this whole area. The number of musk-oxen on Melville Island alone he estimated at about 4,000. Now Melville Island is only 600 miles north of the Arctic Circle. The 75th parallel of latitude passes through the middle of it.

"A musk-ox produces about fifty pounds of excellent quality wool each year. Mr. Lindenberg of Nome, Alaska, has a reindeer cow still breeding that has had 26 young. She is 28 years old. Twelve hundred and eighty reindeer (brought by the American Government to Alaska 20 years ago) have developed into 170,000.

"Turnips are known as far as a little north of the Arctic Circle. At Fort Good Hope, six miles south of the Arctic Circle, they have large crops of potatoes and vegetables. Fort Good Hope is four or five miles from the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

"The fishing in Great Bear Lake will probably be found to be the best in Canada. I have seen trout weighing fifty pounds up there. We have caught codfish in the Arctic Ocean which seemed to be identical with the Atlantic cod. We caught herring in tremendous schools in 100-fathom sweepnets. You would get a boatload practically at a sweep. Then there are whitefish and many other kinds of fish. We never missed a meal, our dogs never missed a meal and we traveled 10,000 miles without losing a dog.

"Our critics have completely undervalued the resources of the North. In a century these will be found, raising there, besides wheat, their native barley, oats, rye, sugar beets and dairy cattle. Ten millions of families of muscular, hot-blooded, red-cheeked folk will presently call north-western Canada and Alaska their home; and they will wonder why all the world does not envy them.

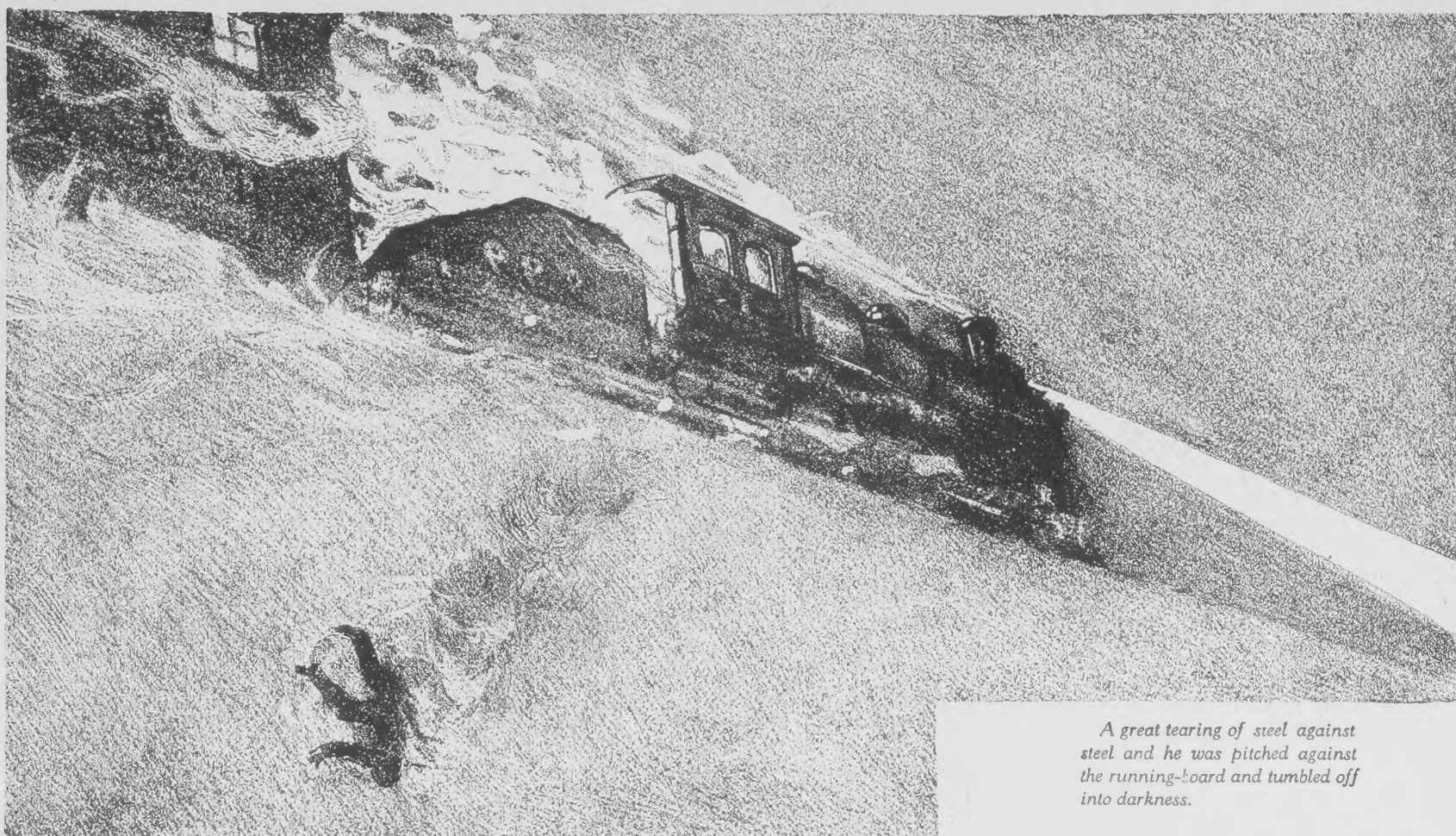
And as in proof of his assertions Mr. Bohn continues to narrate what every Western Canadian already knows:

"The agriculture schools and experimental farms of the Canadian Northwest give one a thrilling conception of the modern battle against the stubborn forces of the wilderness. 'We grow our own strawberries from June 15th to October 15th,' said the chief of the agricultural school at Winnipeg.

"The writer was sitting beside him at dinner in the refectory of the college. Hundreds of athletic-looking young men and women came in to dine. Here is being trained the commissioned staff of the mighty northward marching army of Canada. After dinner, with the sun still high in the heavens, we wandered among the spacious lawns, gardens and orchards of the school. Its beautiful buildings might have been recently constructed to serve some great Eastern university.

"The gardens and orchards were wonderful. The lettuce grew as large as the largest cabbage plants. The potatoes uplifted their white blossoms in a way to make Ireland turn a deeper green with envy. Apple trees are being bred there which live through the coldest winter. A wild plum of the prairie, crossed with a domestic plum of the southland, has produced a variety that will thrive in Western Canada.

"The deep black soil, frozen to an incredible depth in winter, which had so long denied these good things to the pioneer, seemed to unlock every resource to the hand of modern agricultural science. This great new empire of the Canadian Northwest is already a reality. Its future will be one of the triumphant victories in the onward march of our Western civilization."



A great tearing of steel against steel and he was pitched against the running-board and tumbled off into darkness.

The "Santy Claus" Special

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

(Author of "The Gauntlet of Alceste,"
"Every Man for Himself,"
"Deep Furrows," Etc.)

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SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE W.H.M.

his road was the only road in the world which had equipped its crack passenger trains with radio service so that passengers in the observation cars could "listen in" on great concerts from the south while bowling through Canada a mile a minute!

Johnny grinned as he affectionately regarded the three-tube radio set in the corner of the room. He had made it himself—part by part, assembled with great secrecy, till there it stood complete, his big Christmas surprise for his mother. When she and the kids got in on the Limited on Christmas morning from their visit to Aunt Susan there sure was going to be some excitement in this house! Hot diggity! His mother would be able now to hear the big hotel orchestras in Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City Night Hawks, the Westinghouse people's broadcasts, great sermons and lectures—anything she liked. He had tested the set and could get them all, clear as a bell. Some outcome to the study he had given to radio! Tonight he intended to "listen in" on the great Christmas eve concert which the Road's radio department would broadcast; he wanted particularly to hear the President's Christmas message which was on the program and Bud was coming over to enjoy it with him. Bud Fraser was head brakeman on Johnny's run and his particular chum and confident.

With so much in prospect, therefore, Johnny McPhail set about washing the dishes and "tidying up" in his mother's gingham apron, singing aloud in sheer exuberance of spirit his favorite ditty:

"Always together in sunshine and rain,
Facing the weather atop o' the train,
Watching the meadows move under the stars;
Always together atop o' the cars."

AND that was on Christmas eve, about seven o'clock.

At ten past seven Bud arrived, with the news that Dave Powers and his emergency gang of twenty men were hung up on the Three-Creek branch by a burned bridge and could not get in for Christmas with their families as had been planned. There were seven stockings being prepared for Santa Claus over at the Powers' little cottage and the news brought something very like consternation to the little colony of humble homes that housed the families of the trackmen; for Christmas without the daddies would be no Christmas at all!

The night foreman happened to speak about it just as Bud passed through the yard. The hands had worked overtime to repair the section of road

at which they were working and everybody was ready for home with the tool-car stored; but when the "jigger" had been run up to Three-Creek and the operator had wired in for an engine—

"They raised one awful holler; but no use," explained Bud. "They's a bridge gone at Mile 137—across the river—nothin' left but rails hangin' by the angle-bars an' there they are. Some Christmas!"

"Aw, heck!" exploded Johnny. "Don't they know enough down at the office to order 'em in by the new cut-off? Why don't those birds look at their map? All they gotta do is beat it east to the cut-off and swing down around Sullivan's Hill onto the main line an' in that way."

"The M.M. says he can't spare an engine."

"What's the matter with Mitchell anyways?" demanded Johnny. "Those fellas ain't wantin' the Limited with the President pinchin' in front and the G.M. swingin' scoop. Ain't no old gravel-train scrap-iron kickin' 'round, I s'pose! Huh! It's a darned shame, Bud,—all them kids 'n' everythin'—SAY!"

Johnny jumped to his feet and caught his chum by the shoulder as the Big Idea hit him.

"Let's you'n me go bring 'em in, Bud! Are you game? You can fire a darned sight better than a lot o' firemen I could name. Is it a go?"

There were objections; but Johnny had an answer for all of them. That very afternoon Dick Elliott had brought in an old engine from the tie camps—No. 999. She wouldn't be needed and her fires were banked. They could hook onto Dave Power's outfit by midnight or a little after and be back in the yards by daylight with everybody happy. Johnny was sure he could persuade the department to issue the order.

"Those fellas've got kids of their own," he argued. "They simply can't turn down our offer. It ain't costin' the Company anythin' for our services an' anyways it's Christmas. C'm on, Bud!"

AND that was on Christmas eve, about 7.25. By eight o'clock it was generally known at the roundhouse what the pair were up to and underneath the banter that was handed out was a strong current of approval. Somebody wrote above the entry in the callbook "Santy Claus Special." The entry itself read:

Extra East, Eng.—Leave 9.15 p.m.
Engineer McPhail—
Fireman Fraser—

Johnny's pulses raced as he signed opposite his name. Engineer McPhail! Engineer McPhail! Over and over the thrilling words repeated themselves in his brain. His first time out as an engineer—his engine, with a bell on her and a whistle that was a whistle—loud, piercing, powerful; off one of the moguls and transferred to this old timer by some humorist very much as a siren horn off a six-cylinder

Continued on page 77

ON top of the empty apple box, balanced on one foot and his healthy young body at full stretch, Johnny McPhail carefully fastened the glittering star at the tip of the evergreen. He climbed down, reached for the box of crinkly, shredded tinfoil and sprinkled it over the tree. Then he screwed the light cord into the socket and stood back with a breath of satisfaction.

It was all there, that Christmas tree—strings of popcorn, shiny, bauble ornaments of many colors, silvery hearts, animal biscuits, striped candy canes, favors, mysterious parcels in white tissue tied with red ribbon, the strings of tiny red and blue light bulbs—Gee, how it glittered!

He chuckled happily as he piled at the base sundry packages, wrapped in brown paper, and spread the tracks of wee Robbie's electric train around the tree and grouped the picture books and blocks and dolls and set of dishes and the bright new sled and the skates—The eyes of the twin sisters and the baby brother were going to stand right out of their curly heads at the gay sight! Well, bless their hearts, those kids were going to have a real Christmas for the first time in three years even if he were "broke" for months afterward.

It was three years since Engineer Andy McPhail had been killed. Since then Mrs. McPhail had had to work hard to keep the family in clothes and food; by the time the payments had been completed on the modest little home there had been scant margin for the "extras" that mean so much added comfort and pleasure. Her eldest son, Johnny, meanwhile had passed from call boy to wiper, to firing his first gravel train engine and finally to firing on a regular run, and with his increasing pay the family had been able to improve their scale of living gradually.

With an inherited liking for railroading, the young man's close application to duty had earned him rapid promotion; for, even as his young body grew into full strength of sinew, his knowledge widened. Johnny was popular with everybody at the roundhouse from the newest messenger boy to the foreman. The Master-mechanic had a smile for him. His reputation for loyal, steady service and his unfailing good nature extended beyond the motive power department and there was no question in the minds of the officials that he would prove a worthy successor of his father whose name had stood at the top through years of faithful service.

To Johnny there was no railroad in the world like his railroad, no crack train of "Varnished cars" like unto the Limited, no President like his president and no living engineer like Dan McLeod who bowled in over the switches with the Continental behind him, joggling on his cushioned arm-rest, king of right of way. Likewise, there was nothing as wonderful as music and that wonder invention of an age of invention—the radio that picked words and music out of the air a thousand miles away. Oh boy! And

Christmastide and the Virgin's Boy

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and thank God," says one sorry person. "Let me see how many presents I have to buy," says another. "It upsets both home and business," quotes a third.

Other voices have other objections—other whines—till many folk are dubious about Christmas and wonder, after all, if it is worth their while.

Some of these grouchers have just lost their power to think properly. Their brains have become as withered leaves, but for the most part these persons are blasé, selfish, proud. It hurts them to "loosen up" either physically, spiritually or mentally. "Aloof, unhelpful, and unkind," they like to seclude themselves in a castle of indolence.

Of all that is glad in life, is there aught happier than the boys and girls in the boarding school who have been counting the days till they leave the city to go home for Christmas, marking the days off the calendar as each goes by, finishing their little presents for the ones at home, and packing their trunk with a rush at the last minute?

"Christmas worn out?" Ye gods! who is the imbecile that says so?

Not the son or daughter who has been working in the store or office for a year, and who takes advantage of the slack days and special railway rates to eat their Christmas dinner with Dad and Mother. . . . Not the young parents who bring the children up to Grandmother's for the Christmas tree. Well, not any of these. True! True! Among other things, Christmas is a time of family reunions—a time for the rally of the clan.

During the year, there may have been "differences" more or less serious, among the members of the family—they may have called each other several kinds of a devil—but here is an opportunity to apologize, or to forgive, without seeming to climb down a bit. They just assemble themselves at the old home—the combatants—and eat, drink and are merry. They clasp hands and exchange gifts and, incidentally forget.

"Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now."

... "Did you say dance?"

I did, indeed, I did. They are fine things, these family dances in the light of the Christmas candles and the Christmas log. Sometime, before the dance is over, Grandfather is sure to kiss Grandmother under the mistletoe, the Christmas bell, or the seeds of pine that hang from the chandelier, or to show the younglings how the highland fling, the clog, or some French or English dance is trod.

That was a fine song Yeats, the Irish poet, set out. Bless the gosoon!

"For the good are always merry
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love to fiddle
And the merry love to dance."

And there are the children in the orphanages who, at Christmas, have myriads of parents—big-hearted people who cannot be happy while they know that any little child should miss the Christmas cheer.

"Christmas worn out?" Ho! Ho! hide your head, Old Croaker, or better still, come down the centre of the room with me once, twice, or several times. We will hold our hands together at the end and let the folk go under. "The Haymakers," that's the measure, or maybe "Sir Roger de Coverley." Don't you know that Christmas is the time when everyone must grow young again and loving?

If you have a club foot, locomotor ataxia, or anything else that slows your gait, there is another cure for your malady. Just dig deeply into your inside pocket, your cash box, or wherever you keep your money and buy a lot of stuff for the children's shelter.

You must pick the presents yourself—this is part of the cure—and then distribute them. You will be immensely surprised at the resulting change in your constitution and in your outlook. Of old times, they called this "going-a-gooding."

For this reason, we are of the opinion that Christmas is not only a time of glorious reunions but has a positively healing effect, not only on people but on communities of people.

Of Christmas, everyone has holidays but the cooks and, as far as we can see, there is no hope for them whatever—not so long as turkeys and geese refuse to become extinct, or raisins, suet, and apples remain for plum puddings, mince pies, and Christmas cake. Um-h-h!

I'll tell you what we will do. We will give the cook an extra helping instead, and a double *douceur*—that is to say, twice as many presents, whether in softer slippers, diamond rings, or big bank cheques. Who knows what a cook likes anyway, seeing their minds, in all ages, have been so very variable? For our part, we think they like working on Christmas Day. Indeed, we are sure they do, so let the matter stand at that.

Taking of plum-pudding, this reminds us that Canadian children are often puzzled about them in that these puddings contain no plums at all. I used to be puzzled myself. How could I know that raisins were called "plums" by the English, and that we got

BY EMILY F. MURPHY

("JANEY CANUCK")



'The Christ Child

—By Roze

our Christmas words from them—naturally, naturally, seeing such a lot of us are British.

There was that song too, about little Jack Horner who, indulging in a Christmas pie, "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum." How puzzling it all was!

And that other song which begins, "'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

What a setting for a story! The setting is still further improved by the fact that "The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads."

FROM this point our thoughts are turned from the setting to the enquiry as to the nature of a sugar-plum. For my part, I am not as yet sure as to the nature of the sugar-plum, but someday or other, I am likely to find out.

This poem is a queer one anyway. It says words right out loud which no modest little girl—let alone a genteel one—would even whisper to herself.

Besides, it makes her laugh about them which is much more naughty still.

Even now, we are shy about referring to this scandal of our younger days and, in the interests of the younger generation, sternly refuse to be amused.

"The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly."
O-h-h! there they are—the naughty words. Shame be on us if we do not forget them this very instant.

There is no doubt of it at all, he is a jolly old fellow with his beard and bells, and his bag of presents. They say he is a Greek saint, and the patron of all good boys and girls—that his real name is Kriss Kringle or Santa Claus—short for Saint Nicholas—but pshaw! who knows a thing about him?

Of late years, he has come down from the air to display himself in big stores, in the family parlor with a racoon coat, a red nose, a string of bells, and handing down presents from the Christmas tree. He seems glad to be giving things—glad as if he had been hoarding them up for a year, and then giving them all away at once just as our Indians used to give at their potlaches.

Someway or other, we have an idea that this is not really Santa Claus but that he still sticks to the reindeer and to the All-air Route. But what's the odds anyway? Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas no matter where or how he comes.

Merciful goodness! that's so. Christmas is the season of giving. Everyone thinks of giving rather than of receiving. Why, of course, this is the night

when the angels came in shining glory—choiring down the clouds, mind you—to tell the world about the divine baby that was God's best gift to the world.

And this was the night when the Magi brought their gifts to the Christ Child as He lay in the manger—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Gold to His kingship;
Frankincense to His godhead;
Myrrh to His manhood.

Whatever birthday we forget, or want to forget, we must always remember that of the Virgin's boy, He who was the little Lord Jesus.

His birthday comes among the shortest and darkest days of the year, but still is the crowning feast.

Maybe the 25th of December is not really the day. The Bible does not tell us, and nobody did give us the exact date till 345 years later when some Roman writer set it down. Translated from Latin it reads:—"Year after Christ, in the consulate of Caesar and Paulus, the Lord Christ was born on the 25th of December, on Friday, and the fifteenth day of the new moon".

... Awhile ago, we talked of the child in the manger—the dear little boy that was born in Bethlehem, with the animals all about in their stalls. It is well He lay in a manger, for a bullock might have crushed Him with its hoof—He who was "Dayspring" and "Wonderful" and "Emmanuel."

In the land of Europe, there are many folk who believe that on Christmas Eve, the cattle have the gift of speech and that at midnight they kneel in their stalls, but plenty of Indians believe the same of the deer, and that these animals look up to the great spirit who is the Strong Upholder of the Skies. Maybe they do look up too. Maybe they do.

The word Bethlehem means "a house of bread." It must have been that they had plenty of wheat there just as we have on the western prairies. It would not be so strange either if these wide-flung lands might really become a House of Bread to the world in more senses than one. It might be thus if we would keep the Christmas spirit with us for all the days of the year—if we would see in every little child the type of the Boy Christ with the possibilities of his redeeming the world and healing its hurts. Aye, we could do wondrous things in the West if we were good enough.

We nearly forgot them, but better late than never. We mean the Christmas decorations.

The holly and the mistletoe are not so common in Canada, except where the land slopes soft to the Western sea—that is to say in British Columbia, but all of us have the balsam, spruce, pine or fir. All can gather the red cranberries, blue juniper berries, black dogberries, white waxberries, the rowans, or the scarlet hips of the rose. Some of us can grow immortelles in the summer as against the need, and some of us can buy the red poinsettia which has come to be almost as symbolic of Christmas as the holly or the fir.

White is the ecclesiastical color for Christmas. We hang the lecterns and pulpits with white and gold, but red and green are the household colors.

Of course, it won't hurt to hang a few brownish cones, or to bank some pots of purple hyacinths. The thing is to prepare for the Feast of the Nativity with all the material at our hands, and to prepare joyously. Heigh ho! let us get into the spirit of the thing for

"All the world's a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be."

AYE! Aye! and be sure you light the candles of Christmas night, not only by reason of the luminous star that shone over the birth-bed at Bethlehem, but because of the old tradition that a lighted candle set in the window of Christmas Eve will guide the Christ Child to your home that He may bring you happiness.

It may be too, that you will feel like putting a wreath of greenery about the picture of the Child and His mother.

We are taking it that every home has one such picture—every home where there are boys and girls so that they may acquire a sweet and inly grace by pondering upon these things. How else may they learn that the mother and child is the central idea of our religion and, accordingly, that Christianity must live and grow, and bless the world when all other religions have passed to dust and oblivion.

... But there is yet another thing to do. One should burn a pine branch upon the open fire, for, be it known, the resin of conifers is just as precious and seemly an offering as myrrh, spice, or frankincense with the advantage of a sweeter savour.

And the fire-master, calling for attention, should say aloud, "Peace be to this household and to all the household of Canada."

Then must all bow to the other and say again, "Peace be to this household and to all the household of Canada."

Danka, the Wolf-Dog

Few men can win the wolf love. but those who know it speak of it as one of the wonders of the dog world.

By
Mortimer Batten, F. Z. S.

Illustrated by E. Gordon Smith

ALEC CAMERON was a prospector of the vagrant type. When he located a showing of yellow dust he simply built a cabin and sat down beside it, and there Alec remained till the gold gave out, or anyway till he got sick of the place. He knew more than to spend precious days dashing to and from the Recorder's Office, and only on the scarce occasions when Cameron struck it rich did he trouble to register his find. Other men wore themselves out and sank what little they made striving for big fortune; Alec Cameron was content to go steadily on "sawing wood," as the French say, making a little all the while and spending less. He had dreams of marrying ere long and setting up a candy shop with a bay window in Toronto or Peebles or somewhere. His wife would manage the shop while he, wearing carpet slippers, would tend the chickens out at the back. A man of steady purpose and modest ambitions was Alec Cameron—a man to whom time and place, coming and going, mattered little.

It was a Blackfoot country, not far north of the Tete Jaune Cache, that Cameron made the acquaintance of Danka, and subsequently of Minwell, the Indian. Frying bacon at the open door one summer evening he was startled by the suspicious and simultaneous snorting of his two pack horses, hobbled in the clearing. He turned to see a creature which at first he took to be a wolf standing under a cedar. It had big ears and huge forepaws, and it stood with head hung low, swinging from side to side in typical timber wolf fashion. Its eyes were upon him, wistful with hunger, and Cameron saw that they were kind eyes. He saw also that a thong of rawhide hung from the dog's neck—it was an Indian dog! "Danka! Come here Danka!"

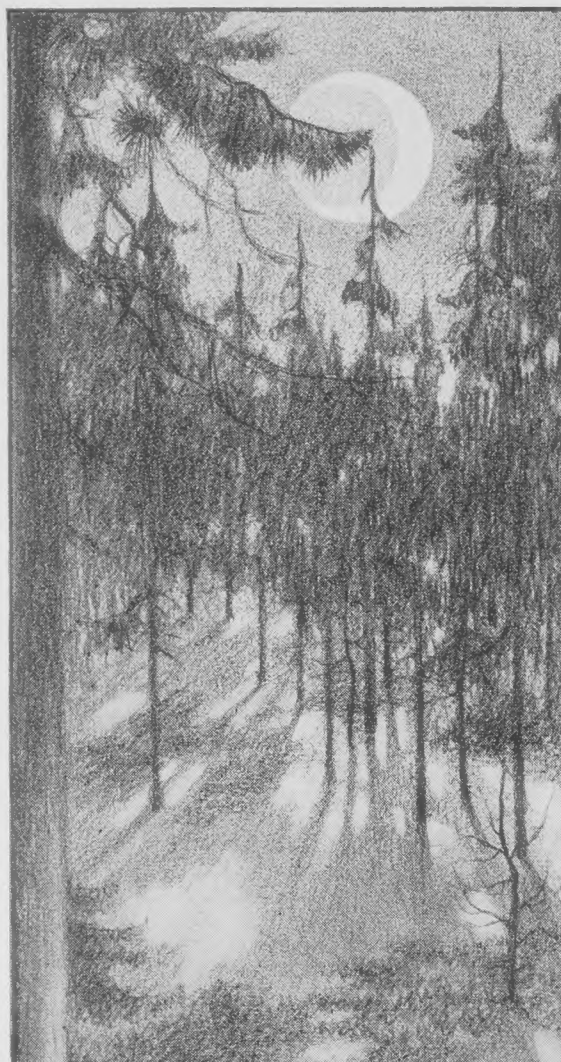
The name leapt to Cameron's lips, why he never knew. He had a wonderful way with dogs, and usually named them truly. The dog raised its head, and took three tentative steps towards the cabin. "Danka! Come here Danka!"

Then Cameron saw that the animal was injured, and his heart went out to it. He had nothing but pity for these poor creatures, whom the Indians work all winter till they leave bloody pawmarks in the snow, then, when spring comes, and there is no more work for them to do, are turned out to fend for themselves or to be killed by the other dogs if they are weak. They may make out all right so long as they are fit and well, but a wounded dog, in that country where the flies are a nightmare, spends an unholy time, and usually goes mad. "Danka old man, come here!"

The dog came slowly up to within six feet. There was no distrust in its manner, but it took no liberties and clearly expected none to be taken. One side of its head and one fore flank was hairless and sore. Evidently some accursed Indian had thrown boiling water at it! "We'll have to see to that, old man," said Cameron, "but we'll have grub first, then we'll know each other better."

Cameron took the pan containing the bacon, also a buck-wheat pancake he had made for himself, and sat himself down at the doorway of his cabin. Then he fed the dog by hand, morsel by morsel. At first it hung back, suspecting maltreatment, but a new wonder came into its eyes at the man's kindly voice and the caress of his fingers. This life was new to Danka, as was such food, and it puzzled him a little. But he required the food, and as he took it with fresh sensations of delight, his sullen aloofness faded a little, and he drew nearer.

"Now we'll see to that there wound of yours," said Cameron when the meal was finished. It is strange how dogs partake of the characters and dispositions of their owners. I have known the friendliest of dogs to turn sullen and aloof on falling



into the ownership of a surly man. The Indian never outstays his welcome. He takes what is offered him without thanks or comment, and then, fearful of taking too much, he goes his way. But some day he repays.

So now Danka, having fed, strolled off towards the bush edge. As he gained it Cameron called to him. Danka turned and looked back, the same wolfish wistfulness in his eyes. But now it was not the wistfulness of hunger. He had met a kindred

spirit; he had, for the first time in his life, felt the touch of kindness and sympathy. He was a young dog, and his character was yet in the mould. Perhaps he would never outlive the wolf blood in his veins, for it hardens a dog's soul, even as it hardens its paws. But there are wolves and wolves, and this may be said of the breeds that spring from them, that when they love it is with the love of a savage woman, and they love one man only. In that primeval devotion life—death—nothing counts. The dog has an idol, at the shrine of which it worships solely and entirely. The rest of the world it treats with the sullen distrust that the rest of the world generally deserves.

Danka saw that he was welcome, and he came back. There was no tail wagging—no outward sign of gratitude, save for that look in his eyes. He laid himself down at Cameron's feet, and looked up into the man's strong face. It was not a handsome face, for it was weather-beaten and scarred, but it was a face that men—and therefore dogs—trusted.

Cameron stooped, and examined the inflamed sores. There was a whine from Danka's lips, and Cameron expected the fierce upward chop of the wolf. It came, as was inevitably the case, from a creature which knew only to fend for itself, but the man did not draw back. The strong jaws closed upon his wrist, but instantly relaxed, and the snap turned into a caress. And Cameron knew that he had won Danka's heart.

The rest was simple. Cameron went to his medicine chest, and produced a tin of black, tar-like ointment. Evil smelling and rank it was, but it possessed extraordinary healing powers, and what was as much to the mark, it kept the flies away. He rubbed it in, while Danka bristled and snarled, then he made a brushwood bed in a corner of his cabin, and told the dog to lie there.

It was dark now, and Cameron was about to turn in when he remembered that he himself was hungry as a strong man should be at the end of the day.

During the days that followed the friendship grew. At first Danka was a sick dog, and just content to lie and watch his master—always watching with those yellow wolfish eyes of his. They would go

Danka, in the meantime, was sitting back between Cameron's legs, leaning with his back against the man's chest, watching yellow-eyed but in deadly silence.

down to the creek in the morning side by side. All day they would be within a few feet of each other, and at dusk they would return to the cabin—side by side. Few men can win the wolf love, but those who know it speak of it as one of the wonders of the dog world.

Danka's wounds healing, a new phase in their lives opened. Sometimes the dog would sit suddenly upright, his big ears acock in a meaning way, and Cameron would say—"Fetch him, lad."

A minute or two later Danka would return from the thickets, carrying a limp woodhare or sometimes even a spruce partridge in his jaws. So Cameron got fresh meat without the trouble of snaring or shooting, and Danka began to pay his way. "I'll never want for grub while that pup's about," Cameron would tell himself.

THEN one day, while the man was working, Danka suddenly sat upright with a growl, staring down the creek. Cameron looked up, wondering. Then Danka rose, and trotted off stiff-legged into the cabin, where he hid himself under the bench.

A little while later a birchbark canoe, containing one brave, appeared round the bend. The man paddled silently up, and beached his craft within six feet of Cameron, staring at him with a sullen squint.

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The Humor of Everyday Life

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

LIFE is a long and dusty road to be sure. Backs ache, feet blister, lips crack, and mortal spirits tire and faint. The dust of the road chokes and blinds us so we cannot see the beauty of the country through which we are passing—and there is only one way of getting out of the dust of life which circles, and weaves and eddies, and clings, penetrating and insinuating itself everywhere. There is only one way to get away from it and that is to get above it!

Now it is plain that feet alone cannot help us to get above the dust. We must have wings! And the poor red-eyed, foot-sore Pilgrim will tell you that there were no wings in the issue.

But the Pilgrim is wrong about that. Wings are issued for the journey of life for all people who will use them. There are the wings of Faith, and Hope and Imagination, and, by no means last, the gallant wings of Humor.

The word "humor" means moisture, and that is what it is in a spiritual sense too.

Humor relieves life from its monotony, and monotony is killing. I venture to say that monotony has killed more women than hard work or train-wrecks or loaded shotguns, or level crossings, or pernicious anaemia. Mentally and physically monotony does its deadly work.

A hard-fisted old farmer brought his wife into the Mental Hospital at Ponoka, Alberta, when she had become dangerously insane, and after signing the required papers said to the doctor, "I don't see how she can be crazy—I know she acts awful bad but how can she be crazy? Where would she get it? She hasn't been off the farm for twelve years!"

It does not take so very much to relieve the monotony of life, either. I knew a prairie farmer, of a type very different from the one just mentioned, who moved the stairs about every six months in their little two roomed house to relieve the monotony which was wearing on his wife. She said it made her feel that she had a brand new house. We all laughed at them and thought it silly, but it was not silly. It served a purpose. Nothing that robs drab lives of their monotony can ever be foolish.

Humor is a wonderful remedy for that distinctly human malady of taking ourselves too seriously. There is a tendency in all of us to sit up in the grand-stand and watch ourselves go by, figuratively bowing in acknowledgment of the applause, and being sorely wounded if we are not cheered at the proper places. People who have this mental attitude can be assured of a crop of hurt feelings—some one is sure to slight them or forget to move the vote of thanks. The path of life will be much easier for us if we are not looking for bouquets or compliments, or honorable mention.

A freckled-faced elevator boy was so absorbed in his book he did not notice that he had a passenger. The passenger was pleased to see him so studious and said to him:

"I suppose you have great ambitions, and will be a valuable member of society some day."

But she was not quite prepared for his answer.

"Some day," said he, "the whole world will tremble and grow pale at mention of my name!"

HUMOR is quite different from Wit—its brilliant relative. Wit may be a blinding flash which leaves us stunned and gasping, but humor is the afternoon sunshine which always comforts and warms us. Wit may burn and tear and sear; humor is always gentle and kindly, and yet wit may do its work in its own wonderful way. It may reveal the truth like a jagged flash of lightning in a black night.

In an election some years ago in one of our western universities for the presidency of the student body, two young fellows were contending, one a soldier who has a brilliant war record of four years service, with many honors and the other a conscript who had never been out of Canada. By mutual consent it was agreed that no mention would be made of war records.

All went well until the night before the election. It was a close and hotly contested fight with both sides claiming the victory. The night before the vote, the stay-at-home, through his committee, distributed blotters urging the students to vote for him, and the picture of him on the blotter was the one he had had taken in uniform.

The real soldier's committee were naturally furious at this breach of good faith.

The morning of the election the two candidates met in the corridor, and the soldier said to his opponent, referring to the blotter which he held in his hand:

"I like your picture, Stubbs. It came out

wonderfully well for a snap-shot!"

Stubbs walked straight into the trap.

"It wasn't a snap shot," he said well pleased to find his adversary in such amiable mood. "It was taken from a real photo."

"Oh! is that so?" said the soldier coolly. "I did not know you were long enough in khaki for a time exposure!"

Repartee—the quick retort—is a gift. Most of us can think of clever things which we might have said, but only a very few are able to think of them at the moment. There is no person in public life who has this gift in more marked degree than Mr. Lloyd George, the hero of a hundred verbal fights.

One time when he was speaking to a hostile audience, winning them over as he always does, by his bewitching eloquence, a stubborn die-hard who was not to be appeased by mere words shouted out:

"You are nothing but a two-faced old rascal!"

The speaker stepped to the edge of the platform to get a better look at his interrupter. Then in his sweetest manner he said:

"Dear Friend, that is a criticism that no one will ever be able to make of you, for I am sure if you had any other face you would not be using that one."

One of the most delightful forms that humor can take is when it is wholly unconscious.

I travelled once into the north country with a young woman and her two little boys who were going two hundred miles beyond the railroad.

"Won't you be lonesome going away from civilization so far?" I asked her, "for you will not have any neighbors at all."

She was so young, it seemed to me she would wither with loneliness.

"I won't mind that," she said, "that will just suit me, I am glad to get away from people." (I found out afterwards she had been living with "his" people). "And I will have the cattle and the horses, and two dogs and a cat and a fine bunch of hens. . . I like animals lots better than people. . . they never try to hurt your feelings, or never pretend that theirs are hurt. . . they do not tell all they know. . . or talk

about you behind your back. . . or listen in on the phone and even then lie about what they heard. . . they never borrow your clothes or money. . . and they don't remember all the nasty things they ever hear about your relatives—when I got married I was disappointed when I found my husband wasn't going to be much company for me,—kinda sour and glum all the time, but I got a few hens right away and they are wonderful company, so I don't mind now whether he talks or not."

Life still has compensations, you see, even though marriage fails! An old lady in one of the districts where the baby's clinic was established scorned the idea of sending out nurses to show women how to care for their children.

"I would like to see the nurse that could show me anything about raising children. Good Land! haven't I raised seven and buried seven?"

The same grim humor was in the Ukrainian's reply to the question of the social worker who was sent to the colony north of Edmonton to get some information on the infant mortality.

"How many children have you?"

The father was not just sure but after some delay submitted the statement that he had seven.

"How many have died?"

This was still more difficult, and indeed to the fond parent seemed rather foolish, but being urged for an answer consulted his wife and gave it as their joint belief that they had lost five "big and little."

"Did you ever have a doctor?"

There was no hesitancy this time.

"Oh, no, we have never had a doctor. We have had a good bit of sickness one way and another but thank God we never needed a doctor!"

In speaking of the bare, self-sacrificing lives, led by his people, one of the bishops of one section of our new Canadians said that they raised many chickens but they sold them all, not keeping any for their own use, unless in case of sickness—either of the man or the chicken.

Every new country has its own humor, much of it arising from the adjustment of the new and the old, and some of it is near-tragedy as well.

I saw a wedding party once at a little station in the West that had this element in it. The daughter of a prairie farmer had married a young fellow from Winnipeg, and as the young couple said goodbye to the girl's father at the station, who had driven them



in from the farm, I could not help noticing the old man's dress. I know his type very well. He is the sort of man who prides himself on being just as he is—rough and ready. He pays his way—wants nothing for nothing—looks the whole world in the eye and can tell it where to go. He has his own opinion of men who lift their hats to ladies or use a tooth brush; and if people do not want to take him as he is, they do not need to take him at all, and he just naturally would not dress up for his daughter's wedding, he would let that young dude from Winnipeg see he did not have to dress up. So there he stood on the platform. Blue overalls, grease-stained and stiff with dirt, a short goat-skin coat, with long hair some places and no hair others, an old felt hat that had been black but was now green, tied on, for the day was windy, with a strip of flannelette, and crowning iniquity of all, the flannelette was pink!

I have always wanted to tell that old sinner what I think of him.

There is deep philosophy in the prayer of the little girl who always ended her nightly devotions with this earnest petition, "And please Lord, make all our people stylish!"

I GOT a lesson in theology once from a little girl of seven who sat with me in a crowded car, and told me about her father who had died with the flu in the terrible days of '18. The last Christmas he had given her a lovely doll, a great wonderful doll that had been in the drug-store window and she had passed it and passed it and never dreamed it would ever be hers for it cost a lot of money, almost two dollars. But when she wakened on Christmas morning it was right beside her on the pillow and her papa was standing beside her bed to see what she would say, and she could not say a word. All she could do was cry, she was so glad.

"Do you ever play with it now?" I asked after a pause.

Her voice fell to a confidential whisper, and she looked around cautiously.

"You know Dick," she whispered in my ear, "he is very rough and—"

Dick was her apple-cheeked young brother aged five across the aisle who was riding the back of the seat with loud cries of "Let'er buck!" and "Ride him cowboy!"

"He is very rough," said Jean, "and I was afraid some day he would get my doll and he does not understand what it means to me, and he might break it, and I know I never could forgive him if he broke it, so I keep it all the time in Mamma's trunk, and it is locked, and sometimes when he is in bed mamma and I take it out and we play with it, and make clothes for it and have a happy time too, though mamma sometimes cries. But we think it best to keep it very safe."

Wise little girl to keep her young brother from temptation and her own heart from bitterness and the sin of unforgiveness! and the theology I learned was that perhaps that is God's reason for withholding certain things from us for he sees that we are "rough" like Dick, and we might not know their value, and He would have difficulty in forgiving us if we let them fall and break.

It is surely abundant proof of God's wisdom that some people die and others are born, for in each generation there is hope for the regeneration of the whole world. We have all seen disagreeable old, or middle-aged people but no one ever saw a real bad child. There are none, though some of them have made a bad mess of choosing their parents. More and more I marvel at the incorruptibility of a child's heart. They do take a lot of mismanagement, before they are really spoiled.

Emily was in the police court in Edmonton, facing three serious charges, and Emily was only seventeen, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired. Emily's father had been killed in France and her mother had run away, and so Emily had drifted into evil ways, for there was no one to shield her from the men who are ever on the look out for innocent young things like Emily. Emily told her story simply. "They gave me a drink and then I did not seem to care."

The Judge of the Women's Court in Edmonton is Judge Murphy, whose tender heart responds to every human cry for help. She has never grown accustomed to sorrow or sin though she meets them every day. It was the day before Christmas, and the Judge was thinking of Him who was born on Christmas Day and she just could not sentence Emily on this, the day before Christmas.

So in her impulsive kindly way the Judge said:

Continued on page 15

Mrs. Santa Claus

By WINIFRED N. WHITLOCK

VIRGINIA MARSDEN sat in her elegantly furnished boudoir. She looked longingly at the cosy armchair drawn up by an electric grate which threw out a generous heat, and then at the driving snow beating upon the windows.

She glanced at the little gilt clock on her writing-desk. Five minutes past three, and Miss Stirling had promised to phone at three. Miss Stirling was the efficient secretary of the Santa Claus Club, a club composed of men and women of philanthropy and wealth, who at Christmas time played Santa Claus to families needing help.

As Miss Marsden looked at the snow she certainly wished it had been fine on Christmas eve or that she could send her chauffeur with a hamper to her family when she got the name she was waiting for. But Mrs. Grenville-Perkins, the President of the Santa Claus Club, was very insistent on the personal touch. No, there was no help for it, she would have to go herself unless Miss Stirling forgot to phone. Miss Marsden almost hoped she would.

The telephone bell rang. Miss Marsden took the receiver off the hook, a frown of annoyance marring the massaged smoothness of her forehead.

"Miss Marsden," it was Miss Stirling's voice. "I have the name of a family for you. We got it through the doctor. The father has been taken to the hospital with pneumonia and there are five children. The mother is doing sewing. The name is Lisle—"

"Lisle," Virginia Marsden repeated the name dully.

"Yes, Robert Lisle. He is a writer. The doctor says he is a very clever man but he has had very bad health lately. Mrs. Lisle is a very nice little woman, the doctor says, and it is always easier to help when there are children."

"Yes," agreed Miss Marsden. She spoke mechanically, her brain actively searching the past for confirmation of her suspicion.

"The address is 12 Frances Street, Elmscourt. Thank you very much, Miss Marsden. Good-bye."

Miss Marsden replaced the receiver and leant back in her chair.

Robert Lisle! A writer! Yes, it must be the same. What a trick of fate! She laughed a little hard mirthless laugh. Pneumonia—sewing—five children! What a life! She rose and surveyed her tall, elegantly garbed figure in the mirror and turned away with a sigh of satisfaction.

Elmscourt! Virginia shuddered at the thought of it. She had driven through it once when the chauffeur had been compelled to make a detour and she remembered the rows of poor little shacks on the fringe of the great city.

She rang the bell. "Tell Harris I want the car at once," she said to the maid who appeared almost instantly. Miss Marsden's servants knew better than to keep her waiting. "And get out my fur coat and velour hat Grey."

In less than half an hour she was ready. Her coat of seal covered the silk dress she wore and her little black velour hat bore the stamp of Paris. She took up her gold mesh bag, stuffed some bills into it, and then drew on her silk gloves.

The chauffeur's features betrayed no astonishment as Miss Marsden gave him the address, but as he guided the limousine out of the aristocratic part of the city, thronged with traffic, he pondered over the eccentricities of the rich.

Leaning back in the car Virginia Marsden gave herself up to a review of the situation. After fifteen years Fate had given her the opportunity she had longed for for years. Today, if her surmises were correct, and something told her they were, she would meet the woman who had robbed her of her lover, and meet her in poverty and misery.

Fifteen years ago! Yet how clearly every incident in the drama stood out in Miss Marsden's memory. How vividly she could recall the day before that fixed for her wedding to the young journalist Robert Lisle. Her friend, Kitty O'Connor, was to be bridesmaid, and after a day of excitement Virginia and Kitty sat up into the small hours talking, at least, Virginia remembered afterwards, it was she who had talked—Kitty seemed strangely abstracted.

And on the morning of what was to have been her wedding day Mrs. Marsden entered her daughter's room, and even now, after fifteen years, Virginia could call up the vision of her mother's face, working with emotion, and her own feeling of terror as she sat up in bed dreading she knew not what.

"Virgie," her mother whispered brokenly. "Kitty has gone. She left this letter—and I am afraid—"

Virginia snatched the note from her mother's hand and tore it open.

"Dear Virgie," it ran, "Robert and I love one another and we are going away. Please forgive me, Kitty."

Forgive her! Virginia swore she would never forgive her; that she hoped the day would come when

and stood gazing with wide-open eyes at the visitor.

The little girl brought a chair forward for Miss Marsden.

"Daddy has gone to the hospital," she said. "He has pneumonia."

"I hope he is getting better," said Virginia.

"Mother saw him yesterday and the doctor thinks he will get well. I should like to go and see him but I have to look after the children."

"What is your name?" asked Virginia.

"Virginia," was the answer. "I was called after a friend of Mother's and Daddy's. When mother was crying when Daddy went to the hospital I asked her if the friend would help us. You see," she added quaintly, "we hadn't any money, so he had to be put in the public ward."

"And what did your mother say when you asked her if her friend would help?" queried Miss Marsden.

"She said she made her unhappy once and the friend hadn't forgiven her. But I think she would at Christmas time, don't you, Mrs. . . .?"

The little girl stopped, looking shyly at the visitor, and a sudden inspiration came to Virginia.

"I am Mrs. Santa Claus," she said.

There was a shout of delight from the two little boys. Virginia turned to them.

"What would you like for Christmas?" she asked.

"I'd like a tool box," said the elder, coming forward.

"What would you like?" Virginia asked the younger boy.

"An electric train," was the eager reply.

"He means a clockwork train," his sister explained, "We haven't any electricity here."

The baby began to cry. The little girl lifted him out of the cradle.

"What is his name?" asked Miss Marsden.

"Robert, but we call him Bobbie," was the answer. "I must go and get tea now. We have tea in the kitchen. Would

you like to have some, Mrs. Santa Claus?"

"Thank you," said Virginia, and she followed the girl carrying the baby to the kitchen, the boys and the toddler bringing up the rear.

The little girl placed a chair for her guest, who divested herself of her heavy fur coat and held out her arms for the baby.

"He won't go to strangers, as a rule," said Miss Virginia the younger, as she transferred her burden, "I expect he knows you are Mrs. Santa Claus."

She turned to her brothers with the air of a general marshalling her forces. "Here, Fred, break some of that wood and light the fire. Go and wash your hands, Jack. Come here, Kitty," to the toddler.

Then she got out a tablecloth and proceeded to lay the table.

An idea came to Mrs. Santa Claus. "Will you tell my chauffeur I want him," she said, then to Virginia as Fred dashed off: "If you will tell me what you would like for tea he will get it."

"If we could have some ham," said the child, "and some eggs, it would be nice, but eggs are very expensive, Mrs. Santa Claus."

Miss Marsden smiled. The dignified Harris came in, an impressive figure in blue and silver.

"Miss Lisle wants some things, Harris," she said. Virginia flushed with pleasure at being called Miss Lisle, and how did Mrs. Santa Claus know her name.

"We'd like some tea and some milk, please," said the little girl, "and some ham and some eggs and bread and butter."

"And some cake," put in Fred.

"Don't be greedy," remonstrated his sister, but Mrs. Santa Claus only smiled.

"Yes, get some cakes, Harris." She turned to the boy. "You can go with him and choose what you like." She handed the chauffeur some bills. "I wonder if you could get some wood or coal, Harris?"

"Some charcoal would do," said Virginia with her capable air.

"We must see about things for tomorrow, Virginia," said Miss Marsden, as the little girl arranged the chairs round the table. "Would your mother let you come down town with me tonight?"

The little girl's eyes sparkled with delight. "Oh, Mrs. Santa Claus, that would be lovely," she said. "Mother said we couldn't have any presents this year, but I made mother a pair of bedroom slippers. A lady down the street gave me the wool and I had some over and I made baby a ball."

Continued on page 75



"What is his name?" asked Miss Marsden

she would have her revenge. Her parents took her for a trip to Europe and at their death some years later within a few weeks of each other from influenza Virginia went to live with her mother's brother, who made her his heiress.

Beauty and wealth are a strong combination. Miss Marsden received many offers of marriage but the years never erased the memory of the lover of her girlhood or mellowed her judgment of the friend who had wronged her. She lived for the day when she would meet her and triumph over her.

And now it seemed that the day had come. No one knew better than Virginia Marsden how Kitty loved pretty clothes. In the little mirror she caught a reflection of her face, carefully tended complexion and marcelled hair, and smiled as she thought of the contrast in her life and Kitty's. Pneumonia and five children and living at Elmscourt! Well, she would meet her. Kitty would never recognize her after all these years, and, even if she did, what did it matter? Virginia would be condescendingly gracious. She could say the Santa Claus Club were sending a hamper and have one delivered.

The car turned into a side street. Through the snow and gathering dusk Virginia discerned women in heavy coats struggling along laden with parcels. Once the chauffeur stopped to ask a delivery boy where No. 12 was, and finally the car drew up.

Virginia peered out and saw, standing back from the road, a small shack.

"Is this No. 12, Harris?" she asked, as the chauffeur opened the door.

"I think so, Miss," he answered. "Shall I go and see?"

"No, wait here," said Miss Marsden shortly.

She walked up the path to the door; there was no bell, so she rapped.

A little girl of about twelve opened the door. She wore a gingham frock, faded but clean, and she looked at Virginia with eyes that reminded her of Robert Lisle.

"Is Mrs. Lisle in?" she asked.

"No, mother is out shopping, but I don't think she'll be long. Will you come in and wait?" she asked shyly.

"Thank you," said Virginia, and she entered the front room. It was poorly furnished but clean. Near the window stood a sewing machine. The floor was covered with well-worn oilcloth and in front of the grate, in which a low fire burned, was a wooden cradle with a baby lying in it. A toddling girl was playing on the floor and two boys came into the room



Why do women believe in the extra goodness of FELS-NAPTHA?

Extra goodness that gives them deep, sweet cleanliness in their clothes.
Extra goodness that makes washday easier on their clothes—easier on themselves.

Women just know they get *extra* washing help from Fels-Naptha. They have proved it and are proving it today just as their mothers did before them.

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

By Arthur Heming

Spirit Lake

Illustrated by the Author

The Routing of the Raiders

CHAPTER VII—Continued

AS the Factor walked with Standing Wolf toward the great gate, they passed the canoe shed, where skilled hands were finishing two handsome six-fathom canoes for the use of the Fur Brigade. They stopped to examine them. The building of a six-fathom or "north" canoe generally takes place under a shed erected for the purpose, where there is a clear, level space and plenty of working room. Two principal stakes are driven at a distance apart of thirty-six feet, the length of the craft to be. These are connected by two rows of smaller stakes diverging and converging so as to form the shape of the canoe. The smaller stakes are five feet apart at the centre. Pieces of birch bark are soaked in water for a day and no more, sewn together with wat-tap—the root of cedar gathered in spring—placed between the stakes with the outer side down, and then made fast. The well-soaked ribs are then put in place and, as soon as they are loaded with stones, the bark assumes its proper form. The gunwale into which the ends of the ribs are mortised, are bound into position by wat-tap. The thwarts are next adjusted. The stones and stakes are then removed; the seams are covered with a mixture of one part grease to nine parts of spruce-gum; the craft is tested, and is then held in readiness for its maiden voyage.

On parting with the Factor at the gate, Standing Wolf felt relieved at not having seen any of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police about. Returning to the canoes, he found the women and children making camp; for they intended finishing their trading before going to the summer camping grounds. He told the women that Hu-ge-mow, or the Great Master, as the Indians call the Hudson Bay Company's Factor, was very anxious to begin trading at once. But he thought that he would first go over and call upon Hu-ge-ma-sis, or the Small Master, by which name the opposition or free-trader is known who comes every summer to compete with the Hudson Bay Company for the trade on God's Lake. Sometimes the Indians call the free-traders "White Tobacco men," because they sell "T & B," a light-colored tobacco, while the Company sells a black tobacco.

The women, leaving the camp in charge of the children called upon the Factor's wife and presented her with a handsome work-bag made of beautifully marked skins from the necks of loons, and with the well-tanned skin of a moose calf.

As the free-traders usually have spies about the Hudson's Bay posts, Johnson, the opposition trader, already knew of Standing Wolf's arrival, and of his having brought with him a quantity of valuable furs. Therefore, when Standing Wolf approached his store, Johnson did not stand upon ceremony, but rushed out to greet the hunter and invite him in. He presented Standing Wolf with several plugs of "T & B," some matches, tea, sugar, flour, and a piece of sow-belly. For some time the hunter stood holding a little fresh-cut tobacco in his hand, until Johnson, taking notice, asked him why he did not smoke it.

"The Great Company always gives me a pipe on my return," replied Standing Wolf.

The free-trader, not to be outdone, gave him a pipe. He wanted to talk business at once, but thought it wiser to wait until the hunter broached the subject himself.

"I suppose," began Standing Wolf, "that your heart is glad to see me back again."

"Yes," replied Johnson, "and I want to get some of your fur."

"That is all very well, but I will see which way you look at me," returned Standing Wolf.

"Have you much fur?" asked Johnson.

"I have paid my debt," was the hunter's short reply.

"Yes, I know, but you have some left, and I want to do business with you; so bring your packs over and I will treat you right."

"That sounds very well," remarked Standing Wolf, "but you must remember that though the Great Company charges no more, their goods are the best goods, while yours are all cheap rubbish."

The hunter then asked for a drink of water, knowing well that the trader would have to give him something better than that. Johnson brought him a cup of tea, some bread and butter, and jam.

Thinking the opportunity a favorable one, the trader assumed an air of friendly solicitude and said:—

"The Company has cheated your people for so many hundred years that they are now very rich. No wonder they can afford to give you high prices for your furs. I am a poor but honest man. It is to your great advantage to trade part of your furs with me in order to make it worth my while to come here every summer. As you know, my presence here compels the Company to pay full value for your furs, and so you are the ones that reap the greatest benefit."

"That is partly true," answered Standing Wolf, "but I must be loyal to the Company. You are here today and away tomorrow; but the Company is here forever. When famine or illness comes among us, who is it that relieves our wants? It is the Great Company. And it has always been so, even away back in the long-

ago when my great-grandfathers' great-grandfathers lived. But I will not be hard on you; I will come again just to see how you look at me."

Soon Standing Wolf returned with some furs, and spreading a bear skin upon the counter, waited to hear what the trader would say. As the trader offered him only the usual price, the hunter let him have the skin, but gathered up his other furs and stalked out of the store. He then called upon the Factor, who was vexed because he had already been to see the free-trader.

"I see fine," began the Factor, "noo that there's another trader here, it's easy for ye to forget yir auld freens. The free-trader comes and gaes. Gie him yir furs, an' he caresna whither ye dee the morn's mornin'. Wi' the Company it's nae like that. The Company cam' first among yir people, an' sin' syne it has been a father tae a' yir people an' tae yirsel as weel. When-iver yir fore-bears were smitten wi' hunger or disease, wha lookit aifter them? It wasna the free-trader; it was the Company. Wha sells ye the best goods? It isna the free-trader; it's the Company. Wha gave ye yir debt last fall an' med' it possible for ye to hunt last

A Message From the North



*When the twilight's host of shadows
have ceased in their ghost-like play;
And the howl of a vagrant coyote
proclaims the close of day;
When the first bright star comes peeping
to gleam in the dusky main;
Comes a messenger from the Arctic
with her fluttering lace-like train.*

*'Tis the multi-tint Aurora
I see in the northern sky—
'Tis the spirit of the snowland
a-gleam in the heavens on high,
And her radiant train of colour
flings out to the world below
The word from the gods of the northland,
the call to the land of snow.*

*There's a great big portal open
at the foot of Aurora's glow,
And a mighty roaring welcome
from the surf at the Behring's flow.
And at night, when the timid slumber
in the depths of the haven pine,
There's a charm awake in the northland,
that binds like a spell divine.*

—Harold F. Cruickshank.

winter? It wasna the free-trader; it was the Company. Aye, ma brither, an' ye hae nane te thank but the Company, that ye're alive this day."

With a grunt of disapproval, Standing Wolf sullenly replied:—

"The priest says that it is God we have to thank for that. I am sure that the Commissioner of the Great Company is not so great as God. It is true that you give us good prices now, but it is also true that you have not given us back the countless sums you stole from our fathers and grand-fathers and all our people before them for did you not wait until the coming of the free-traders before you gave us the worth of our furs? No wonder you are now great masters; it seems to me that it takes great rogues to become great masters."

The angry Factor, to save a quarrel, bit his mustache, smiled faintly, and, presenting the hunter with a tin of syrup, said,—

"Dinna fash yirsel, ma brither, ye're an unco smairt man!"

Without replying, Standing Wolf accepted the can so eagerly that he jerked it out of the Factor's hand. That pleased the Factor; for he well knew that that was the only way an Indian has of expressing appreciation of a gift.

Standing Wolf walked out of the shop and returned to camp to talk matters over with the women. He told them that he intended selling most of his furs to the Company, but that he thought it wise to stay away from the Factor until next day.

Noo-koom suggested that, as they would have to get Father Montigny to marry Mi-na-ce and Attick, Standing Wolf should call upon him.

Though Standing Wolf was not in the least interested in the white man's many religions, nor in the priest, nor in the English Church clergyman who visited the Post for a week or two every summer, yet he paid the call, and made arrangements for the wedding.

This afternoon, a little before sunset, a canoe-express arrived with word that the Factor was wanted at once at one of the "flying posts" of Fort Determination,—the one at Old Woman's Lake. By sunrise next morning four canoemen were paddling the Factor on his way, and the Fort was in charge of Brown, the clerk.

ABOUT ten o'clock a flotilla of canoes was observed coming across God's Lake. Standing Wolf soon recognized them as the party of Chipewayans he had left at the foot of Death's Rapids. When they landed they were bragging how they had won in their gambling with the Crees, and had left them with little more than the clothes they wore. The Chipewayans boasted of their victory to such an extent that the Crees at the Post became exasperated. Nor were their irate feelings soothed by the arrival of their defeated brethren. There had been much quarrelling upon the river; several fights had taken place; it was a wonder that no blood had been shed. Now the Crees had two strong grounds for anger: first, the insulting manner of the Chipewayans; and secondly, their trespassing upon the Cree tribal camping grounds. A breach of the peace was clearly imminent.

Standing Wolf, though he belonged to neither tribe, sided with the Crees for they were not only old friends of his, but were a peaceable band, nor were they now the aggressors. On the other hand, the Chipewayans had once brought his courage into question, and he had never forgotten it. That, chiefly, was why he had ventured to run Death's Rapids. He was still waiting for a further opportunity of demonstrating to them what manner of man he was and when it came, he would take advantage of it to the full. The Crees did not want to fight, but if driven to it they would prove to be no laggards. The hunter, being considered a neutral, and being respected by both factions, was requested by Brown to intervene. This he willingly did, and harangued the Chipewayans to such purpose that he succeeded in quieting them down. It looked as if the trouble was at an end, and the men of both tribes began trading with Brown and Johnson.

Everything was going well until in an evil moment Speckled Lynx, the leader of the Chipewayans, who was then trading with Johnson, wanted to buy a copper tea-pail. As Johnson had sold the last one he had, Speckled Lynx went over to the fort to get one there. Just as he entered the Company's store, he heard Brown tell The Eagle, the chief of the Wood Crees at the Post, that the copper tea-pail which he was offering him was the last he had in stock. Without more ado, Speckled Lynx strode up to the Eagle and snarled out,—

"Don't touch that pail; I am going to have it."

"If you are a man, you will take; but if I am a man, I will keep it," growled The Eagle, as he defiantly held the pail toward the Chipewayan.

As the latter reached for it, The Eagle, like a flash, drew his knife, lunged at his rival, and buried the blade in him to the haft. The Chipewayan fell to the floor dead.

"Lie there, dog!" contemptuously cried The Eagle. He looked at his bloody weapon and added, "I hate to have dog's blood upon my knife," and, stooping, he wiped the blade upon the dead man's capote.

The Chipewayan squaws about the fort instantly began screaming out that the Crees were slaughtering Chipewayans, and at once the Chipewayans came running from far and near.

The Eagle coolly took up the pail, and, as he passed in front of the scowling Chipewayans, paused a moment and said with calm insolence: "If you want to fight, you know where I am camped; I shall be ready for you. But if you dogs know what is good for you, you will keep away." And he went on his way toward his lodge.

The Chipewayans were wild with rage. Intent upon avenging the death of Speckled Lynx, they hastened to their camp to array themselves for the fray. There they discovered that they had hardly any powder left from their winter's hunt. They sought the free-trader to fill their powder horns; but, as good luck would have it, he had sold his last grain; and they made him prove it.

When Brown, the Company's clerk, heard that the Chipewayans were coming to buy powder, he was in a quandry. He knew that he ought not to let them have any, yet he could not hold them off single-handed. The Factor was away, Spencer, the fur runner, was away; there was not even the Factor's wife to help him. for she lay ill in bed. He dared not betray his weakness by calling the opposition trader to his aid. His only hope lay in the priest, so he sent for him.

Continued on page 86

The Greater Gift

By Laura Goodman Salverson

LITTLE Magnus considered the weather gravely. It looked as though it were going to snow. Above the shacks opposite, the sky seemed singularly low. He had an idea that if he could ascend a house-top he might run his finger along the woolly clouds.

Out in the street he saw where a small hungry-looking dog sniffed at the hard earth as he loped along disconsolately. It reminded Magnus that he was not so very full himself.

Slowly he turned round to watch his mother busy with her ironing. She was a small, vigorous woman and the perspiration of her face curled the fine hair about her temples instead of dampening it—perhaps this was nature's way of flying undaunting colors. Now she was flushed and hot and very tired. Beside her on a chair was a large basket of clothes. They were all to be ironed so she might deliver them that afternoon to the grocer's wife.

"Mama, I think I'm just a little, little hungry."

She set the iron down sharply, wiped her forehead and smiled.

"It is good that, isn't it, my lamb? Then it will be such fun to have your porridge. If you will just wait till I finish this blouse, then we shall waken Maria and have our dinner."

"Mama, is it true that God loves children?"

"What else could he do, beloved?"

"And, mama, isn't this Christmas?"

"In the old land we would say that Christmas begins this midnight. You shall see—the stars will shine with a twinkle, for the angels shine them anew in their joy."

"Mama, Samuel told me there will be a tree at the church. Couldn't I go? A tree with lights on it! He said so. Oh, mama! I never saw one—it isn't so cold—please couldn't I go?"

His mother had finished the blouse. She hung it carefully over the back of a chair, set aside her ironing board and went to the small stove. Perhaps it was to hide her emotions that she peered so carefully and so low over the porridge pot.

From the next and only other room came a weak voice asking the time of day.

"It is half past twelve, Peter," said his wife.

"Mama, couldn't I go?"

"Will you not be frightened going alone, dear? And with papa so ill I couldn't take you."

Little Magnus' face lit up with joy. "No, no. Oh mama, it will be Christmas! And I shall hear the singing and see the stars, too—papa, papa! I'm going to see the tree at the church," he called shrilly, running to the door of the bedroom.

White and very worn from his long illness, the poor father regarded the child, saw his big shining eyes so full of expectation and he groaned.

"You will freeze, Magnus, and become sick like papa."

"But No! I shall run—and see. I shall stick my hands into my coat-sleeves—and mama puts paper in my shoes—it isn't so cold then if you run fast."

Over the meager dinner, his mother tried to make plain many things without revealing too much.

"There will perhaps be gifts, Magnus, for the little children whose fathers are well. You must not let it grieve you if there are no presents for you."

But little Magnus had another belief. Had not his friend told him of a mysterious person who brought gifts to good little boys and had he not been a good little boy; carrying wood and water

and helping his mother with the heavy baskets of clothes? And did he not mind Maria while their mother was away? And had not his mother said God loved small children? So of course there would be something wonderful for him on that tree! The tree in God's house—he was sure of it. He had even hinted a little to God in his prayers.

SHORTLY after seven he began to wash himself. He was very careful about his ears, even asking his mother to look into them; and he brushed his stiff close-cropped hair long and painstakingly. Then his mother helped him into a clean shirt, brushed his old coat.

lined his worn boots with paper and watched him with a heavy heart.

But little Magnus sang with delight. It made his father clench his hands in the darkness to listen to the shrill sweet voice. How the

child sang! Like a bird in the morning.

"Oh, Lord," he prayed, "fill with compassion some heart—poor little child, poor little child."

When Magnus was ready he flung himself upon his father and kissed him. He squeezed his little sister till she cried out in pain, then he flew to his mother's arms. She smiled into his eyes, kissing them one after the other.

"Be a good child and remember if it were not for papa's illness you would have a gift too. Be a little man and be brave."

He turned back to wave at her, hunched in the shoulders through habit in fighting the wind, and called gaily, "You shall see, mama, something will happen—just you wait."

When he was gone she sat down heavily. Maria picked at her sleeve but she did not heed her. The child sighed and then slipped off into a corner where she sat down and talked to the people behind the wall.

"My dear, wasn't it unwise to let him go?" Peter called tonelessly.

"No doubt, but he would not have understood or forgotten that we denied him so little a thing. Oh Peter, but that it should be Christmas Eve!"

Then they said no more. After a time Maria fell asleep weary with her make-believe and her mother put her to bed. From time to time she glanced at the clock. She tried to knit but the stitch was irritating. She wiped off the stove, swept the floor again, putting away the papers Maria had scattered about.

But Magnus ran on gaily. He gritted his teeth and refused to believe that he was cold. The long streets were white and the dim light of the street lamps cast a ghostly glimmer over them. Now and again someone passed him, or rather he fled by them unseeing.

When at last he saw the big grey church, tremendously big to him, all a-light with its Christmas candles, his little heart swelled to bursting. He thought how beautiful the yellow patches of light were that flung themselves from the church windows out upon the snow. And up aloft over the church steeple gleamed the white cross, silvered in the moonlight. He was so happy to see all this that he wanted to cry. And when shivering with cold and nervous excitement he slipped into a far back pew, he was even more delighted.

At first he was just a little confused. It was so warm and there was such a wonderful odor of spruce in the air, and such a buzz of voices. With stiffened fingers he tugged at his comforter and at last unwound it. He hung it carefully behind himself so as not to get it in anyone's way. Then he sank back against the seat and just looked and looked.

THE arches of the church were garlanded in green and everywhere were candles twinkling down at one like tiny golden spirits. But wonder of wonders—beside the altar was a tree! Great and tall and all a-glitter! It was like a wonderful dream. It was unbelievable and yet it was true. High above the altar was a flaming message done in golden tinsel: "Glory to God in the Highest." He could read it quite well, he had read it so often for his mother. But now it dazzled him. He felt its glory enveloping him in a hot flame.

He did not hear so much of the sermon, but he wished he dared sing. The singing was so lovely. And when, after a bit, a band of little children dressed in white marched around the aisles singing, "Oh Little Babe of Bethlehem," he had to blink hard and fast for somehow his eyes would not behave.

But all the while he was so still and so quiet that no one observed him. A gaunt woman had settled down on one side of him and a fussy red-faced man on the other. They looked at him with some annoyance and surprise at first—and then forgot him.

When the program ended a big man with a smiling face began calling out names. And every time he called some child hurried up the aisle and came back from the wonder tree with something hugged close. Little Magnus sat up, very stiff and very patient. When a child passed him he longed so to say how glad he was and perhaps to see the present. And the man called on and on. It was very peculiar, Magnus thought, how long the man was calling the children. And now the tree seemed to be stripped of so many, many bundles that had swung there so gaily before.

Then suddenly he came to himself with a shock. The man had stopped calling. There were no more children passing up the aisle. Then in one movement the congregation rose. It seemed to him the people all became one huge moving mass. And it rose, this mass of living people, and sang very loudly and discordantly, and then began pushing past him.

The thin woman wrapped her fur around her, picked up her purse and left the seat beside him. The fussy little man found his overshoes, grunted in putting them on, sighed, and went also. But little Magnus sat on like stone—this was God's house and he had been good—but God had forgotten him. He bit his lips hard, fumbled for his muffler and stumbled out.

WITH the passing of each slow hour his mother had become increasingly disturbed. Something urged her to action. She darted to the cupboard. There was little enough there, but she decided to make a few pancakes. She had grown very clever at making pancakes without eggs and they were not bad at all. When they were made she rolled them carefully, cut them in two and piled them in curious formations round the big plate. From an old trunk she drew an old tablecloth and spread it on the pine table. Then she removed the lamp chimney, shined it anew, and set the lamp in the centre of the table. Not knowing why, she hunted feverishly again in that old trunk and miracle or miracles! Found a little white candle and a bit of ribbon. She fastened a smart bow around the candle and then put it under the plate, waiting Magnus. This done she sat down again listening for every sound.

A little past ten she caught at her breast as if to silence the beating of her heart. She flew to the door and flung it wide.

It had begun to snow. Heavy gusts of wind carried the flakes in sweeping eddies. She was almost blinded as she ran out into the path. And there like a stray, black flake, he came—the little disillusioned one—sobbing aloud and fighting the wind.



An appropriate gift for the housewife

THE Bissell sweeper makes a welcome gift to wife or mother—to that busy woman who likes to keep her carpets immaculately clean at all times and yet have a little time and strength left for the things she would like to do.

It is always ready for instant use. Very easy to handle. Sweeps thoroughly and without tiring back or hands. And serves long. Ordinarily a Bissell lasts ten or fifteen years—many longer.

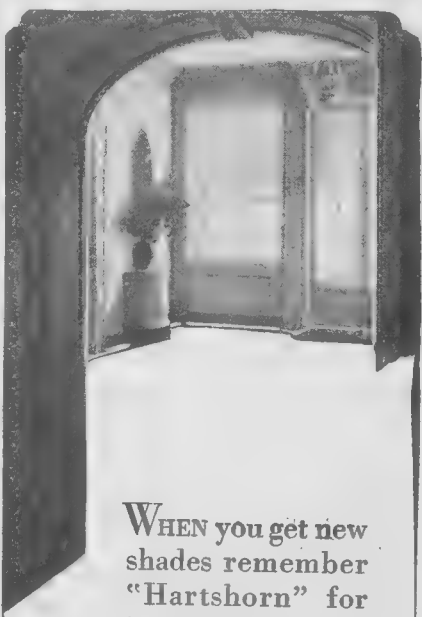
That makes it an extraordinary Christmas gift—one that will be a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness.

No matter what other cleaning device is in the home now, a Bissell is a necessity and comfort because it is needed every day. Housewives like one for upstairs and one down.

"Cyclo" Ball Bearing Bissells at around \$6, other grades for less, also patterns especially handsome in design, finish and fittings. Play-size (Toy) Bissells, 40c and up. At furniture, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Booklet on request.

BISSELL Carpet Sweeper

Co. of Canada, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory), and
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WHEN you get new shades remember "Hartshorn" for both Rollers and Fabrics—and then you'll avoid all shade worries!

Hartshorn
SHADE PRODUCTS
Established 1860
ROLLERS - SHADE FABRICS
Stewart Hartshorn Co., 250 5th Ave., New York

Continued on page 63



The Hand Loom Tradition

Fox's have been making good woollen cloth since the days of the hand loom. The Fox Woollen Fabrics of to-day are direct in descent from 1680.

The sheer delight you have in clothes made of Fox "Superfine" or "Fine" Woollen Fabric, is a true reflection of the high quality of the cloth.

The "Superfine" range is for lounge and social wear, the "Fine" more for professional and business use. And there are also Fox "Standard" cloths—good-looking, hard-wearing, thoroughly sound fabrics.

Be sure to see the grade name, with Fox's trade-mark, branded on the reverse of cloth or on a label in clothes.

Fox's Trade Mark Guarantees Pure Woollen Fabric that will give sound service—should it shrink or fade, on land or sea, a length of similar quality cloth will be given as free replacement.

FOX

WOOLLEN FABRICS

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SEND THE COUPON—TODAY

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

Gentlemen: While I assume no obligation in asking, I'd like full details of your plan for making extra money.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

Town _____ Province _____

The Christmas Loaf

By E. A. TAYLOR

NINA REID looked out of the car window with a feeling of excited satisfaction. The train, which was a small one, was running along the northeast shore of Superior, with Sault Ste Marie behind, and nothing in particular in front; so it stopped carefully at every small village scattered across the snow-covered waste, for it was just two days before Christmas.

Nina was a tall young woman, with healthy skin, and good honest eyes; and as she knew exactly how to dress, and her salary as a manager in a Toronto Departmental store was an ample one, she looked decidedly handsome. And so the man thought, who sat by her. They had met for the first time in the dining car, a few hours out from Toronto, and had made a travelling acquaintance, though neither knew the other's name: Nina decided he must be going to join a party, taking a mid-winter holiday to hunt foxes; for that, she thought, could be the only reason for a man of his stamp going into such a wilderness in winter. Mentally she summed him up: young, evidently with means and education, and a keen lover of the out-of-doors. Yes, she was sure she had guessed his reason for that journey.

She was communicative about herself—"It is quite exciting to see a country you are so familiar with, disguised until you are sure it is a strange one. My folks built one of the first summer cottages in this region, and I have been here every summer since I was a little girl. But this is the first time I ever saw it in the winter, or came to it by train. We always took the lake trip."

"I wonder if you ever met a Mrs. Ross, a middle-aged widow with a son about twenty, who lived, some years ago, either at Peerra or Wipiti?"

"Our home is at Peerra, but your Mrs. Ross is certainly not among the half dozen families, mostly French-Canadian, who live there all the year round. Wipiti is some miles off, at the next harbor, and I don't know the people; my brother is there now, prospecting," Nina paused, then added frankly, "He was overseas, and was badly gassed, and has to live out-of-doors, and as he could not get home this Christmas, I have come out to spend it with him."

"Good sport," thought the man. "I hope Mr. Brother realizes his luck, but men are such unappreciative beasts often, where their sisters are concerned." Aloud he added, "I expect to be in Wipiti for Christmas. Perhaps I may meet your brother?"

"He is Hugh Reid," said Nina, but her voice had a touch of chill in it, for she was not sure that she cared to have this train-friendship carried on. Nina was extremely fastidious where men were concerned, which was why, though nearing thirty, she was unmarried; and all her family believed her to be a fixture as a girl-bachelor.

The man felt the chill in her tone, but he answered lightly, "I am Fred Ross, up north to look for—that is, to hunt, and I understand this train is to deposit me in a snowdrift somewhere in the wilds, where I will be at the mercy

of a gentleman of the Chippewa race, who answers to the formidable name of Thomas Chuckochilgegan."

"Oh, I know Tom, the Cunning Polecat (that's what his name means) very well, he is the very best guide in the country, and if you only can make friends with him, you will have the best time ever."

"And what will he do to me, if he doesn't like me?"

"Nothing, of course. He will deliver you O.K. at your trip end, but he won't

speak to you, and altogether you won't enjoy yourself."

"And how can I get on his good side, please tell me?"

"Well, when you meet, he will say 'B'jour,' and give his name."

"Pardon me, but I was told he spoke English."

"He does, but you see this is on the old Hudson Bay trail. Now all the traffic goes along the C.P.R. and the lake freighters, and this is a backwater. But there are many families of French descent among the residents, and many French and Indian words are salted in among the English spoken here."

"I see, and must I answer 'B'jour'?"

"Certainly, and give both your names, which Tom Cunning-Polecat will always call you by, and if you give him the least hint that you wish to be addressed with city respect, you won't be spoken to at all."

The man laughed and promised; and then the train stopped at a hugh snow-drift, from which a tiny flag-station protruded. Two men were waiting there; one, was very like Nina, though his eyes were grave where hers sparkled; and the other was a tall Indian, in fur cap and heavy blanket coat.

Nina greeted Hugh joyfully, and as he knelt to fasten on her snowshoes, for they were going the five miles to Peerra on foot, she saw Fred Ross go off with the Indian, and felt pleased to know by the way Tom Cunning-Polecat looked, that he liked this young man, for she felt so happy with her brother, and out-of-doors in the clean air that stimulated like wine, that she wanted everyone to be happy to.

The first mile of their journey was pure joy to Nina, then she became conscious of a shadow on Hugh's spirit. He was glad enough to have her there, and as attentive to her as he had always been, but she was more and more sure that he had some serious trouble.

So they reached Peerra (Lily Brook), named for the water-lilies that grew so thickly there in the summer. The little river was snow-covered ice now, and the narrow harbor beyond was also frozen, the thick ice stretching out to the islands, that made a breakwater against which the ocean-like billows of Superior surged.

On one side of the harbor was old Peerra, a row of ancient houses, with an antique church at one end, and the remains of an abandoned Hudson Bay fort at the other. Opposite was new Peerra—a huge summer hotel, with all its windows boarded up, and a crowd of sprawled out summer cottages, from one of which smoke rose. Nina was soon indoors, shaking hands warmly with

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Dill's Christmas Eve

By GRETCHEN GIBSON

CHRISTMAS eve—about nine-thirty. "Oh hark, Dill! Rain!" and Mrs. Payne stopped her sewing machine for a moment to listen.

"Hark nothing!" responded Dill Temple, her cousin, "there's too much to do. Take it from me, Helen, I'll start Christmas work in the early spring next year." Dill gave a sudden jump, as a needle she was attempting to force through a tiny hole in a tiny button broke with a snap. "Great Scott!" she exclaimed in disgust. "Truly, Helen a rush like this just makes me desperate."

"Here, you take the machine for a while, and I'll sew on those buttons," said Helen, pushing Dill out of her chair. "Will you tell me why we didn't buy dressed dolls anyway?"

Dill took her place at the sewing machine. "Bright idea, Helen—at this hour," she remarked, taking out the shuttle. "Sorry your intellect didn't sparkle with the same brilliancy about two weeks ago."

"But you know yourself," returned Helen—she carefully selected a fine needle—"you know yourself, Dill, you said the money would go further if we dressed the dolls, and the kiddies just love things with real buttons and buttonholes."

Dill examined the shuttle in her hand. "Oh well, I suppose, it just wouldn't be Christmaslike," she said, her pleasant face petulant, "if we didn't have too much to do at the last moment." She bent over the machine. "However, I guess we'll finish all right," she added, "if we're let alone—and everyone else seems busy."

She adjusted the shuttle, and soon the merry buzz and click and whirl within quite deadened the rather dismal drip and patter of the rain without. At last she flung a little garment at her cousin.

"Done!" they exclaimed simultaneously. Both smiled as Dill extended her little finger and hooked it in Helen's.

"Shakespeare!" exclaimed Dill after some second's thought.

"Goldsmith!" said Helen, unhooking fingers. "You and Bob Willis were forever doing that fool thing," she remarked, then teasingly "Two minds with but a single thought, Two hearts—What are you blushing about, Dill?"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Dill. "Well we all liked him anyway, dear," Helen said gently, trying the effect of black buttons on a little blue coat.

Dill turned quickly to the machine, and as it buzzed and clicked and whirled, her thoughts whirled with it.

"Liked him! Of course they liked him! Didn't he give them all presents last Christmas—even old Uncle Tom who was so apt to be overlooked! She herself—oh, well—"

For more than two months Robert Willis has been Aunt Martha's star boarder. Ill health had eventually taken him south and they had heard no more of him.

Dill stopped her machine and threw another garment at Helen. She picked up a doll and started to dress it. The memory of last Christmas had

haunted her all evening. She looked around the room and for a moment hated its cozy, Christmaslike confusion. She found herself wishing fiercely that she could get away from all this family stuff at Christmas—Aunt Martha overdid this festivity business!

It might be as well to explain that Dill, and Mrs. Payne and family, lived with Dill's aunt and Mrs. Payne's mother, Martha Temple. Aunt Martha, as she was generally called, kept not merely a boarding place, but a home for those fortunate enough to become established with her. Christmas day at Aunt Martha's was a festive affair indeed—a big old-fashioned dinner, followed by a tree, to which it was Aunt Martha's custom to ask the entire Temple connection as well as anyone whom the boarders might desire. The affair was really much jollier than it may sound, the mixedness of the assembly rather adding to the gaiety of the occasion. There were always children—quite a number of children, with Aunt Martha a smiling, concerned figure in their midst. When Santa Claus arrived a truly hilarious time ensued. Dill, whose well-provided-for orphaned life had been more or less exceptionally filled with cousins and aunts and their affairs, had formerly thoroughly enjoyed the day, and had ever been depended upon to furnish music and entertainment generally, but somehow this year her Christmas spirit drooped—she seemed tired to death already—and last year they had had such fun—Bob Willis—oh well—what was Helen saying?

"I wonder where Mr. Willis is tonight, Dill? He certainly did enjoy last Christmas with the tree and all the children. You and he practically made the day for the rest of us. There," she added briskly snipping her thread, "There, that's about the last."

Dill was apparently completely absorbed in drawing a dainty little yellow frock over the flaxen curls of a dimpled doll.

"You'll have to do the whole thing yourself tomorrow, dear," continued Helen. "I mean all the frills and fun. Let's get things straightened up and the stockings filled and get to bed."

Dill finished dressing the doll and set it up admiringly.

"Bed nothing!" she exclaimed, a trifle ashamed of her flagging spirits. "I was tired, but I'm not a bit now. I've a good mind to put on my things and go buy some oysters. I'm hungry, Helen aren't you?"

"Oysters?" cried Helen.

"Yes, oysters," answered Dill. "There's sure to be milk down stairs and I'm hungry and the boys will be famished when they come in. (The boys were Helen's brother Davie and her husband Jack.) I'll make an oyster stew. I'll make it up here in our sitting-room on the chafing-dish. It'll be all nice and hot for them when they come in and they'll love it and a little more muss here won't matter."

"Crazy!" muttered Helen, setting three dolls in a row.

"It's Christmas eve, and we've worked like mad, now let's have

Continued on page 63



Men You Respect

Advise a new way of teeth cleaning
They've taught millions to fight film

MODERN research has developed a new way of teeth cleaning. Able authorities have proved it effective. Leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising it today.

Millions now employ it. The whiter teeth seen everywhere show one thing that it means. In view of all this, don't you owe yourself this simple ten-day test?

How teeth are ruined

Film is the teeth's great enemy—that viscous film you feel. It mars their beauty and causes most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose lustre.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Such troubles come to nearly all who do not fight the film.

The modern ways

Dental science has in late years found two film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Dentists everywhere began to advise it. Millions saw its benefits. Thus, in a short time, this new method came into world-wide use.

Some unique results

Pepsodent does more than fight film. It embodies other factors which research proved essential.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to better neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva to better digest starch deposits on teeth.

These combined results have brought a new dental era to people who enjoy them. Now we urge you to find out how much they mean to you.

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Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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GRACE JUDGE

Work for Busy Fingers

By Margie Moore

What More Acceptable Gift Than a Lovely Scarf?

A SCARF is now an indispensable part of every woman's costume, for sports, or for street wear, and gives the correct note of color with the fur or cloth coat. This Fall, these beautiful, colorful scarfs were worn a great deal with dark cloth dresses, and the fashion promises to remain for Spring days.

Even the lightest woolen article has great warmth-conserving powers, and although a scarf of Iceland wool may seem very frail and dainty, it will nevertheless prove a great comfort for chilly shoulders or a delicate throat.

The first scarf shown on this page is of Radiant wool—a medium-weight wool twisted with artificial silk. This gives a soft silky appearance and imparts a very rich effect to the finished article. The scarf is knit lengthwise to get the striped effect.

The other two scarfs are of Iceland wool, and are very light and dainty. These are particularly suitable for wear under a heavy coat or for street wear in mild weather. Of course any color combinations may be used but it will be found that the ones described here will blend with many costumes.

SCARF 769

Monarch Radiant—5 balls Powder Blue; 2 Balls White; 1 Ball Peach; 1 pair No. 7 Needles.

(This scarf is knit lengthwise). With powder blue wool, cast on 250 sts. Knit 10 ridges. 1 ridge peach 2 white, 1 peach, 10 powder blue, 1 peach, 2 white, 1 peach, 10 powder blue, 1 peach, 2 white. 2 peach, 6 white, 2 peach, 2 white 1 peach, 10 powder blue, 1 peach, 2 white, 1 peach, 10 powder blue, 1 peach, 2 white, 1 peach, 10 powder blue. Cast off.

Hook in wools across end to form fringe.

SCARF 770

Monarch Opal Iceland Wool—1 Ball Flame; 2 Balls Turquoise; 1 Ball Lemon; 2 Balls White; 1 Pair No. 8 Bone Needles.

With flame cast on 114 sts. 1st row—Knit 1, *, make 1, purl 3, knit 3, knit 2 sts. together, knit 2, purl 4. Repeat from * across row. End with knit 1. 2nd row—Knit 1,

make 1, knit 4, purl 2, purl 2 sts. together, purl 2, knit 4. Repeat from * across row. End with knit 1. 3rd row—Knit 1, *, make 1, purl 4, knit 1, knit 2 sts. together, knit 2, purl 5. Repeat from * across row. End with knit 1. 4th row—Knit 1, *, make 1, knit 5, purl 1, purl 2 sts. together, purl 1, knit 5. Repeat from * across row. End with knit 1. 5th row—Knit 1, *, make 1, purl 5, knit 1, knit 2 sts. together, purl 6. Repeat from * across row. End with knit 1. 6th row—Knit 1, *, make 1, knit 6, purl 2 sts. together, knit 6. Repeat from * across row. End with knit 1. Repeat these 6 rows twice more in flame, then 18 rows in lemon, 18 rows in turquoise, 18 rows in white, 24 rows in turquoise, 24 rows in white, 24 rows in turquoise, 18 each white, turquoise, lemon, flame, lemon, turquoise, white. Now 24 rows each turquoise, white, turquoise. 18 rows each white, turquoise, lemon, flame. Cast off.

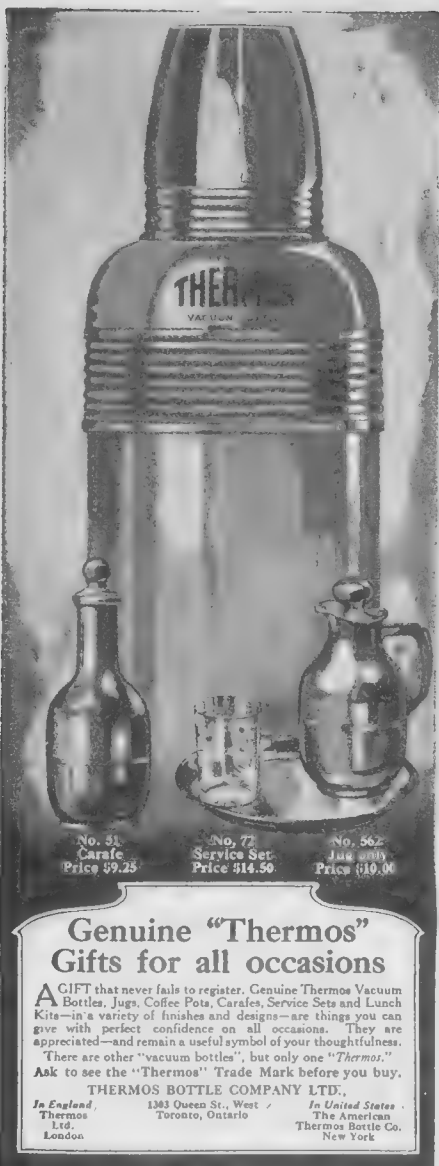
Cut 12 strands wool 9 inches long, and hook between each pattern at ends of scarf to form fringe.

SCARF 772

Illustrated on opposite page

3 Balls Turquoise Monarch Opal Iceland; 1 pair No. 7 Needles.

Cast on 105 sts. Knit in ridges 2 inches. Then in pattern as follows:—1st row—Knit 2 sts. together, *, make 1, knit 5, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together, pass slip st. over. Repeat from * across row ending with make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip st. over. 2nd row—Knit. 3rd and 5th rows—Same as 1st. 4th and 6th rows—Same as 2nd. 7th row—Knit 2, *, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip st. over, knit 1, knit 2 sts. together, make 1, knit 3. Repeat from * across row, ending with knit 2 sts. together, make 1, knit 2 sts. 8th row—Knit plain. 9th row—Knit 2 sts. together, *, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 sts. together. Pass slip st. over. Repeat from * across row ending with knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip st. over. 10th row—Knit plain. Repeat these 10 rows till work measures 58 inches. Then knit plain in ridges 2 inches. Cast off. Hook in eight strands of wool 8 inches long in every 3rd st. across each end of Scarf to form fringe.



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Beekeeping, Jan. 19th to Jan. 30th.
Horticulture, Feb. 2nd to Feb. 13th.
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The Orchard and Garden Supply Co. Northampton, Mass.

The Humor of Everyday Life

Continued from page 7

"Emily, we are not going on with this just now, we are going to think of happy things, for tomorrow is Christmas and I am going to take you home with me, and now I want you to tell me what you would like to find in your stocking for I am going to be your fairy god-mother and give you whatever you want."

The Judge knew she would have to take Emily's liberty away from her and was determined that the little girl would have one happy day to remember.

"Now what would you like the very best of all?"

Emily's blue eyes grew wider still with wonder.

"I would like a doll," she said.

It was not a silk dress or a diamond ring that she wanted, this little girl who had become a social problem, it was a doll.

"For I never had one, not a real one, and I always wanted one that would shut its eyes... I won't mind going to jail if I have a doll."

The incorruptible heart of youth!

Teachers who have any sence of humor get many a laugh to speed them on their way. Think of running onto this some drab day after four when you sit down to correct Form A's History Examination. You asked them to write a sketch of Sir Walter Raleigh and one boy wrote:



"Sir Walter Raleigh is noted for being the discoverer of tobacco. He found it in Virginia and brought it back to England where it took root. When his feet touched the shores of England he turned to his companion and cried in a loud voice. 'Cheer up Brother Ridley, for we have lighted a candle in England this day which by God's grace will never be put out!'"

Another examiner found this answer to the query, "Wherein does the charm of Longfellow's Evangeline consist?"

"The charm of Evangeline consists of the long, lingering, melancholy sweetness between the subject and the predicate."

This world in which we find ourselves, temporarily at least, is a bad world in some ways and a very sad world sometimes, but it is never a dull world.

Bragg—"When I read about some of these wonderful inventions in electricity it makes me think a little."

Wagg—"Yes, isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?"



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Coupons will be found enclosed in every bag of MAPLE LEAF FLOUR (24 lb. bag—1 coupon; 49 lb. bag—2 coupons; 98 lb. bag—4 coupons.)

Send only four coupons addressed to the Maple Leaf Club, Maple Leaf Milling Co., Limited, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and you will be enrolled without one cent of expense as a member of the Maple Leaf Club and receive the first four lessons in the course. Other lessons will be sent in four monthly installments—4 lessons each month. (20 lessons altogether).

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Our Classified Columns

offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you too have not something to offer the 50,000 readers of the Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

"The Next Time We Build...."

*If You Are Planning a Home or Refinishing the Old One.
These Suggestions Will Please*

By LOUISE E. JULYAN

THE next time we build a house—"or, 'the next time I furnish a house—'" You never knew a housekeeper who had not uttered these words at some period in her housekeeping career, did you? And if there is such a person, even though she may not have uttered the words, trust me, she has thought them.

Perhaps Quintillian of old was right when he said, "In almost everything experiment is better than precept." But I prefer to agree with another ancient Roman whose opinion was, "He gains wisdom in a happy way who gains it by another's experience." For one reason and another, housekeepers for generations have lived by Quintillian's precept. But times are changing since the days when a young English pioneer woman, learning her lessons about yeast by the hard road of experience, had to have her husband's aid, and spade, to remove her first batch of bread from the oven.

Therefore, no doubt there will be some who will gladly learn from my experience some lessons which will serve them when they are about to build a house.

The roof is a good place to begin, since it is so important as well as obvious. I will never again build a house with a roof that is not perfectly free of cornices, corners, turrets, peaks and angles. After a few years' experience with a roof that has many, perhaps all, of these architectural frills, you can count on me to fight to a finish any architect who tries to decorate another roof-tree for me. Tailored simplicity in the top of the house is indeed my aim. In spite of tinsmith's first aid and continuous seeking for leaking spots, ice will back up under the shingles in angled corners and the result is sodden and discolored papers, not to mention dozens of unnecessary bills to sleuths who search for elusive cracks, and to snow-shovellers.

Still thinking about what I will not have on the outside of my next house, I shall pay particular attention to any painted woodwork which must be washed. I have now to pay my cleaning woman almost double, I am sure, what I would pay if our verandah railing was plain instead of elaborately joined in the most exasperating patterns, which the coal dust simply adores snuggling into.

Perhaps nowadays those who inflict double windows upon us always make them so they can be pushed and held by irons outward a foot from the sash. In most houses such windows are a necessity but they are not a tragedy if they can be so opened.

The woman who is building should make sure that screens to fit the lower sashes of all the windows that she will want opened are put in by contractors. They will cost only a little more and the frames are there for the lifetime of the house. If the expense is to be seriously considered they are easily painted and wired by the handy man or woman of the house.

When choosing the style of your house, consider oh, so carefully, whether small paned casements are worth in appearance what they cost in time and trouble to clean, not to mention the amount of light you lose from so many small wooden bars across the window spaces. Good wide windows, lowered from the top, of course, are easy to dress, give you plenty of light, and then your cleaning woman's time is not taken up by poking into twenty or thirty very dirty corners. Another thing to watch about windows is to make sure that all the windows in a room are of the same style, and not to have, as I have at present, a problem in two fine square windows on one wall of my living-room and on the angle wall another large one of the casement style with stained glass at the top. From the outside they are forgivable but inside their drapings can never match. And, caution, make very sure that under the sills of all windows the finish is as tight as possible. In time, something will warp and, if there is not great care taken at first, rain will sweep in and ruin papers or other finishes.

Speaking of warping wood, it is a good plan to have all the doors that must cross a rug made with an extra clearance. Floors seem to choose the very centre of a doorway for their greatest curves and bends and the woman who hates to see rugs that should lie straight placed "cat-a-cornered" will be thankful to me for this tip, which she may not discover is necessary to know for some years after she builds a house.

Then, too, if your woodwork is stained, have the painter leave you a quantity of the stain. In two, or three years, long white lines will show up on the edges of the panelling and the doors and stairs and so on where the wood is warping. If you have some of the

original stain it is not much trouble to put things right with a few touches of the brush.

No matter how careful the painters may be about finishing your new house, it is likely that the window panes will have sprinkles of paint from their brushes. The first time the windows are cleaned, have these completely removed with gasoline and coal-oil. It will take time but then they will not be a nuisance at every cleaning season. See that every window from garret to cellar is included in the job.

FLOORS! Goodness, but they demand a lot of thought before they are finished, and happy is the woman who can gather up all her acquaintances' experiences and act upon them. An oak floor, simply cleaned, filled, shellaced and waxed is very nice indeed. And with the excellent floor-waxer and waxers now on the market such a floor is as difficult to keep in condition as many housekeepers believe. An occasional waxing will maintain their satiny sheen.

When thinking of floors, look carefully into the supply of birch at hand. It makes a very satisfactory floor. Its finish is very satiny and it is easier cleaned than oak.

it takes time. Stained glass makes a very easily kept and a very beautiful door.

Of course the plumbers are responsible for a good many of the housekeeper's worries. "The next time I build" I shall find out the day on which these gentlemen propose to install the radiators, and they shall, I assure you, have me for a companion in this undertaking. In my present abode, the plumbers screwed a radiator on almost anywhere! It is a mercy they joined up with the pipes! Thus my living-room wall beside the fireplace is ruined for pictures or seats, and in some bedrooms the unbudgeable radiator sits comfortably under the wall light while the owner of the room goes visiting to get a good look at himself, since his dresser mirror and the light do not connect.

And, still thinking of plumbing, I do wish that nickel-plated pipes under the sinks were not fashionable. Before I build again, I am going to look for some finish that can be easily wiped off when the bathrooms and kitchen are cleaned; something that does not have to be continually polished, and will not rust.

Of course, most plumbers have at last reached the conclusion that these "mad women" are determined to have sinks and tubs set as high as we need them. But, oh! how they forgot the idea!

In my new house there will be no stationary electrical fixtures except in halls, bathrooms, kitchen and diningroom. Small shaded lights are so reasonably priced now, so very satisfactory, so artistic and so serviceable that I shall use them entirely.

One place a bulb light is very necessary, though, is in the bedroom closets. In these closets, too, should be a small set of shelves for boots—the width of a pair and high enough to accommodate eight or nine pairs. Perhaps there is some newer and better way to take care of boots, but some provision should be made for them.

The balcony or sunroom, useful for about a million things to the housewife, and the chute to the laundry, are two indispensable features of the second floor. And see that there are plenty of wall sockets. In cases of sickness, for instance, a small electric grill on a hall table can be a great step-saver to the nurse.

When I spoke of lights I should have said—shouted, rather—a warning about the plates at the push buttons. Be warned by one who has suffered for years and do not allow brushed brass ones. They get so dark and streaked and will not respond to any treatment I have ever heard of. In my first zeal—and ignorance—I tried to clean them up when they first looked badly. A better plan is to adopt a policy of aloofness and leave them alone.

"If ever I furnish a house again"—I am going to reverse the customary order of things. Varnish that generally goes on furniture is going on floors and the wax that generally goes on floors is going on furniture. "Experience" is my answer to those who ask why. Wax does not resent heat nor water nor sticky fingers, but the good looks of varnish are ruined in time by these things. I sympathize with the young business woman who for three years was the servant of a walnut dining-room suite. Then, said she, "Life is too short for me to give so much of it to an inanimate object which in spite of all I do for it is becoming less and less a thing of beauty. So! out it goes! I'm going to have a sale!" which done, she found a table which is not forever demanding attention.

Waxed or painted or enamelled surfaces are much easier to care for than varnished ones and they will find a place in my new house.

You can't imagine how plain the woodwork in my new house is going to be! Perhaps you can, though, when I say I have now lived ten years in a house with a panolled bathroom which takes me and my duster around it six times to clear all its ledges! How often my thoughts dwell sweetly on the considerate architect who planned it for me!

People who furnish now do not buy as haphazardly as they did a few years ago. We are beginning to study color and harmony.

Every time I come to the top of my stairs I see a vista of pale yellow wall, the corner of a richly colored mahogany bed, a piece of old blue or Delft blue curtain (factory cotton, too, it is!) with, at night, a golden-yellow lamp-shade against the curtain. It's a bad headache or a very tired back that can make me oblivious to the sense of pleasure and the restful satisfaction I get from the glimpse.



It is easier to walk on, and it can be matched for you at some mills to make a lovely unstained floor in soft and pretty colors. Besides, it is generally a little cheaper than oak, and I find that it does not splinter so easily.

Even if you have to sacrifice somewhere else, put inside your front door a floor of brick or tile or something that will not be a continual nuisance in the wet feet season.

While we are at the front door, let me warn you never to let anyone present you with one having a clear glass window in it. A smudge, or dust, is unbearable upon it—and yet that is where such "eyesores" (expressive word) gather thickest. You and your wet and dry cloths have to pay a daily visit to such a door, and after the first ten years of such close association you become decidedly bored. The glass is almost sure to become scratched after a few years, and though jeweller's rouge will remove some of them,



Ask yourself how well—and not how long—you slept last night

If the quality and depth of everyone's sleep were the same, it would be an easy matter to decide the number of hours of sleep required to sustain the highest degree of mental energy and bodily health and vigor.

But only those who waken naturally, fully rested and ready for the day, sleep *well enough* and *long enough*. If your mornings always come too soon, you are being cheated of rest you need to achieve efficiency and personal success. It may be that your sleep equipment is the cause.

Because the quality of sleep you get depends almost wholly upon the kind of spring and mattress you use, aren't they worth your careful consideration right now?

Spare a few minutes tonight to examine your bedding critically. Then go to your dealer's and compare it with the Simmons mattresses and springs he offers in a range of styles and prices to suit any taste or purse. All are built of *clean, new materials*. For thirty years, the *Ostermoor* has been the finest mattress made in Canada.

Soft tan and ivory walls harmonize with the hand-blocked linen curtains and heavy silk taffeta bed covers of this charming English chamber. The rich blue of the dresser slip, window draperies and comforters is supported in tone by the hydrangea rug. The lamp shades are of corn-colored taffeta edged in shirred blue ribbon. One lamp has a standard of crystal, the other a pottery base. Chintz or cretonne may also be used for curtains, and mercerized cotton taffeta or poplin for bed covers. The beds are a new design by Simmons, embodying a graceful oval bend reminiscent of Queen Anne furniture. They are shown here in a finish reproducing walnut, with decorated panel. Supplied also in brown mahogany and standard Simmons colors. If your merchant cannot show them to you, write Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal, Quebec.

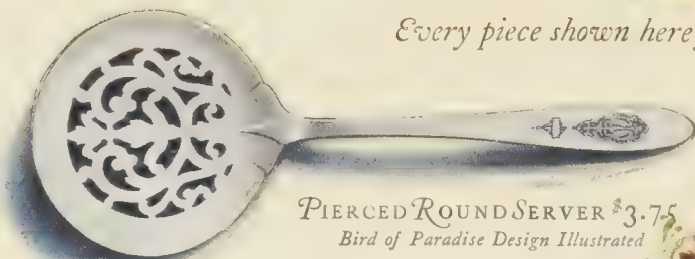
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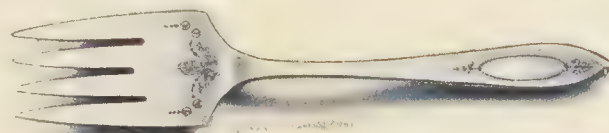
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Every piece shown here furnished in all patterns



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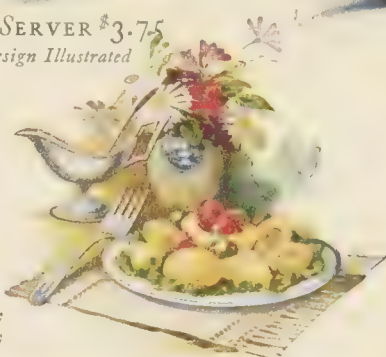


COLD MEAT FORK (Small) \$2.25 Each
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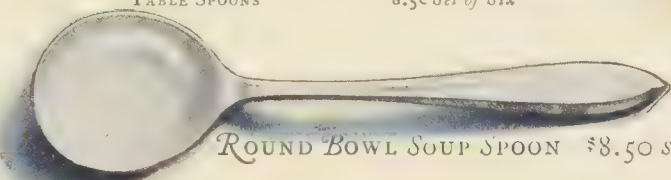


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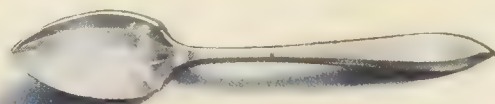
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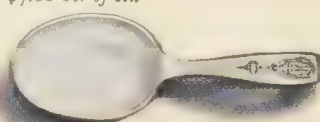


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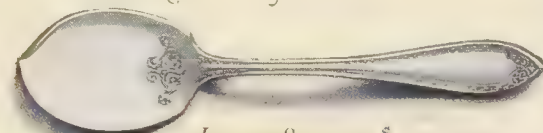
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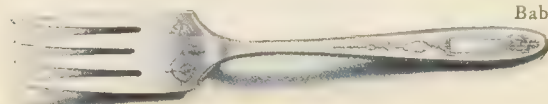
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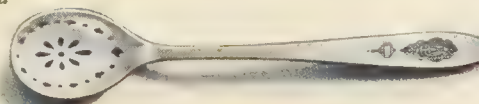
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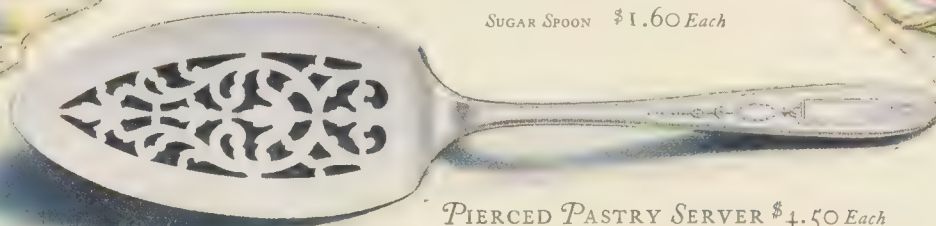
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COMMUNITY PLATE



Dinner Knife

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Bird of Paradise Design Illustrated

Dinner Fork

Set of Six \$8.50

Bird of Paradise Design Illustrated

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*A*S thoughts of those you love to remember urge fulfillment, let yours be gifts that will outlive the occasion. Choose regally—and reasonably too—from the exquisite creations in COMMUNITY PLATE. Then your gifts will be treasured for their beauty and worth throughout a lifetime.



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For Every Season—
For Indoors and Outdoors

No wonder the Canadian woman much prefers Monarch-Knit Sweaters for herself and the kiddies—their style is so *advanced!*—their colorings are so *far ahead of the crowd!*

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For Christmas—Monarch-Knit Sweaters! Many women put them on their list year after year (just like handkerchiefs) but they make sure to write "*Monarch-Knit.*"

The style range is so varied that everybody's ideas can be met—the color assortment is so complete that *nobody's* tastes are slighted.

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The Harp

By MARY SIDNEY

THE old toy carver stood gazing through the window of his shack and watched the birds as they revelled in the riches of the Christmas tree that he had provided for them in the barren lot outside.

Up and down, in and out, the hungry little creatures hopped with obvious excitement. What wonderful tree was this bearing on its branches ropes of millet, ears of corn and barley, bones and succulent lumps of suet? In the midst of this dreary space, which as a rule had little to offer a hungry bird, suddenly this tree had sprung up bearing such surprising fruit. Truly it was enough to puzzle the heads of even the sharpest of Canadian sparrows, and so they wisely left the problem unsolved, devoting themselves to the more satisfying task of feeding their half-starved little bodies. How should they know that it was Christmas, and that old Michael Staniloff, tortured by the memories of the Russia of his youth, had striven to celebrate the season according to the customs of his people? But therein lay the reason for the birds' Christmas tree.

For some minutes he watched his feathered guests who so evidently appreciated his bounty; then he turned from the window and gazed round the tiny cabin. His sad eyes rested with faint pleasure on another Christmas tree that stood, bravely decorated, in the corner, and which seemed to gather to itself all the light of the room. A shining vision of tinsel and coloured glass it stood, catching the light at a thousand points, and reflecting rays of colour as if a rainbow had become entangled in the green boughs. Here and there were suspended quaint figures of elves or animals, part of the old man's stock in trade, chosen from the collection that stood ready for sale on the shelf nearby.

With branches proudly outstretched the tree waited, seeming conscious that its glory was not yet complete. To every possible point was fastened a little candle. Once these were lit, ah! what a blaze of colour would fill the room. Surely then indeed it would stand triumphant the most, the only beautiful thing in the house. But that moment was not yet.

The shrunken figure of Michael Staniloff still stood motionless by the window. He seemed lost in thought. Then he crossed the room to a dark corner and stood for a moment as if undecided before something covered with a thick cloth. The folds disguised its shape, but it was large and bulky. For a few seconds he seemed to hesitate, then with a swift awkward movement, bent, and lifting the object, carried it cloth and all and stood it before his chair beside the stove. As he crossed the room with heavy steps the old boards creaked and gave beneath his weight, causing the branches of the tree to quiver and vibrate as if with impatience.

Gently he set his burden down, and carefully, almost tenderly undid the wrappings. They fell in dark folds to the ground, revealing in all its symmetry and perfection of workmanship a golden harp.

The hand of a master had carved the pedestal which was shaped in the form of an angel, with searching upturned face and long folded wings. The artist had spiritualized his work to such an extent that it might indeed have been a member of the Angelic Choir that he had imprisoned in that form of wood. The uplifted eyes were always searching the heavens for a glimpse of its companions, ever straining its ears for the sound of that music in which it yearned to take its part.

Lovingly Michael laid his hand on the instrument, trying its strings and tightening the ivory keys as he brought them up to tune. Softly the full sweet notes vibrated through the room as if answering a roll call. Then he turned his attention to the tree, and with slow trembling fingers lit the many coloured candles. But they burned sulkily: the tree was jealous; its triumph had been eclipsed by that gracious thing with its rapt uplifted face and folded wings.

The old man returned to his seat, and suddenly the room was filled with sound. Chord after chord vibrated through the

stillness, and the voice of the harp spoke. "Burn brightly, beautiful one," it sang to the tree.

"Rejoice our master's weary eyes whilst I bring pleasure to his ears, and waken with most sweet pain the memories of his heart. Yours is the beauty of light and colour; mine the magic to draw tears from his eyes, and to pour into sound the unspoken longing of years. Shine your brightest most beautiful tree."

The music pleaded softly then swelled in command, and the tiny flames shot up brightly at its voice, and the miserable room was filled with more of the beauty of sight and sound, than was to be found in many mansions that Christmas Day.

Great tears rolled down the old man's cheeks. Slower and slower grew the music softer and softer sounded the notes, till with a murmured discord the harp was silent. The old man huddled in his chair was asleep. For one merciful hour the Present yielded to the Past, and Love and Companionship took the place of Loneliness and Loss. The tree shone brightly rejoicing in its own loveliness. The harp stood silent with yearning upturned face. Michael Staniloff dreamt.



HE opened his eyes as the light caress of his wife's hand roused him from sleep.

"Ah! It is you, my Anna," he said, catching her fingers in his grasp. "It is good to wake up. I was dreaming such sad terrible things. I was old, poor, an exile and unutterably alone." He shuddered as he spoke and drew her down on the couch beside him.

"What a foolish dream beloved—but it makes the awakening all the brighter. It's a penalty for falling asleep on Christmas afternoon. Wake up now, and help me light the tree for Ivan; he will be coming down in a few minutes."

He yawned and stretched himself, but the memory of his dream still haunted him. "It was the terrible loneliness," he said again, and shivered as he spoke. "Alone, without you or Ivan—in a strange land."

She laughed and shook him gently. "But it was only a dream, dear one. See I'm here and Ivan is coming. Quick, light the candles; I hear his little voice," and she pushed the taper impatiently between his fingers.

In a few seconds the candles were lit and little Ivan stood gazing in rapt delight, his hands clasped tightly together, his big baby eyes fixed on the tree in wondering awe and admiration.

After a time Michael sat down beside a beautiful golden harp, and Anna and her baby son curled up against each other on the sofa. Then the harp began its song. Old Russian Christmas hymns Michael played, and folk songs with their plaintive note of sadness. Sometimes he would sing the words and Anna would join in, but more often it was the harp only that sang. The rich melodious notes filled their hearts with love and peace, and the Christmas hours passed happily away.

The candles burned low on the tree. Little Ivan, his head against his mother's heart slept, and the notes of the harp died away in silence. Michael left his seat and drew his wife and sleeping child into his arms.

"Has it been a happy Christmas, dear heart?" he asked. "Are you happy my Anna?"

She smiled wistfully

"So happy, that I'm afraid my husband—afraid that it may not last."

"Who's fanciful now? Who's dreaming sad dreams?"

She looked up at him and he saw that her eyes were swimming with tears.

"Oh my dear," she whispered, "I love you,—I love you so, and I'm afraid."

He kissed her gently and she laid her head on his shoulder. He felt her warm weight leaning against him, and rejoiced in the sensation. Yet how heavy it grew! Heavier and heavier, till he became numb and cramped. He tried to move that he might ease his aching limbs—and in moving, awoke.

THE fire had burned low. The candles were out. The room was dark and cold; and he awoke to find himself poor, old, exiled,—and unutterably alone. He groaned with the agony of awakening. Then with a swift movement he turned to the harp and plucked desperately at the strings.

Music poured from under his fingers, but such a song as the harp had never sung before. All the pain and the loss of years swelled in its notes; all the torturing reality of loneliness; all the maddening longing for home and country. The silence of years was swept away and the harp gave utterance to its master's misery. Now softly sobbing to itself like a woman spent with grief. Now raising its voice in an agony of supplication, the music wailed and sobbed in anguish. The pain of a lifetime sounded in the full heartrending sounds. The man played on as one possessed. It seemed as if he would tear the very soul out of the instrument—exhaust the flickering flame of his own life, and leave both mute and still together. It was beautiful, but it was infinitely sad, piercingly pathetic.

A light touch on his arm stopped him. He looked up startled; brought back suddenly from thoughts of death and re-union; and gazed in astonishment at the intruder. A little boy, thin, cold and ragged stood beside him, one hand still laid pleadingly on his arm.

"Oh don't," gasped the child, as if choking down the sobs, "please don't! It's too sad: I can't bear it!" His distress broke through his childish self-control, and he threw himself on the floor, a pitiful heap of convulsive sobbing.

Michael continued to stare in amazement. The light touch on his arm had jerked him back abruptly from his memories of the past,—and the present reality was bewildering. For some seconds he felt dazed, unable to grasp what had happened; then he stooped, and timidly touched the sobbing child.

"Hush, hush," he said gently, "don't cry like that, child. Tell me, how did you come here?"

The choking sobs subsided a little, and the boy mumbled something about "the tree in the garden."

"You mean the birds' Christmas tree?" "Yes. It looked so cute to see them all enjoying themselves." He had half raised himself and was sitting on the floor with his head turned away to hide the tears on his cheeks. A little lad, thin and undergrown, and with eyes wise with the knowledge of pain. He wiped them furtively with the cuff of a ragged coat and in a firmer voice;

"I just wanted to take a peep at them all busy in the branches, and so I came right on to the lot."

"Yes?" said his listener, encouragingly.

"Well, they were real cute, and I got quite close. Then I saw the other tree through the window,—and it sure made my eyes fair pop out of my head. It was the beautifullest thing I ever saw! Then you began to play,—and I got close to the window to listen. It were awful pretty what you played then—not like what you was playing just now,—that were terrible. Say Mister," and he raised an earnest, tear-streaked face, "you won't never play that way again will you?"

Michael Staniloff smiled sadly and ignored the question.

"But what made you come inside?"

Continued on page 59



FOR COUGHS— take a teaspoonful

Tickling coughs and sore throat will be over sooner if you take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at night and occasionally during the day. It is tasteless and odorless and stops that irritating tickling, soothes inflamed membranes and gives nature a chance to do its healing work. As "Vaseline" Jelly is absolutely harmless, it may be taken repeatedly until relief is obtained.

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You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink!

Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the food elements of wheat, plus the nourishment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make!

A Child in the Midst

BY MARY S. NAPIER

"DO you know, my dear," said old Mrs. Soutar pausing in her knitting and smiling at her daughter, "I like Christmas better every year."

"Do you, mother, why?"

"Perhaps for a number of reasons; I don't know that I could explain them all. I look on at life nowadays, and so have time to take things in, and it seems to me that at Christmas time I get a little bit of the happiness of everyone."

"I shan't mind being an onlooker when my turn comes," said her daughter, "if I can be as contented as you are."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Soutar disclaiming the compliment, "but I can tell you, Carrie, that it is lots of fun watching other people making Christmas."

The younger woman who was busy mixing a Christmas cake made a hurried trip to the pantry for the eggs before her mother could get under way with the reminiscences which she saw were coming.

"You must have seen some pretty Merry Christmases in your time mother. haven't you?"

"Yes, and some indifferent ones too. They were usually when people forgot that Christmas can't be really Christmas without a child in it somewhere."

"Well, you have enough children in your Christmas nowadays, mother, to satisfy the most exacting. What with my four and Jim's Helen and Betty's little tribe, to say nothing of the children up and down our street, for you know them all, I should think you would get surfeited with children sometimes."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Soutar quietly, "it's chiefly because of them that I like Christmas better every year; it is they who spare me so much of their happiness."

"But don't they bother you with their noise and many of their naughty ways now that you are getting on in years?"

"Well, of course, I feel sometimes I can't stand as much of their romping as I once could; but I can't get enough of their Christmas secrets, or of their excited anticipations. They are so simple in their talk of Santa Claus, and the whole thing to them is pure delight. I enjoy Christmas with them more all the time."

Her daughter paused in her work. "I suppose it is because you are an onlooker that you take so much pleasure in these things," she said, "I seem to be so busy with the practical preparations for Christmas I haven't time to enjoy the children as I should like to."

"I was really an onlooker at Christmas for the first eight years of my married life," Mrs. Soutar said slowly, "and when after that I had my five children I never forgot the things I had seen and learnt in those years. You know, my dear, I have experienced the barren years which came from forgetting that Christmas cannot be Christmas without a child in it."

"Tell me about it again, mother?" Her daughter spoke rather wistfully, thinking of her own absorption in everyday affairs, unilluminated by the years such as her mother had known.

Mrs. Soutar resumed her knitting, and to the steady click of the needles talked of the old days.

"YOU know that your father and I were married for eight years before you, our eldest living child, came. From the first we had a comfortable income, not a great deal to spare or to save, but enough for our needs. We started in our own home. It was well furnished, I had plenty of pretty clothes, and we kept a

good table. Years afterwards I used to call our first Christmas "the grand display." We asked ten people to dinner that day, and were careful to choose such as had no children to disturb our grown-up plans! They were all friends with homes of their own, and living in a fairly comfortable way. I provided one of the best dinners I have ever got up, with an abundance of dainty extras—oyster soup, trifle, shortbread and homemade candies, in addition to all the time honored Christmas dishes. It was a grand spread, my dear, if I do say it myself, and I believe they all went home praising the bride's cooking and her well-appointed house. I did the same thing the next year. But when it was all over, and I looked back at my two Christmases, somehow I didn't feel very satisfied. Eating seemed to be the outstanding feature of our observance of Christmas.

"Our next Christmas was quite different. I was

not well and we spent the day quietly by ourselves. I had sent presents around to all our friends, and received beautiful ones in return, but I was not able to trouble with much cooking, and beyond the exchange of gifts there was

little to mark the day.

Two months later our first little boy was born—stillborn. It was a terrible disappointment to us both. As soon as I was well again I went into society just as much as I possibly could to help me forget. I was rarely in my home if there was any other place I could be. We spent that summer at Wrexham Beach, and I was the ringleader in all the gay doings of the place."

"Why, mother, I never knew you had been a society dame. That is one of the secrets you have carefully kept from your grown-up family."

"MINE was a very short lived society career, Carrie, and the memory of it is not so sweet that I often wish to recall it. All through the next winter we continued to go out a great deal, and at Christmas were invited to the home of some friends living about fifty miles east. They had a small house party, and we spent a gay three days with them—plenty of skating and dancing and cards. A merry party we were, without a thought beyond our own enjoyment. For nearly a year and a half Tom and I lived like this, entertaining and being entertained, and sometimes we talked of moving to a larger house, but that was deferred, as we found we were spending a good deal of money as it was. At the beginning of November in that year our second child came, Ruth we named her—a fragile little life, needing tender and constant care. Several times we thought we had lost her, but she lingered with us for six weeks. We had been so absorbed with her that the old life had dropped away from us entirely. We were completely wrapped up in her for the time being, and when the 15th of December she passed peacefully away, we had no heart left for anything. We took no thought about getting presents for our many acquaintances, or exchanging Christmas greetings or preparing a Christmas feast. We were stranded for the time being, high and dry, out of touch with the old life and with nothing to take its place."

"Poor mother; I can hardly realize how sad you and father must have been, for there were plenty of interests in our home as I grew up in it, and with your children I don't think you ever had time to be at a loose end."

"Not in later years, Carrie, but we were lonely that year. As we sat at

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Honey-Man

By Hugh A. Mason

ELGIN wheeled the big grey in his tracks and retreated farther into the woods where he safely reconnoitred his surroundings. A policeman was ahead and following the road to the ford while across the river two more redcoats were coming down the Willow Creek trail. He watched them grimly as they formed a cordon around the ranch and slowly but surely narrowed it in. Even at this distance he fancied he saw their looks of chagrin as they found their net slack and empty. The ranch yard and corrals were filled with saddle horses and teams, while around the low, rambling log-house a silent crowd stood waiting. In a moment a coffin appeared at the door, and the stoic rangemen formed a cortege to follow it up on the tableland where the earth was freshly turned beside the mound of his father. A yearning surged through him; he started forward, but again came that warning flash, and John Elgin, the hunted, turned back from his mother's grave.

The outlaw and his horse were not of the prairie lands, but rather were they fashioned from the grim, grey granite of the mountain crag. The man's dark eyes gleamed quick and restless beneath their shaggy brows and gave an air of tireless energy to the bronzed, weather-beaten face. His tall, thick-set body moved in supple accordance with that of the big iron-grey as they climbed up and up in his tireless hope.

He checked the horse on top of the last divide and reined him slowly about. In the late fall afternoon the world at large seemed a place of peace and plenty. His eyes, accustomed from boyhood to the vast reaches of the prairie, could discern herds of stock belonging to his brothers and himself. And now he was looking at the old, familiar scenes for the last time; of that he was quite sure. Countless incidents flashed before his mind, some bitter, some sweet. He, alone, of all the old-timers who had once roamed the ranges now stood apart, almost friendless, and without a home to call his own. There had been times when he had tried to pull straight, but the downward course had been so easy—a life of freedom and unbounded ease to which had always been added the tang and zest of avoiding capture. His escapes had been many, but none any closer than to-day. A whisper had echoed far back in the hills, and at its summons he had stolen forth, only to find it true.

The same had happened at that old-time housewarming down the river. Something mysterious, unexplainable, had prompted him to risk prison for a few hours at the sports. But that ride had its compensations, for 'twas there he had met the girl of girls. That was years ago, but to-day her face in all its reproachful tenderness shone cameo-like before his eyes. Reveries had invested him without number as he sat beside some lonely campfire or made some stealthy ride through the night. After that momentous meeting he had nursed the pleasant memories, and for a time hope was rekindled, and he had reformed until some credit-seeking officer had resumed the chase; so he had lost track of her. Thus it had been at every turn down to the present. He had never taken a human life yet, but in the future every redcoat that crossed his path was a dead man.

He turned and rode slowly up the foothill trail. Each time his mind reverted to his trouble his rage and resentment increased. His customary caution was thrown aside and it was long before he noticed the gathering snowclouds and the rising sting of the wind. After a hurried glance behind he

drove his spurs into the flanks of his mount. The response was electrical, for the horse, unused to such treatment, stumbled, and then leaped like a thunderbolt down the narrow mountain trail. Elgin failed to notice the saddle horn as it hooked behind his gunbelt, nor did he feel the strain as it broke and fell to the ground. The horse was still running and blowing loudly when the man's senses began to return and, as he slowed him down to a walk he noticed the loss of his guns. "What shall I do?" he muttered in indecision. "Best take no chances; I've still got Old Trusty left," and he felt his boot top to reassure himself.

THE afternoon was well advanced when he continued, and at length struck a dim trail leading toward the gloomy gorge at his right. The piercing wind whined and howled in the treetops overhead, and rained down showers of yellow leaves. High in the air overhead a flock of waxes honked their way to a warmer clime. On every side was the undeniable approach of winter.

Suddenly he stopped. In the brown mud were the fresh tracks of a shod horse. What could they mean? Had someone outwitted him? Even now he might be hiding behind the next clump of bushes ready to shoot him down. He looked at the grey and was reassured by his disinterested demeanor.

"Mebbe some of the boys back fur a stray cow," he informed the horse as he started forward; "Just the same we'll keep our eyes open."

For a time they jogged along in complete silence, the soft earth deadening all sounds, and the thick brush screening them from view. The timber soon cleared and gave way to a long, stony flat. Elgin welcomed this opportunity for greater speed, and urged the horse ahead, at the same time redoubling his vigilance. As they rounded a turn in the clearing he reined the grey back on his haunches. Fifty yards ahead lay an object, strange and inert. A small, bay horse was trying valiantly to regain his feet, and as Elgin watched he noted that his batk was broken.

"Nobody very dangerous 'ud be ridin' a saddle like that," he thought as he observed its style and lightness, and accordingly he broke from cover. The crippled horse nickered a welcome as he approached and once more tried to rise. A rod to one side lay the huddled form of his rider.

AS Elgin drew abreast, the figure on the ground stirred, and raised itself to a sitting posture. The outlaw stared in wonderment. It was a woman, a girl in fact, back here twenty miles from any habitation and headed straight for the mountains. For an instant he stared, and then turned his horse aside.

"Say, aren't you going to help me? I've had a bad fall," she said.

"So I see," he replied in a non-committal manner.

"What is the best thing to do?" she asked.

"You'd better come alive, and get yourself home outa here. It's likely tuh storm," he answered harshly.

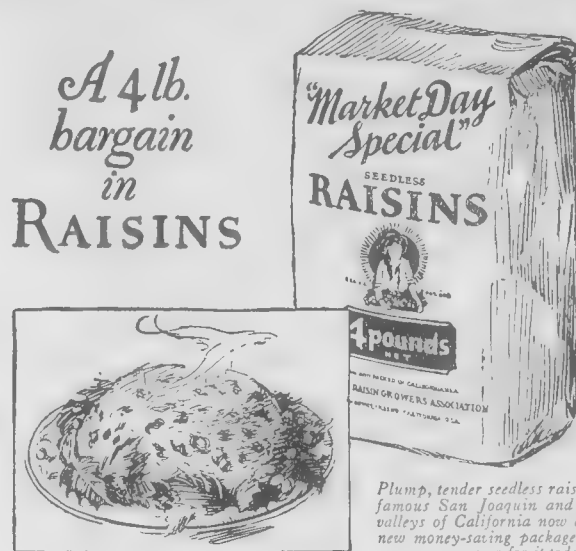
"But you'll have to help me. I'm afraid my ankle is broken."

"Cain't be done; you paddle your own canoe and I'll tend tuh mine. It's twenty miles from here tuh Graham's; if you keep agoin' you'll make it by to-morrow night—if it don't storm—and if it does well, good night," said he, gently raking a spur along the grey's belly. "Business is business," and he started the horse past her.

Continued on page 78

SHORT CUTS TO FOOD MEN REALLY LIKE

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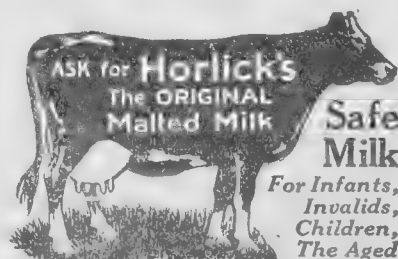
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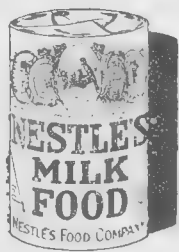
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25

MOTHER'S PAGE

Just Hankies

By Kathryn Bethune

DISCONSOLATELY, I looked over my piece bag. The pieces had been accumulating for a long time; distinctly, some decision should be reached regarding them. There didn't seem to be enough of any one of them with which to do anything worth while, but to my thrifty Scotch soul, it was unthinkable that they should be burned or thrown away. There was almost a yard of pongee silk; about three-fourths of a yard of lavender linen; a square of pink nainsook; a piece (quantity indefinite) of white wash silk; a smaller piece of printed crepe—most awkward lengths, all of them—remnants, these of bygone dressmaking efforts. I ransacked my brains despairingly.

Suddenly, a dazzling light shone upon me. Handkerchiefs! The very thing! Gaily I sought my trusty sewing machine, and in a short time had evolved just the nicest pile you ever saw of pretty vari-colored handkerchiefs. No doubt my sainted grandmother would turn in her grave if she heard them called handkerchiefs; but, nevertheless, handkerchiefs they were—snappy, modern, up-to-date hankies.

Thrice blessed be the person whose brain first originated the idea that hankies could be something other than a dazzling snow white. Do you remember, my sisters, how we used to labor to get the stains out of them and reduce them to a decent color? And if anything can take to itself a more miserable color than a misused white hanky, I'd like to see it—or on second thought, no, I wouldn't. That we have accepted the colored handkerchief speaks hope for the feminine sex; it is one of the

many indications that we are at last getting some sense about our affairs.

Pongee silk makes just the nicest hankies imaginable, especially in the natural shade. It is so easily washed—so easily ironed—and it practically never wears out. For "Himself," it is just the very thing—you know what he does to the white ones. Wash silk of any kind makes good hankies. Of course, they have to be fairly large—but in the matter of size, too, we are getting some sense.

Of course, if you wish, you can elaborate your scrap-bag hankies by crochet or embroidery. Personally, I regard with awe and amazement, the lady who can sit down, and spend hours, embroidering a handkerchief, or crocheting a five-inch edge on a bath towel. Why these distinctly utilitarian objects should be made so very decorative is beyond my poor ken. Certainly, we all have heard of the lady who carried a shower and a blower; but as for me, a handkerchief by the river's brim is simply a hanky and will never be anything else. That, however, is purely a matter of personal predilection.

Anyway, sisters, try it. Turn out all your little left over pieces of dainty wash silks, linens, and lawns, and make them into hankies; and if you wish to give "Himself" a nice little Christmas, or birthday gift that will not tax your purse unduly, get a yard or two of pongee, and make it into good large square ones. If you have the time and the patience, embroider his initial in the corner with brown silk. There are possibilities for other Xmas gifts, too.

And, in the meantime, three rousing cheers for colored hankies!

Worry

By Irene Wilson

SOME of these days all the
skies will be brighter;
Some of these days all the
burdens will be lighter;
Hearts will be happier, souls will
be whiter.
Some of these days!

Some of these days, in the des-
erts upspringing,
Fountains shall flash while the
joybells are ringing;
And the world—with its sweet-
est of birds—shall go singing.
Some of these days!

Some of these days! Let us
bear with our sorrow!
Faith in the future—its light we
may borrow—
There will be joy in the golden
tomorrow—
Some of these days."

—Frank L. Stanton.

Then, why worry about the little disappointments and troubles that come our way? How many women have the courage to fling worry utterly aside; to decline under any and all circumstances to give it harborage, and through whatsoever trials and troubles may beset her, to refuse to permit the worries of tomorrow to cripple her energies and obscure the sunshine of today! Women may not quite have monopolized the worry market, but it's not for lack of effort, and it's about time she began to give somebody else a chance, particularly as there is so little profit in it.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."
expresses pretty accurately the general attitude of the community towards the woman who worries.

A picture postcard bears the apt saying: "O der troubles ve haf vat don't happen yet!" If we analyze our worries, we will find that it is not so much the troubles we have, for these we either bear with patience or undertake to overcome; but the troubles that haven't happened yet, these are the troubles that worry us. It's a brave woman, who, as a truth, takes care of today and lets the morrow and its troubles take care of itself. All along our pathway sweet flowers are blossoming, if we will only stop to pluck them and smell their fragrance.

Worry is a habit to which womankind is especially prone. Possibly it is an inherited trait, passed on to us by our grandmothers of mediaeval days, our grandmothers who could do nothing but sit by the fire and spin or knit while their men-folks were away fishing or hunting, or in any case exposing themselves to great danger. We are prone to think of those old-time ladies as stolid and unfurried. Those same women, alone in their big chambers, weaving romances with their brains while their tireless hands busied themselves with distaff or needle, could not well help laying up for their hapless descendants an heritage of overstrung nerves and vague, groundless fears. Life was not very full for women-folks in those days. A maiden's destiny led her either to the altar or the cloister, and in either case her future was bounded by impassable walls. If she married, her sun rose and set with her husband; if she became a nun, her hopes, finding no outlet in this world, centred themselves in the world to come.

But life today is so rich and full, so fraught with wonderful possibilities, that there is not the smallest excuse for our

handicapping ourselves with unnecessary worries. True, dark days come to all of us—in the very nature of things are bound to come; but directly follow days of glorious sunshine, when one may realize, if one will, how sweet and good a thing it is just to live. It is only the utterly selfish life—the life that takes no thought whatever of the world's joy or the world's sorrow, that is not worth living; and we are indeed thankful that such lives are very few. To the most of us, the bitter comes mixed with the sweet; blessings go hand in hand with pain; the dark clouds may obscure the sun for a little while, but it soon passes over. Taking one day with another, it's really a pretty good world after all. It depends very much on how we look at it. "Two men looked out from prison bars; The one saw mud, the other, stars."

A Christmas Gift Worth While

By Marilla R. Whitmore

WHEN we first moved to the farm I found things so different to what I had been accustomed at home, and one of the many things I missed was the opportunity of doing Christmas shopping.

Far from stores and shops it was impossible to have a list, so several weeks before Christmas I sat down to think the matter over and decided that after all the Christmas list had been far too long. In fact, I believe that I drew a little breath of relief for there would be no frenzied last moment rush to shops to buy some forgotten gift that probably suited the receiver of the gift as little as the selecting of the gift gave the donor.

Getting out the list I sat down at the desk and looked it over, crossing off all names that meant little to me. Then to each of my friends I wrote a long letter, telling them of my new life on the farm, of my new interests, making each letter try to carry my thought and goodwill to the receiver. Snapshots taken of things that would be novel to my city friends such as, "How we make hay in Manitoba," which, by the way, is quite different to the method used in the East, snaps of winter scenes, of the old ferry and ferryman, hunting pictures, anything at all that would interest friends, were enclosed in the letter. As we finish our own pictures

Why worry, then? We are sometimes tired of lulling restless babies to sleep: of mending and sewing and preparing three meals a day, day after day and year after year; but think how empty life would be if there were no patter of little feet, no garments to make or mend, the noisy, untidy dining-room forever empty and silent! Then we would indeed have cause to worry. Some time the day may come when we can no longer work for our loved ones. Let us be thankful for the privilege.

At this Christmas season, when we think of our many blessings, let us decide to lay aside forever the worries of this world, and set ourselves to gather up the sunbeams, as the old Sunday School hymn of our childhood so fittingly expressed it. Let us look, not for the troubles, but the compensations; with this assurance to aid us in the search—that "those who seek shall find."

and take a great deal of pleasure in the work, there are always plenty of snapshots for our friends.

In these different letters I explained how impossible it would be for me to continue Christmas giving, and that I intended to substitute letter writing instead, and asked that they do the same.

My friends responded, and such a pile of Christmas letters as I received that first year. This plan worked out so well that I have continued it, and now although my duties have multiplied, I try to write to all my old time friends at least once a year, and they do the same. These yearly letters keep us in touch with each other, while a card is dropped if anyone makes a change in address, thus keeping each posted as to the other's whereabouts.

There is always something different in the way of snapshots, for my friends some of them have annexed husbands and families, and, of course, I must see how they look, while my own family has been increased by three lively boys. These boys and their various doings and pets furnish snapshots galore, while their activities furnish something to write about that is different as well.

Try sending a Christmas letter and see what a lot of good it does. Cut down that unnecessary list where neither giver or receiver is truly satisfied and send a cheery Christmassy letter instead.

The Woman Who Is Different

By Emma Gary Wallace

PERHAPS it is just as well that we are not all alike. This makes the world a much more interesting and thrilling place. We never know just what to expect. We meet the woman who is different on every hand, and while we are thinking how different she is, she is probably reflecting, how thoroughly queer we are!

There is no reason why we should resent the degree in which other people differ from ourselves. There are sure to be good reasons why such is the case, and once we understood, we would no longer wonder. In fact "To understand all is to forgive all."

The lady who comes to call, and who after a few minutes lapses into a rather complete semi-abstraction, may tax our patience, especially if she jumps up in the middle of a story which we are relating for her benefit, and without seeming to realize that she is doing a rude thing, prepares to make her departure.

But we cannot be certain how much in the way of a burden she is carrying, nor just what her actual limitations of concentration are. We can be sure that she wanted to come, and if we have done our best to be cordial and entertaining, she has doubtless gained just the touch of friendliness and cheer which she needed. What more can we ask.

Then there is the woman who calls to see us and who says that she was anxious to know how we all are. But bless you, she immediately forgets her anxiety in her voluble, rapid-fire, running account of herself, her aches and pains, her tasks, her problems, how she is

crowded for time, and how much she has intended to do that she hasn't got around to touch. By the time that she is run down enough to be obliged to pause and gasp for breath, it is time to go. She admits frankly that she has had a lovely call.

And we are glad of it! Probably what she needed was a chance to let off steam, or to pour into a sympathetic ear the accumulation weighing upon her. Or again, perhaps incessant babbling has become a habit, and she enjoys the sound of her own voice better than that of yours or mine. Why should we object?

The woman who is different than we are is sure to have many good qualities which, even in our estimation, over-balance those differences. The very fact that she seeks us out, is a tacit acknowledgment that she finds in us something which she needs. Why should we demand that her mental processes be a duplication of our own? Why should we presume to think that the pattern after which we were cut out is so excellent that all the world must be modelled by it? That attitude in itself would be most regrettable.

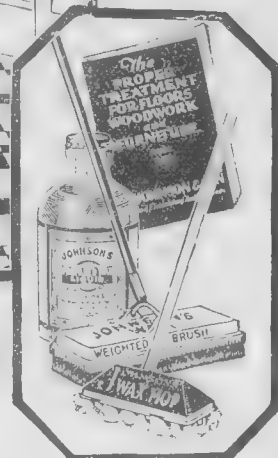
The woman who is different may have had a background of childhood training and youth entirely unlike our own. She may be engrossed in quite different interests. Or, it is possible that some physical condition may be having a mental influence which neither of us understand.

The woman whose difference in the way of irritability amazed us for years, is now pronounced to be the victim of a

Continued on page 29



The New, Easy Way



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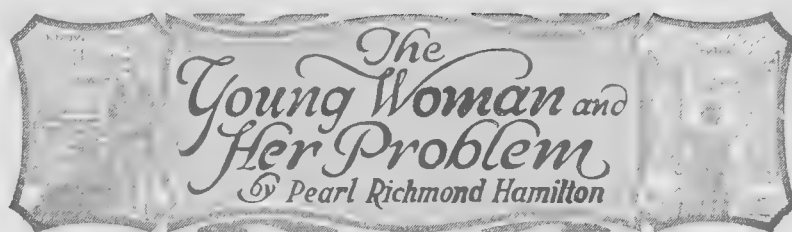
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A Prayer From the Heart of a Girl

"O H God—flash the light of Thy wisdom upon my pathway and guide me to peace—peace—peace! Give me strength to follow Thy guiding hand. Last year in the depths of discouragement I prayed for definite things. I am wiser this Christmas Day. I realize I do not know the gifts that will be best for me—so I pray for Divine guidance—for strength and light.

"Heavenly Father, lead me in the way that is best for me. Thou hast told us to cast our burden on the Lord. Oh—the comfort of that command! It is one of life's great privileges. As soon as we believe in the omnipresence of God, discouragement, worry, fear and self-distress leave us. Thus freed we have greater strength. Grant me the most priceless of all treasures—Faith—that I may attain this strength."

Three Girls, Were They Wise?

A Christmas Heart to Heart Talk With Girls

WE always associate the three wise men with Christmas thoughts. In their search for the Christ-child they stand out prominently in Biblical history. But there were girls in the Bible as well as men whose influence has inspired womankind with a guiding star to Christly womanhood. The girls of the Bible had problems and difficulties just as girls of today have—for from the beginning of time when Adam and Eve first lived in the Eden of delight—have not love and ambition reigned supreme in woman's life? As long as woman lives, love and love's problems will touch the soul of her. Yes, from the dawn of the world through the ages of history and down to the present time, there has been the same similarity in the character of girlhood. Sometimes just one act has been recorded, one picture shown in the character of the Biblical girl, yet it tells us all that is necessary for us to know about the character.

"One deed may mar a life,
And one can make it;
Hold firm thy will for strife
Lest a quick blow break it."

Whether we admit it or not every girl or woman who is normal craves the love of a man—and as I know girls, they long for the admiration of a clean living man. Sometimes I wonder if girls really realize the high value most men place on the purity and Christly qualities of womanhood. Young men as well as their letters help me, in fact, they often guide me in the selection of my topics.

THE Little Captive Maid is one of my favorite girls in the Bible. She was torn from her home and carried away to a distant land. In ordinary girlhood new impressions rapidly efface the past. Today we constantly race to the goal of a new thrill. It requires strength to retain the memories of a pleasant past and still be ready for the duties of an uncongenial present. Western Canada has scores of girls who do live in an uncongenial present, who long for the Old Country home during this Christmas season, or perhaps if in the city they see the warm atmosphere of their country home. It requires courage to take up new duties and retain memories of a pleasant past.

The Little Captive Maid is attractive and wise because she remained tender and unselfish in the midst of a hard life of servitude. When her master was dying she wanted to help him and urged him to place his faith in God. Had she not won a place of unusual confidence in this house? Is it not possible for a servant to win the confidence of the house in which she works? Did not her character prove that she could be

trusted? Confidence is contagious. The Little Captive Maid patiently and efficiently took up the tasks of a serving maid, yet she did not sacrifice any of the religion of her parental home. The pomp and show of idolatry did not weaken her. Rather did the contrast between artificial splendor and the simple beauty of honest faith strengthen her. This is an indication of a rare and noble spirit. Men are strangely influenced by modest unaffected girls.

A little Welsh girl wanted a Bible and walked over the hills to Mr. Charles of Bala, to procure one. This was the beginning of the British and Foreign Bible Society, with all its beneficent results in every country in the world. Thus may young girls lead for the good of men. That winning age commands respect, perhaps because they do not attempt to teach nor rebuke—they touch world-hardened hearts. The loveliness and promise of girlhood free from hate or jealousy radiate the sunshine of God.

The Little Captive Maid touched the heart of a prominent man by her lovely character—and I class her among the beautiful and wise girls of the Bible. Then I like to study the life of the Shulamite maiden in the Song of Solomon. May we not regard her story as the most beautiful love story in history?

ALL girls enjoy love stories. Indeed

I believe the older the girl is the more she enjoys a love story, not the slushy sentiment of silly minds, but the honest-to-goodness story that comes straight from the depths of strong manly hearts and pure minded girls; the kind that respects dignity and stands the test of sacrifice. Ask librarians about the favorite books of our old men and women. The story in the Song of Solomon is a real love story about a girl who sincerely loved her country lover and remained true to him through attractive temptations of wealth and flattery.

I have known girls to leave worthy young men in the country—young men they have promised to marry—and, after a few weeks in the city, break their engagements to accept the attentions of fascinating white-collared fops who care nothing for them. I know a broken-hearted woman in the city today who did this very thing fifteen years ago. I urged her to consider very seriously before she gave up her country lover. Strong manly hearts true to womanhood beat bravely in the struggle and toil of the land and bush.

The Shulamite maiden in King Solomon's time was a beautiful rustic maiden carried away from her country home to the corrupt court of Solomon. The fidelity and devotion of the girl remained unmoved by the attractions of the court. They tried to flatter her and bribe her with fine clothes and gay pleasures, but she hungered for the pure clean atmosphere in the environment of her country lover. All other proposals were odious to her. With her, manhood strong and clean claimed her admiration. No Solomon in all his glory could tempt her. Her face flashed scorn at their appeals. Ennobling constancy gives beauty to any face, and they must have admired her though she would not accept their offers. Her extraordinary firmness to truth, honesty and faithfulness touched the nature of Solomon, a feeling of reverence sprang up in his heart towards this steadfast maid so simple and pure, and he allowed her to go back to her home undefiled and unmolested. The tone of the harem changed before this example of strong girlhood. Purity and innocence are majestic and powerful. They are a girl's strongest protective weapons. Sir Walter Scott, in The Lady

of the Lake, takes Ellen into the guard room where the coarsest of men are deformed and fevered from the dregs of debauch. There were Italians, Spaniards, Swiss, French, German and English exiles, released from discipline for the time. In this scene of fighting, swearing and drinking, Ellen appeared, and the savage soldiery stood amazed as if an angel had descended. The boldest of them all abashed and tamed, stood half admiring, half ashamed, and this is what he said to his mates:

"Hear ye, my mates: I go to call
The captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

CLARISSA HARLOWE, the story of impregnable chastity and maidenly love, works with the power of purifying inspiration. Men rise from the reading of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, and that constant heroism of Imogen, stronger and better. Paganism treated love lightly. Christianity has taught men to treat love sacredly. Thus do girls in Christian lands owe more to the birth of the Christ Child than they realize.

A Y.W.C.A. girl told me the following story after she returned from overseas: A soldier with his companion came to her and said: "I want to apologize to you for swearing when you were in the hall. I did not see you and I brought this fellow with me to hear the apology." Such is the respect men have for Christian womanhood.

When the Shulamite maid was allowed to return to her country lover to whom she had remained true through all possible temptations, we see a picture of constancy and truth triumphant. She, who had resisted with flashing eyes of scorn, all the seduction of the flesh, was united with love and happiness to the end—another example of a wise girl.

NO literature contains a lovelier picture of girlhood in its various aspects than the Book of Ruth. In one of the largest universities in the States a class in English was asked to write the story of Ruth. Out of a large class only a few knew who Ruth was. I believe there would be no one in a Canadian university who would not be

familiar with the story of Ruth. But I really wonder if girls read the Bible as much as they ought? It is so rich in biography of women. Think of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, who said: "My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

For He hath regarded the low estate of His hand maiden."

We meet her just as she crosses the threshold of womanhood, when her soul is filled with love and she expresses her joy in song; for was it not a wonderful honor which any princess in the king's court might covet beyond all things, that the lowly maid from a Galilean peasant's cottage should be chosen to be the Mother of Jesus. The Madonna! The Mother who has inspired every great world artist! Then there are Elizabeth, a mother of humility, Anna whose old age was venerable because it crowned a life of devotion, the woman of Samaritan, who sought light in a trying difficulty, the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment, the woman who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears and her soul was restored so that in the chill atmosphere of social contempt her heart was radiant with God's bow of hope in her sky. We meet in the Bible, in that most interesting of Bethany homes, the two sisters, Mary and Martha, the one whose ascending life was a series of resurrections and the other who was troubled with fussy hospitality, a very up-to-date house. And the widow with her mite who gives us an example of the root of Christian ethics in inwardness of motive: with Christ the value of a Christmas gift is determined by its aim. Mary Magdalene, Dorcas and Phoebe and other women who ministered to Jesus are interesting to know.

LOOKING through the Old Testament we become acquainted with women of great human interest. Eve, the companion of man, his leader for good or evil, who proves that woman gives the tone to human life. Sarah, Rebekah—the most winsome woman of the Old Testament—Rachel, beautiful and attractive, Potiphar's wife, guilty and cruel; the Daughter of Pharaoh, who felt a child in distress tugging at her heart and by her deed emphasizes woman's part in human progress when she responds to the cry of a little child; Deborah the greatest public woman leader in history, the woman who gave Israel a rest for forty years, the greatest of recruiting officers; Abigail, the most savingly attractive woman in the Old Testament, and Michal the most dangerously attractive; the Queen of Sheba with a healthy mind; Esther, who kept in her heart that Divine faith which God writes on the hearts of all great women, and the wives of the prophets. I have not named in this list all the women of the Bible, but nearly every year on this Christmas page I like to refer to them that our girl readers may turn to the Bible for the most interesting biographies of women in all literature. It is crowded with beautiful stories much more thrilling and even more dramatic than the sensational stories of today.

Going back to Ruth we see the drama of the human soul for the Bible delineation contains a literary feature phenomenon—unparalleled.

Ruth was the type of girl that attracts; not through her gift of beauty, for there is no hint that she was fair to look upon, but by the lasting qualities of unselfish devotion of helpfulness to others, of maidenly strength. Purity and gentleness in women will conquer the most brutal of men. Through all the ages femininity has been, and is, woman's strongest weapon. There will be as much chivalry among men today as in times past if our womanhood emphasize purity, sincerity in the development of the girl-life. We set the standard for men. Ours is the responsibility. The Little Captive Maid, the Shulamite and Ruth were three wise girls. In the study of their lives one learns the elements of Wisdom in womanhood—and this is the loveliest of Christmas blessings. We owe to manhood the influence of pure clean womanhood. Let this be our Christmas present to our country. A supreme gift. It is the Christmas gift of the Christ Child.

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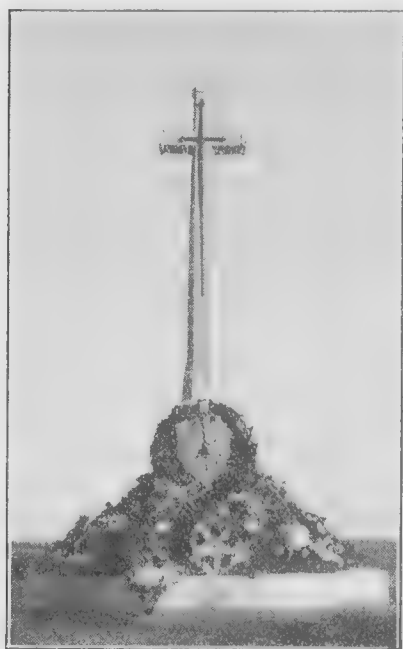
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Erected in the cemetery at Brandon, Manitoba, by the Brandon Great War Veterans' Association. The cross is similar to those erected by the War Graves Commission in France after the design of Sir Reginald Bloomfield. It is of British Columbia granite, the bronze sword on the face coming from England. The cross is 20 feet high. The picture shows the floral tributes placed on the memorial at the time of the unveiling by Capt. Campbell, president of the G.W.V.A., before thousands of people who attended the service.

To raise the funds for the memorial a ten days' volunteer subscription list was opened by the G.W.V.A. Brandon citizens responded so enthusiastically that the list had to be closed in a week, the objective of \$5,000 having been oversubscribed by \$2,475. Children, all classes of adults and practically every organization in the city contributed to the fund and thus helped to raise the memorial in memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice during the great war.

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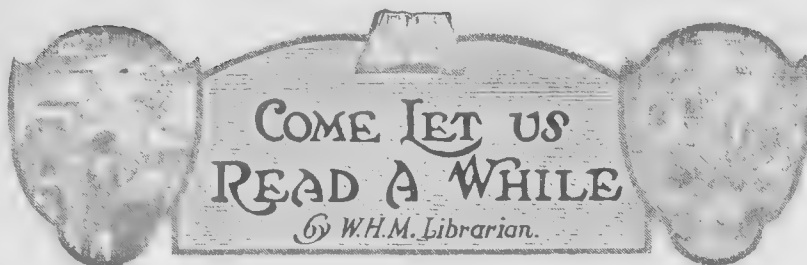
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I'VE read ten novels since writing last month's page. With one exception, they are all worth talking about. Perhaps we might as well discuss the one I don't think much of—and dismiss it from our minds. It is called "The Grand Duchess;" it is by George Birmingham and it is a very tiresome farce! Do you know the meaning of the Latin word "Saligia?" No. I thought not. Neither did the Grand Duchess, nor the Irish professor, nor a classical scholar, nor did I! And in order that we might all become enlightened, George Birmingham, who is really Canon Hannay, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, weaves a preposterous tale of absurd adventures. Had not the author permitted himself to drop to sheer buffoonery, he might have produced a very clever satire. For it is obviously a skit on the much worshipped crown of St. Stephen. As it is—but there, I'm but one reader. There may be hundreds who will thoroughly enjoy this bit of nonsense and delight in taking part in the search for the crown of Dravidia which occupies the hero and heroine and all the other characters of this new novel.

"So Big," a Truly Great Novel

I HAVE always been a great admirer of Edna Ferber's work. "So Big" confirms my belief that she is in the forefront of today's novelists. There is no one to rival Edna Ferber's power to make a moving, living, story out of the trivial happenings of everyday life among folks who work excessively hard for daily bread. In "So Big" she has given us a picture of Dutch-American farming life that will endure. The quaint title is in reality a mother's pet name for her baby boy who always stretched wide his arms and said "so big" when the fond mother ceased her arduous labors long enough to ask, "How big is my baby?" But for me, the title will always be associated with the mother: with Selina the girl who was reared for the soft and beautiful places of life, but who was thrust by circumstances into ugliness and poverty; with Selina, the school teacher, in a farming district who exclaims on seeing a field of cabbages how beautiful they are, and thereby calls forth Klass Pool's derisive laughter, "Cabbages is beautiful." With Selina the wife of Pervus de Jong gradually losing her youth, her prettiness, her lightheartedness but never her courage. With Selina the mother of the orphaned Dirk, for Pervus de Jong dies a few years after Selina's marriage to him. And lastly—more memorable than all these Selinas—with Selina the widowed mother planning to build up her little Dirk's life on foundations of beauty, and working as no woman had ever worked before, as a truck gardener; suffering deprivation and hardships of all kinds but never once wavering in her belief that she would succeed and educate Dirk to be a man of culture whose guiding star is beauty. Selina is so big, so gloriously big, that one could tear Dirk to shreds for being a most successful business man, making pots of money, caring nought for beauty. Luckily Selina had another son, a child of her spirit, Roelf the son of Klaas Pool who had begrudged the boy an education, who had laughed loud and long because "Cabbages is beautiful." This "dumb" Dutch-American boy is influenced by Selina when she is the school teacher. He runs away from home when Selina is married, and becomes a great artist. The pride with which Selina follows his career through the pages of art magazines is beautiful and pathetic. She literally slaved to give Dirk, her son, an education that he might have beauty in his life. But true to his ancestry and the spirit of America, he considers the making of money the be-all and end-all

of existence. Until—but that's not for me to say. Read this magnificent novel, you'll enjoy it I know.

Two Novels by W. J. Locke

I CAME across an old one of Locke's—old only because he publishes so rapidly—and enjoyed it. "The Tale of Triona" is the study of an artistic—liar. A man who lies not because he is evil, but because his artistic temperament makes him forget what things in his life are realities and what but imaginings.

The second Locke novel that came my way, was his latest, "The Coming of Amos," a capital story with love and adventure and a most adorable widower! Locke's widowers and rather old bachelors are always too fascinating for the reader's equilibrium!

Women Must Work and Men Must Suffer

THE adoption of the hackneyed verse occurred to me after reading Dorothy Canfield's "The Homemaker." Although this novel is easily digested—I read it in one sitting—nevertheless it arouses three very important problems. Do some fathers make better homemakers than their wives? Is it possible that a woman who is to all intents and purposes a devoted, efficient mother should be the unrecognized cause of her children's illnesses and tantrums? Was it right of Lester, the husband, to pretend he was a hopeless cripple in order to allow his wife to continue working in a store because he realized she had made a great success of her work, loved it, and was a failure as a homemaker? When you have read this intensely interesting story you will have your own opinion on each of these points. Particularly well done is Dorothy Canfield's analysis of the cause of Helen's underweight, Henry's indigestion and Steve's baby-naughtiness. I wonder how many mothers stop to think of the physical effect upon children of constant nagging, surveillance and dominance. The next time Tommy has a billious attack don't blame the cookie he ate until you have examined your conduct towards him from the minute he returned from school.

The Consequences of a New Dress

E. TEMPLE THURSTON has written a new novel, and its attractive title is "Charmeuse," although I did hear a dear old lady the other day ask for "Chartreuse." Was it the association of thirst with the author's name that made her blunder? I am sorry to say that "Charmeuse" disappointed me, perhaps because I expected so much from

the author who has given us "The City of Beautiful Nonsense." The trouble with "Charmeuse" is, I think, that the story hangs upon too slender a thread—a woman's new frock. No doubt about it, the artist-husband is a selfish beast and Laetitia is hardly done by; but somehow one's pity for her, one's contempt for him, peters out long before the story is finished. Unless an author can keep our emotions in strong turmoil, be it love or hate, the story is a failure. However, there is delicate work in the portrayal of a young man's love for the ideal woman. One knows that Laetitia with a grown-up daughter is really but an ideal to Jimmy of twenty-two, but he thinks he is very much in love for the first and last time with the only woman in the field.

Robert Hichens at His Best

"AFTER the Verdict" is a thrilling story of a fine young English girl who is engaged to marry a man facing a murder charge. So thoroughly is she convinced of his innocence that she says she will marry him whatever the verdict is. He is acquitted and the girl's belief in the triumph of justice is upheld.

Just as in "The Garden of Allah," Hichens shows us the failure of a marriage because truth was not between husband and wife; so in this latest novel of his, do we see this same principle in life presented. The truth does not exist between Vivian and Clive and thus what would have been an ideal marriage is very nearly wrecked upon the shoal of lies. Very nearly but not quite. Luckily, for the story's sake and our ultimate peace of mind, Clive makes a clean breast of his guilt despite the verdict in his favor. And because to know all is to pardon, he and Vivian are reconciled.

Elaine at the Gates

THIS is the title of W. B. Maxwell's latest novel and though at times the story drags, one forgives a little boredom because of the great compensation received in the character of the parson, Mark Awdrey. It will be a long time before I forget Mark with his bad table manners, his atrocious French, untidy clothes, indifference to everybody's views and feelings unless they fall in with his own, his callous behavior to wealthy women who help him gain his ambitions for his Church—and yet high above all these disagreeable qualities is Mark's amazing gift for great service to humanity and his power for self-sacrifice when he loves deeply. Mark Awdrey is an amazing personality and so brilliantly has Mr. Maxwell done his work that on closing the book one feels that one has gained immeasurably from knowing this extraordinary man, and not that one has been reading a new novel!

I said at the beginning of this chat that I had read ten books, so I have. The three not touched upon, "The Cure of Souls," "Arnold Waterlow," and "Tents of Israel" will be reviewed next month.



The garden of a gentleman of Morocco, Casablanca, Morocco

The Woman Who is Different

Continued from page 25

malignant growth upon the brain. The woman whose lack of efficiency has vexed us, may, in reality, be in the moron class and doing exceptionally well under the circumstances. Let us withhold our judgments, for "To understand all is to forgive all."

Let us welcome the people who are different, and rejoice when their differences are something by which we can profit. And we can still rejoice when their differences are a little irritating, because we have to bear with these for only a short time and infrequently. The real trial would be to have to stand it continually.

Differences, yes, but what of that?

How Do You Give?

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

I EXPECT that girls of all ages are now busy thinking about their Christmas presents. Some are thinking of what they are going to get, others of what they are going to give. Speaking to those whose minds are occupied with what they want to give, let me tell them, there are many ways of giving. Do any of you girls ask yourself: "How do I give?"

Some people give in order to please themselves, some in order to please others. To which class do you belong?

I have often heard a girl remark: "I had better give Mary a decent present because she is so rich, she'll notice it if I give her something cheap. As for Minnie, she never has anything good. She wouldn't appreciate it if she had it. Anything is good enough for her."

This isn't a nice remark, is it? There are many girls who try to give their best presents to the well-to-do. Probably they are thinking of what they will get in return! Now, Christmas is the time of all others when the opposite spirit should be cultivated. It is the time I should choose in which to give my best gifts to those who are not likely to get any otherwise.

When I was at school, I remember how wrong was the spirit in that school. The poorer children were always given the worst toys on the tree, yet their eyes were fixed with longings on the better things which were handed to the girls who already had more of this world's goods than they needed.

Those girls who give for their own satisfaction will give their best gifts to the well-to-do; whilst those who give for the sake of others will choose poorer gifts to be the recipients of their gifts.

There is unthought of pleasure derived from the joy of a poor girl who unexpectedly receives something extra good. The rich take presents as a right and cast them aside in a few hours. The poor treasure what we give, keep it with care for years and think of us with kindness all their lives.

As Christmas draws near, try to see if this year, if never before, you can give your presents—not to the rich but to the needy and therefore the most deserving.

To a Rivulet

O gay little rivulet skipping along,
Tripping along, singing a song;
Your tune's so thrilling
And merry your song,
What do you sing as you hurry along?

O shy little rivulet dancing away,
Prancing away, laughing so gay;
Sweet is your cadence
The music you play,
What is the song that you sing in your lay?

O mad little rivulet dashing below,
Splashing you go, murmuring low;
You sob and you weep
Bitter tears overflow,
Where are you running so fast with your woe?

O stay little rivulet; Why do you weep?
Why laugh and leap? Why never sleep?
"I'm in a big hurry
So pray do not keep
My waters from answering the call of the Deep."

—Gertrude C. Jensen



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Dill's Christmas Eve—Continued from page 13

some fun, Helen," continued Dill. "It won't take long to fill the stockings and clear up afterward, and I'd love an oyster stew, wouldn't you?" Dill's spirits were soaring quite recklessly.

"It does sound all right," admitted Helen, "but where could you get oysters now? It's after ten."

"Perhaps in that funny little restaurant around the corner," Dill answered, getting a coat and looking about for rubbers. "I'll just slip out before Aunt Martha comes in. She mightn't let me go."

ABOUT half an hour later, when Davie and Jack came up to the little private sitting-room, Helen and her mother turned anxious faces toward them.

"Dill went out to get some oysters almost an hour ago," Helen explained, "and isn't back yet."

She told the boys how Dill had happened to go and where she had gone. They, of course, laughed at the idea that anything serious had befallen her.

"But for the sake of the oyster stew—you bet, it will taste good—I'll go and fetch her," Davie said. "Most likely there's a crowd in the cafe, that's all, and she's had to wait."

Another half hour passed—no Davie—no Dill!

Finally Jack started out. He promised to telephone the moment he reached the Cafe.

Jack entered the little restaurant. He looked around inquiringly. Surprise almost consternation seized him. The place seemed absolutely devoid of human occupancy. Doors stood open and chairs and tables had evidently been pushed hurriedly out of their places.

BUT let us return to Dill, as, more than an hour before, she slopped around the corner and entered for the first time in her life, the dingy restaurant.

"Can I get a pint of oysters here?" she asked the elderly, sleepy-looking man behind the counter.

"Certainly, miss," the man answered pleasantly, "but we've had sort o' a run on oysters tonight. It'll take me 'bout ten minutes or more to open up another barrel. If ye'll jest sit down I won't be more'n ten. Hey, ma!" he called and disappeared.

Dill seated herself on one of the counter stools. A very fat woman waddled out from the swing doors that hid the kitchen, followed by a small bright-eyed child.

Dill glanced at the clock—after half past ten! Oh, well, it wasn't her child.

The woman seated herself behind the counter and took the child on her lap.

"Wet night for Christmas, Miss," she remarked, "Is my old-un serving you?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Dill. "He's getting me some oysters. He has to open another barrel, he said."

"Then he'll be a long time," the woman informed her complacently. "Pa's slower'n cold molasses."

Dill moved uneasily. There really was a lot yet to be done at home, stockings to be filled, the dolls for the tree tagged, the little private sitting-room straightened up. Yes, really quite quite a lot to be done. Thank goodness, the decorations were all up! Certainly Aunt Martha made a lot of work for them with her old-fashioned ideas of Christmas.

The quietness of the cafe suddenly smote upon Dill. Everything seemed so silent, except for the ticking of the clock, and the rain—drip, drip, drip—outside. No cherry, frantic, Christmas bustle here to drown the decidedly dismal patter. Dill looked around—no Christmas decoration neither. Just an artificial holly wreath over a calendar, that was all, to bespeak the season, and a few Christmas trinkets in the showcase. She turned to the child whose eyes showed no sign of sleep.

"What is Santa Claus going to bring you, honey?" she asked.

"Dunno," answered the child, "Santy Claus ain't."

"We don't go much by this here Santy Claus," said the woman. "We're always late Christmas eve with people stragglin' in till after twelve, and Marge here won't go to bed alone. We don't keep

Christmas much ourself's, but ya can't git away from it entirely—ain't nobody can git away from Christmas entirely. We have a dinner, and a good dinner it is too, Miss, for the eaters—and Marge'll git things."

"What, ma! What'll I git?" begged the child suddenly animated.

"Oh, things!" said her mother winking at Dill.

"You just wait and see, Santy will leave you something all right," Dill assured her. "He's just about starting off now with his eight reindeer, and I bet you anything he's got something in his sleigh for you. He'll come by here—see if he doesn't!"

At that moment the old-un poked his head through a door near the swing doors.

"Ma, where's my hatchet?" he shouted. "Right there 'hind the door! Can't ya see it right under yer nose?" yelled back ma. "Pa's slower'n cold molasses," she observed again for Dill's information.

Again Dill moved uneasily. Perhaps she had better not wait. However, a wrenching noise seemed to indicate that Pa was on the job at last. She turned to the child.

"Do you go to a Christmas tree anywhere?" There was something pathetic about a child spending Christmas eve, and such a long Christmas eve, in that bare little restaurant. Dill thought of her own cousinettes, as she called her cousin's children, who had been all excitement in the early evening, and who were now enjoying the thrilling slumber of the night before Christmas. "No'm," answered the child.

"We're strangers here," explained her mother, "and we don't go to no church nor nothin' like that, and we ain't charity people."

"Well, if you'll let this little girl come to our tree we'd love to have her," said Dill impulsively, and as she explained about the tree Marge's eyes grew brighter and brighter.

"And ma—will she git anythin'?" the child asked suddenly.

"Oh no, ma never gits anythin'," said the fat woman, quite without bitterness. "Don't you worry 'bout ma, dearie."

"But don't you want anythin'?" persisted the child.

"No, Marge—nothin' but a diamond ring, perhaps—I jest always wanted a diamond ring but—"

"Then I'll git you a diamond ring, ma," exclaimed the child decidedly. "I'll—"

The street door opened and a shabby, slovenly man slouched up to the counter. "Coffee-an-bun," he muttered.

The fat proprietress put down her child, drew a cup of black-looking coffee from a receptacle in the wall, and took a huge bun from a glass case, put it on a plate with a small piece of butter, and pushed the whole forward, remarking sociably.

"Wet for Christmas, ain't it?"

"D—n wet!" replied the man, and proceeded to eat and drink in silence. Finishing, he gave the woman ten cents and made for the door, where, to his evident disgruntled embarrassment, he had his

hat almost knocked off by a girl about to enter suddenly lowering her umbrella, a wistful faced, neatly dressed girl.

"Merry Christmas!" she said, smiling into his scowling, astonished face. "Merry Christmas, sir, and I'm sorry I almost knocked you down."

"Oh—sis—sis—all—right, Miss," and with another hiss he was gone.

Ma looked at Dill.

"See!" she remarked rising to serve the girl, "ya can't git away from Christmas."

"Wet for Christmas, ain't it!" she greeted the newcomer.

"Quite some wet," the girl answered, looking down at her damp feet. "A piece of pie, please—apple, and some cheese and tea."

SHE got it. Dill thought, of course, she must be mistaken but it did look as though the tea came from the same receptacle as the coffee.

The girl ate slowly and quite without relish. A train whistled loudly—shrieking sharply through the pattering of the rain. To Dill it seemed to say, "Make way! Make-w-a-y!! Make w-a-y!!! I come! I c-o-m-e!! I c-o-m-e!!!!" She found herself wishing that Pa would voice the same sentiment.

The wistful-faced girl glanced at the clock and rose without finishing her pie.

"Ain't the pie to yar likin'?" asked the proprietress.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, "but—but," there was a suggestion of tears in her voice, "as a matter of fact I was just eating to sort of put in time until my shift. I'm the new night telephone operator. I've just come and don't know a soul. It's rather lonesome Christmas eve without your folks. However," she added with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I'll be all right as soon as I get to work." She paid and went out quickly.

Dill looked after her thoughtfully. She would have liked very much to have dashed after the lonesome girl and to have asked her to Aunt Martha's tree on the morrow. Aunt Martha would have done just that sort of thing. After all, God bless—but the fat woman was speaking.

"I'll git them oysters for you myself," she was saying. "Don't hear the old-un 'tall now. Jest like as not he's gone to sleep. Pa's slower'n cold molasses, anyhow. Where's Marge?" she added, glancing around quickly.

Before Dill could answer, the door opened and the slovenly man again entered. He had evidently been standing outside.

"Gimme a box of candy," he said, throwing down a dollar. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Ma gave him a bright red box of candy, and something of his slouchiness seemed to leave him as he hurried from the place.

"Where's Marge?" Ma repeated glancing around as she arose. "I'll git those oysters in a minute, miss," she added.

"The little girl went in the kitchen, I think," said Dill.

"Marge!" the fat woman called, waddling toward the kitchen.

"Marge!" she shouted through the swing doors.



Palestine, Jerusalem. Valley of Josaphat, at left the Garden of Gethsemane

But Marge didn't answer. The woman disappeared into the kitchen.

"Marge!" Dill could hear her bellow. "Why didn't she keep quiet and get the oysters," Dill thought. "The child might be asleep."

Less than an hour ago Dill had wished rather pettishly to get away from the preparation and anticipation of her aunt's Christmas festivities. Evidently she had quite unintentionally accomplished this wish by merely turning a corner and entering this unfamiliar place. Now she was impatient to be back again. What a privilege was hers—to be able to help Aunt Martha make Christmas merry indeed for so many people! Certainly in a short time she had undergone a complete change of heart! Well, she was glad she had. She would also be glad to get the oysters.

The fat woman was evidently ascending the stairs. Dill could hear her in the room overhead. Now she was coming back again.

"Marge!" the woman called in the kitchen once more.

Now she must be in the yard for a door opened and shut.

"Marge!" came as an echo to the former bellowing.

Now in the kitchen again.

"Marge!" and then Ma's worried face appeared between the swing doors. She pushed them open and her huge form swayed toward the door through which Pa had earlier disappeared.

"Pa!" she yelled. "Pa! be ya there!" Pa's soul had evidently fled to realms unknown only to be rudely withdrawn by the mighty calling of his mate—for there was a deadly silence and then in startlingly seraphic tones Pa's voice was wafted to them.

"Aw right, Ma—aw right! I'm comin'! Keep yer hair on!"

There was a sudden scuffling around, the door opened and Pa appeared carrying a small round cardboard box.

"Great Scott! the oysters at last!" thought Dill, getting up and buttoning her coat.

"Pa, Marge ain't nowhere—she's gone!" There was real tragedy in the fat woman's voice.

"Gone! Gone where?"

"I dunno'. I s'pose just run out somewhere like she did last time she nearly got killed. Oh! Oh!" Ma burst into tears. "Her cap's gone and her sweater, but her coat ain't. Oh my! Oh my! What'll I do?" and she started to waddle around aimlessly. "The child is strange here, and ain't got much sense 'bout where she lives," she wailed turning to Dill. "Oh, Miss, and it Christmas eve!"

DILL was beginning to feel like one of the family, besides she was touched by the real anxiety in the woman's face. She commenced moving chairs around, and looking rather hopelessly under tables and things for a sleeping child. Pa poked around behind the counter. Ma continued to waddle and cry.

"Now, Ma, don't get all worked up over nothin'," admonished her husband, putting down the oysters and starting for the kitchen. "I'll find her awright, she's jest 'round somewheres."

But Ma was not to be comforted. "She's gone," she cried. "I jest feel it." Then turning to Dill, "Maybe she went out to see Santy Claus, as you said would be 'round."

"Well," said Dill, feeling the responsibility was on her, perhaps, "I'll go out and look up and down the street. If she's gone out someone must have seen her. I'll bring her back all right if she went out—don't worry, now!"

"I'll git on my things too and take a look. Oh, my poor little Marge, in all this rain! I—"

Some people entered and Dill went out. She looked up and down the street. Fortunately the rain was letting up. There was no sign of a child anywhere.

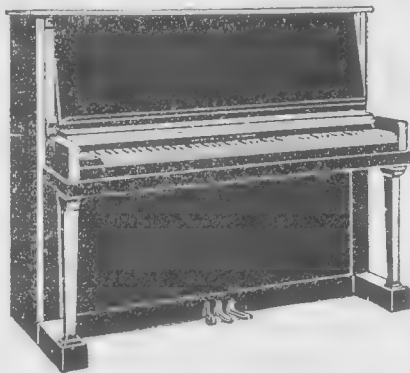
To set about finding a lost child is one of the most exasperating things in the world. One always feels one is going in the wrong direction and usually one is. Dill went on toward the business section of the street, asking whomever she met if they had seen the child, but no one had. The shops were closed by this time and shoppers few. After about ten minutes of wandering here and there Dill

Continued on page 82

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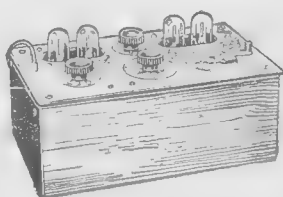
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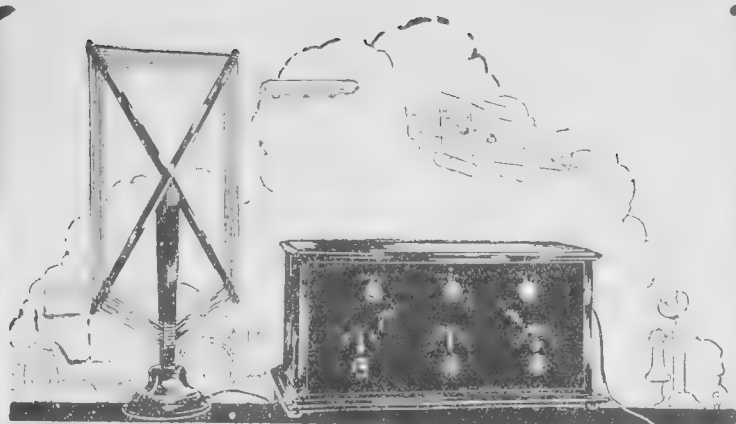
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An Explanation of Radio Telephone Transmission

By W. B. Cartmell

NOW that we have explained about electrons and the way in which they shoot out from the heated filament to the plate in a vacuum tube we are really in a position to understand about radio without any further technicalities. We have already shown how the vacuum tube has the marvellous property of making telephone currents stronger, in other words it may be used to amplify these currents. The most important thing that a vacuum tube does is to amplify, either when used in a broadcasting set or in a receiving set at your own home. There are really three things that a vacuum tube does. In a receiving set it is used as a detector because the signals as picked up on antenna are inaudible until they are detected, and after detection they are usually weak and we have to strengthen them or amplify them. At the broadcasting

station however, the vacuum tube comes into use in a further way as an oscillator as we call it, because radio depends upon the production of high frequency oscillations. It will be a good thing to remember about the oscillating properties of a vacuum tube because this is one of its important uses in a receiving set as we shall see later. With the knowledge that we now have, we are really in a position to pay a visit to a modern broadcasting station and to understand intelligently what takes place. Before entering the broadcasting station, note the appearance of the aerial, which is located usually on a very high building and in most cases consists of a horizontal stretch of 4 or 5 wires parallel to one another and from 4 to 6 feet apart, stretched along over a distance of about 150 feet. Figure 1 will give us some idea of what takes place in broadcasting. The vacuum tubes used as oscillators pump electrons or electricity up and down into the wires of the transmitting antenna at the rate of a million or so times per second. Very rapid electrical vibrations of this kind send out waves through the air which go on outwards in all directions over the surface of the earth and affect any receiving antennas that they may meet with in their path. In diagram above, figure 1, there will be noticed such a receiving antenna which usually consists of only a single wire connected to the receiving set which is again connected to ground. When these waves strike the receiving antenna they cause the little particles of electricity which exist in the metal of the antenna wire to vibrate up and down in sympathy with the waves and in this way electrical currents are brought into a receiving set.

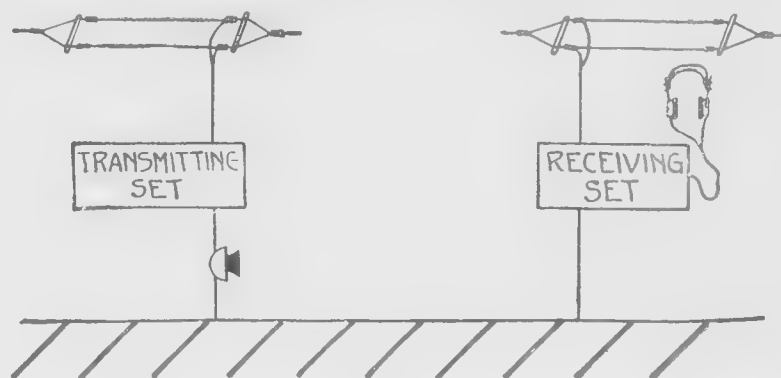


Figure 1

Let us enter the broadcasting station and examine the equipment. First let us notice the microphone as shown in figure 2. If we could open up this microphone and also open up the transmitter that is in an ordinary telephone set we would find them very similar inside as they both contain carbon granules. An ordinary telephone transmitter could very well be used instead of this microphone although it would not

be quite as suitable because the microphone has been very carefully designed to transmit speech and music with far more naturalness and purity of tone than does the transmitter in the ordinary telephone set. When we speak or sing into this microphone, electric current flows out from it just as electric currents flow along the telephone line when we speak into an ordinary telephone. From the microphone the currents flow through two wires in a small cable which connects to the broadcasting set. Before reaching the broadcasting set, however, the currents are passed through vacuum tubes quite similar to the telephone repeater bulb illustrated in the previous article, the purpose being to strengthen these currents before delivering them to the broadcasting set proper. On reaching the set they are given their full amplification by means of some very

large tubes such as are only used in transmitting sets. Figure 3 shows the large tube used for this purpose and also a medium-size tube in comparison with the ordinary peanut tube that is used in a receiving set. Figure 4 shows the broadcasting equipment which, as may be seen, is quite simple. The apparatus that it contains is quite similar to the apparatus in an ordinary receiving set consisting of coils and condensers.

Some of the large coils are in circular metal cases and are quite similar to the ordinary audio-frequency transformer familiar to those who have had much to

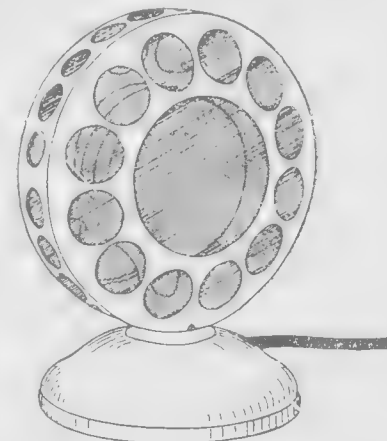


FIG. 2

do with an ordinary receiving set. It also contains a variometer and a condenser with rotating plates just as does an ordinary receiving set, in fact, its whole action could easily be explained to those thoroughly familiar with the action of an ordinary receiving set. Anyone who pays a visit to a broadcasting station should be able to follow out the arrangements of the apparatus from the description that has been given in this article. We first talk into a microphone and currents from the microphone go along a small cable to an apparatus called a "speech input amplifier," which

contains three vacuum tubes similar to the repeater bulb shown in the previous article. These three tubes give a powerful amplification to the telephone current before passing them on to the broadcasting set. In the transmitting set they are first of all given a further amplification by the medium-size transmitting tube which may be seen in the set (shown in figure 4), then two of the larger tubes give a further amplification, making the current still more powerful and finally the two other large tubes by their oscillator action force the telephone currents into the antenna at the rate of a million vibrations per second.

Before closing this article about broadcasting I would like to emphasize a point that has been mentioned already in this article. It was mentioned that the microphone used reproduces speech and music with far more purity and naturalness of tone than does the telephone transmitter, and all of the equipment used in a really

utility would permeate and influence almost every phase of life. Now the general public is beginning to realize how rapidly and how potently radio is affecting education, music, entertainment, sports, politics, and other spheres of modern life. But away back there in the beginning, who dreamed of the ramifications of radio? Honestly, did you ever expect then to hear a world's series over the radio?

And yet what a short few years ago it was when radio was in its beginning stages everywhere. Its rush into everyday life is one of the miracles of the age.

Imagine how surprised and thrilled you would have been in those old days—'way, 'way back in 1918 and 1919—to look, say, at an Acme 4-tube Reflex set, in a cabinet 7x15 inches, with three stages of radio frequency and three stages of audio frequency, working on four tubes, with a loop instead of an outside aerial, and with only one control—and yet bringing in stations within a thousand mile radius, loud and clear so that a whole roomful of people could hear as well, and better, than you could then with the earphones glued to your ears. What a contrast to the huge antennae, big tuning coils and crude condensers. In those days, your apparatus covered a whole big table and spilled over the floor and surrounding furniture.

Your personal experience as an amateur has been duplicated by the manufacturers as well. The new art is so new, even yet, that the "old-timers" in the manufacturing side, as well as the receiving side of the game, are still youngsters.

THREE years ago there were probably not more than fifteen or twenty manufacturers of radio apparatus in the country. Now there are literally thousands, with an annual business totalling not less than \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000. The new industry made possible careers as remarkable as the industry itself. Take, for example the case of the inventor of the third element in the audion tube, which has made radio possible. A few years ago he was living in a \$6 a week room. Today he is famous throughout the world as an engineer and manufacturer.

Six years ago two men, just out of college, started a little radio plant in rooms over a doughnut factory in Cambridge, Mass. The rent for their entire

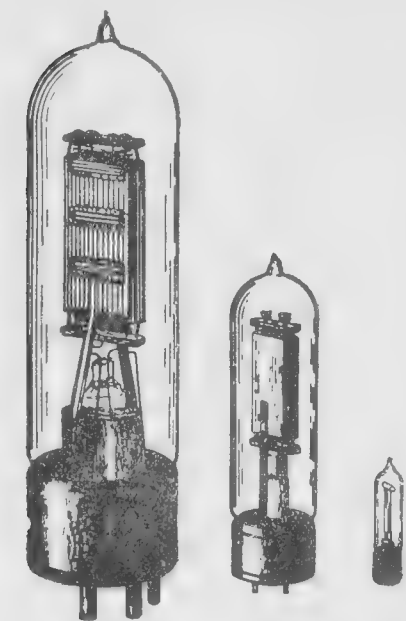


FIG. 3

high class broadcasting station is designed with equal care, with the same object in view. The speech input amplifier which amplifies the current from the microphone before delivering them to the broadcasting set proper is far more carefully designed than are the amplifiers in any ordinary receiving set because while there are thousands or perhaps hundreds of thousands of receiving sets that receive speech and music from one transmitting station it is evidently much more worth while to take infinite pains at the transmitting station itself to send out radio with the utmost perfection because we can very well afford to go to far greater pains in achieving this result with one broadcasting station than we could in every receiving set. In the next article something will be said of receiving sets and of the pains taken to secure faithful reception of speech and music.

"Good Old Days" of Radio Not Always so Good

THOSE "good old days" in radio were not always so good after all. Every radio fan who was in on the new art in its infancy will always remember with vividness and joy akin to affection his experiments and struggles in those early days, and his delight when he overcame the difficulties under which he worked and got results with his primitive set.

But if you were one of those early fans, of course, you remember how your house was strewn with huge coils, switchboards and other apparatus, and how crude your set looked. You will never forget, however, the thrill when you brought in something, even if it was only the time signals at Arlington on an earphone.

Loud speakers, amplification without distortion, 4-tube circuits, distance reception, scores of powerful broadcasting stations, daily programs that filled two or three columns of the newspapers—all these meant nothing in your young life. Enthusiastic as you were about radio, you had not yet dreamed how the new

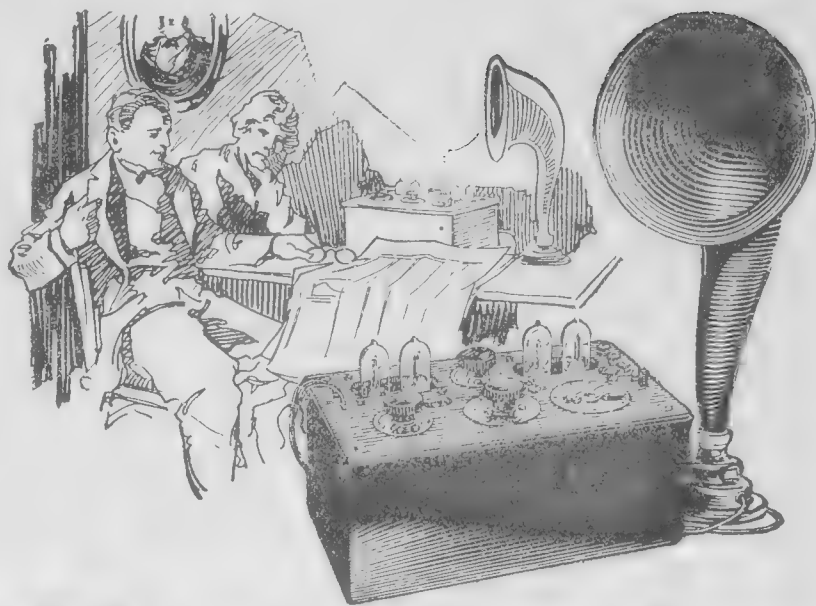


Figure 4

"factory" was \$18 a month. Now these young transformer engineers and their product and slogan are nationally known, and their business exceeds a million dollars a year.

One of the most important aspects of the development of the past few years has been the elimination of losses in energy in radio apparatus. In the pioneer days, apparatus permitted as many losses of current as a leaky hose does leakage of water. Perhaps the largest single factor in making possible the present-day efficiency of radio receiving sets has been the lessening of these losses due to leakage, resistance, and dialectic absorption. Hand in hand with progress

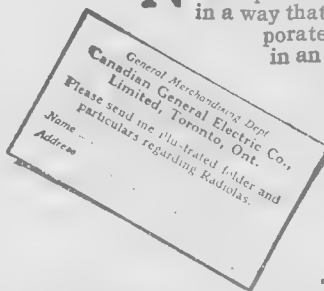
(Continued on page 38)



Radiola IIIa four tube set

For Long Distance Reception—

NO receiving set on the market offers such possibilities for the same price as the Radiola IIIa. It receives far distant stations in a way that is ever a constant source of pleasure. It incorporates a selective circuit, which may be switched on in an instant to obtain reception from distant stations while near ones are operating. The clear, true reproduction of this receiver is beyond comparison to its price.



Radiola IIIa, including four Radiotrons, one pair head telephones, and Radiola Loud Speaker, everything except Antenna and Batteries. \$115.00
Same as above, but without Loud Speaker \$80.00

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We carry the complete Radiola line—a reliable receiving set to meet every requirement of purse or personal preference. Our easy payment plan makes it possible for you to secure any set desired without inconvenience. If you wish to "listen in" this Christmas, lose no time, in order that we may insure delivery. Your satisfaction is guaranteed by our forty odd years of upright dealing.



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"The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World"

A gift that all may enjoy. Costs little or no more than a cheap phonograph. Plays all makes of records and plays them better. The Sonora Tone is the highest achievement in phonograph reproduction. Upright or Console models on easy terms.

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Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, combined in the form of the present white ointment. It takes the place of mustard plasters, and will not blister.

Musterole really gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia). 40c and 75c, at all druggists.

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"Another \$5 Raise!"

"**THAT** makes the second increase in salary in a year, and I'm earning \$30 a week now. That's pretty good for a girl. It certainly was a fortunate day for me when I decided to take up that I. C. S. Course."

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Mark and mail the coupon and we'll be glad to send you interesting descriptive booklets telling what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Radio Notes—Continued from page 37

in obtaining amplification without distortion, has gone the minimizing of losses through the construction of low-loss apparatus.

In the days before broadcasting became general, and quality apparatus was generally obtainable, people did not realize how big a part high losses in condensers and other apparatus played in reception, and the poor results due to the wasting of energy from the station were often blamed on the weather or something of that sort. Few fans even had tubes for a set (that was the golden age of the crystal set) because generally the cost was beyond their pocketbooks, and they were also very hard to get. Today no one thinks anything of having three or four tubes in his set, but a dozen years ago, one tube would cost more than the four tubes he now has. Furthermore, if a fan burned out or broke a tube, he could not walk into a "radio store" (there weren't any such animals) and buy another. It was necessary to send the burned tube or the broken pieces to a manufacturer for replacement. And the cost was high. The old-time fan did not dream that some day radio stores would be as plentiful as the old corner saloon.

Aside from the development of the circuit itself, nothing has contributed more to radio as we now know it, than the elimination of losses of electrical energy in the various parts that go to make a set. There are certain earmarks of low-loss condensers which are convincing and clear. First they have covers to exclude dust and moisture. Second, the plates are brass, soldered together, and silver plated to prevent building up a high resistance, which otherwise results through oxidization. Metal ends, with hard rubber insulation separating them, reduce leakage to a minimum. Pig tail connections further help in reducing losses.

"Practice makes perfect." In no field of human endeavor and accomplishment is this more true than in radio. Present-day receiving apparatus is due not only to the progress made by engineers and manufacturers, but by the eager, keen-minded amateurs of a few years ago. When the history of radio is written it will not be alone the history of inventors and engineers, but of the amateurs and "bugs," whose constant experimentation, zeal in building and rebuilding their sets, and the chance discoveries they made, gave a tremendous impetus to the improvement of the new art.

They have helped to turn "the good old days" into BETTER NEW DAYS.

The Eaton Radio Show

100,000 fans attended the Radio Show held last month under the auspices of the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., and there can be no question but that interest in radio all over Western Canada has received a big stimulus.

With a total attendance of more than 100,000 radio fans, the Radio Show started last Saturday, with the object of stimulating interest in radio. Forty manufacturers of radio sets and accessories occupied booths on the seventh floor, demonstrating radio supplies from the simplest crystal set to the intricate super-heterodynes.

Special programs were arranged each day of the show. In the morning addresses on radio were given by the following speakers: Lynn V. Salton, radio engineer of The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.; R. D. Lister, editor of "The Radio Bug"; F. F. Rutland, former announcer of CJNC; Major J. F. J. Northland, of the 10th Signal Company; D. R. P. Coates, announcer for CKY; and R. T. St. James, president of the St. James Laboratories, Chicago. Demonstrations of broadcasting were given each afternoon by CKY, with a musical program by the Earle C. Hill Capitol Theatre orchestra.

One of the most interesting features of the show was a test to demonstrate the powers of amplification. The Radio Announcer whistled softly into the microphone, so low as to be unheard by those immediately around the platform. This was broadcast to the CKY receiving station on Sherbrook St., and received back at the show so loudly that it was

almost deafening all over the seventh floor. The amplifier sound was carried out again through the microphone and heard clear in Chicago, telegrams proved.

All types of sets were included in the show—including crystal, regenerative, reflex, neutrodyne and super-heterodyne sets. Many of the new elaborate console cabinets were greatly admired.

Telegrams were received from many parts of the prairie provinces and the Northern States congratulating those who promoted the show. Broadcasts had been picked up by scores of stations, it was reported.

"Some Problems of Broadcasting" was the subject of an address of particular interest by Mr. Coates, Friday morning, in which he declared that the future of Radio did not lie in the musical and entertainment end of broadcasting, but in a more practical direction. He stressed the importance of the Agricultural College service to farmers through CKY broadcasting. Talks were given several days each week by various agricultural professors, and a "Question Box" service was maintained whereby farm problems were answered over the radio. Regular market reports were a daily feature also. Many farmers had declared that they had saved money and prevented serious losses through this service.

Canadian Stations Entirely Reorganized

WITH the return of longer and cooler evenings and better conditions for reception Western Canada has started on another year of broadcasting which promises to be more intensive and varied than ever before. Directors and publicity managers, desirous of profiting from past experience, have spent the summer season planning new developments and in perfecting ideas which have already been tried out with some success in the past. Previous experiments in both the technical and artistic sides of the profession have indicated largely the direction in which broadcasting may be developed with a maximum degree of success, and it may be safely said that the purely experimental stage has now been completely left behind. Broadcasting is keeping in touch with the movement of trade, and from returns received during the last few weeks, it is confidently expected that radio audiences will this year assume proportions hitherto unheard of.

In order to adequately meet with the ever increasing demand for wider and better service a number of the bigger Canadian stations have been entirely reorganized, and all have had extensive improvements made in their broadcasting and studio equipment. Here as elsewhere the reputation of radio has been solidly established and its real value widely recognized. Artistic circles and educational authorities have been greatly impressed with the remarkable progress made within the last few years and the co-operation formerly sought by the station directors is now freely and eagerly offered. The vital problem now confronting the director is the selection of neces-

sarily limited programs from the abundance of high grade talent which is offered. In other words, c'est l'embarras du choix.

Radio Cheers Shut-Ins

Every lunch-hour, CKY, Winnipeg, asks for names to be added to its list of shut-in listeners. Several names are announced from this list each day and suitable words of cheer are spoken to the shut-ins. It is surprising what joy these messages bring to the recipients, especially to crippled children. Parents of some of these have assured CKY that the mere mention of a child's name has brightened the little life and proved more beneficial than weeks of "doctoring."

Two More Radio Stations are Planned for Chicago

TWO more radio-casting stations which will put programs on the air for the entertainment of radio fans are planned for Chicago. One of these will be owned and operated by William Hale Thompson, formerly Mayor of Chicago, and the other will be operated by the Commonwealth-Edison Power Company, which furnishes the light and power for the city.

The station which Mr. Thompson contemplates building will be in the tower of the Wrigley Building. This will be a 1000-watt station, according to present plans. It is believed that because the transmitting antenna will be located on the tower top, or as near that as possible, this station will soon be nationally known, as it will be able to transmit its waves without the absorption of power which stations encounter when the transmitting antenna is not located above surrounding buildings.

This will be the second time the Wrigley Tower has housed a radio-casting station. Until 1923, station WDAP occupied the tower. It was then moved to the Drake Hotel, where it is still located.

The coming of the Commonwealth-Edison station will mean that station KYW, one of the first in Chicago and one of the best known radio-casting stations in the west and middlewest, will have to move. At the present, KYW's operating plant is on the top floor of the Edison building, in the loop, and its transmitting antenna is on the roof of that building. KYW also maintains a studio in the Edison Building.

No plans have been announced as to where KYW will go. There is a rumor that the station will be taken to a suburb of Chicago, but the studios now used in the loop will be maintained, the transmitting from the studios to the radio-casting plant to be done over sealed telephone wires. KYW has 31 lines of its own from various locations in Chicago.

The Commonwealth-Edison station may be one of the new 500-watt or five-kilowatt, as they are called, stations, now being built by makers of radiocasting plants. However, no details as to this are available as yet, and won't be until it is known whether or not the government limit of 1000 watts is to be raised.



Boys and girls of the Swine Club, Manitoba Agricultural College. For information write Mr. H. E. Wood, Agricultural College, Winnipeg

Question Box

Is an insulated copper wire as efficient as a bare wire for an antenna? Does the corrosion of copper lessen its receptivity? Is braided wire better than the single strand? Is there a standard diameter for antenna wire? I have a Reinartz set; by removing the antenna and switching the ground wire to antenna post volume is increased one-third on the local station; why? I have two sets, a crystal receiver besides the Reinartz, both entirely separate with an outdoor antenna for the tube set and an antenna in the attic for the crystal set. The crystal will completely tune out the tube set. Why is that?—E.R.K., High River, Alta.

(Ans.) This is a point for discussion since bare wire corrodes and then offers a high resistance. There are few detailed figures available on this point. We have used insulated wire with success. Tinned wire is also used, as is enamelled wire. Theoretically, braided wire seems a little better than single strand. However, an examination by most engineers shows single strand wire equally efficient. There is no standard diameter for antenna wire, various gauges being in use. In making the change on the set you have, you evidently balance the set more accurately for the frequency received. The crystal set acts as an absorption set or wave trap to your main set and is quite capable of tuning it out.

Can We Talk With the Planet Mars?

THAT communication with Mars has been established, according to the reports that come from the north of mysterious messages such as "Jopp," is ridiculed by the great French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, writing in "Les Annales" on what we have actually learned of our sister planet. He opens his article by simply saying that he will ignore these pleasantries, and not become entangled in a domain so seductive, but deceptive.

Flammarion does believe that some form of life exists on Mars, though what it is he cannot venture to say—whether the surface of the planet be a veritable Eden of superior beings, or whether it be merely a vast mushroom garden. He admits that the civilization of Mars should be at least 200,000 years older than that of the earth, and calls attention to the possibility of the Martians having tried to communicate with us long ago, giving it up finally as a bad job.

But by what method this communication might be established, the great French savant is loth to predict. Two possibilities present themselves—that of the radio wave, and that of the unknown telepathic wave, so firmly believed in by M. Flammarion. Of communication by means of light rays or vision he is decidedly sceptical.

The Abbe Moreux, astronomer, radio inventor, student, frankly flouts all idea of communicating with Mars. It cannot be by light or vision, he points out in a new essay on the subject, because it is always broad daylight on Mars when it is night on the earth. The Martians would be looking into the sun, and could see nothing. That the communication be made by means of radio seems hardly feasible, according to the Abbe, simply because, when we have developed so many languages on one globe, it would seem the natural thing that entirely different languages would be spoken on an entirely different planet.

Hence, the linguistic difficulty would seem almost insurmountable, since our proximity to Mars is of such short duration. And, to terminate his arguments, he simply puts the question: "Do Martians actually exist?"

It has already been recorded that the Abbe believes any mysterious radio messages picked up during the planet's proximity to the earth to have been caused by the sun creating atmospheric disturbances.

The two French scientists are united in one thing—poking fun at the apparent optimism of the Americans, like Professor Todd, who have expressed such faith in the ultimate establishment of radio communications with Mars.

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WRITE for Radiola Catalogue and big Radiola offer being made now. Babson Brothers Dept. R-109 110 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.
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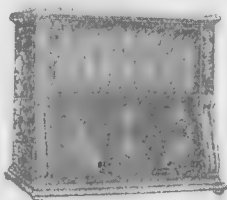
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RADIOLA III-A
Four Tube Set \$80

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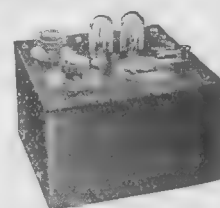
Complete with four WD-11 Radio Tubes and built in loud speaker; everything except batteries and antenna, \$325.

The most seasonable and appreciated modern gift is a Radiola.

It will provide varied amusement and educational enjoyment for the entire family throughout each day and evening of the years to come.

"There's a Radiola for every Purse"—your purse. So, select this gift supreme, for delivery this Christmas.

Gladly demonstrated and installed by dealers—everywhere.



RADIOLA 111

Including two dry-cell WD-11 Radio Tubes and one set of head telephones, but without batteries or loud speaker \$45

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RADIOLAS ON EASY TERMS

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A Giant *and* Still Growing

Natural growth gives the assurance of strength and continuity. The record of this Company is that of a natural expansion that has never known a set-back in thirty-two years of active life.

AN ACTUAL RESULT

Payment Life Policy \$100,000 (age 50) for \$5,000, issued March, 1914; annual premium, \$49.50.

Maturity March, 1924, policyholder, selecting from several options, drew a cash dividend of \$855, and still holds A PAID UP POLICY for the original amount of \$5,000, participating in profits every five years.

He adds: "The options are generous and entirely satisfactory, much better than I expected or hoped for."

**Great West
Life**



Your Account Book and Your Bank Book

IF your account book shows a profit, that profit should be recorded in your bank book as entries of deposits or else it is likely to dwindle away.

It is a good plan to use the two books together. Estimate your profits in one and then transfer them to the other where they will grow even greater by the systematic addition of interest. Open a Savings Account with us at our nearest branch.

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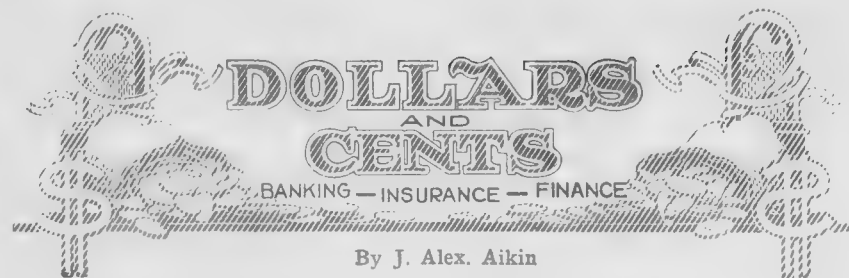
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The easiest road to success is the savings habit



**UNION BANK
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HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG



By J. Alex. Aikin

THE conviction of a provincial treasurer, a bank director and a prominent bond dealer in Toronto, as well as of some of the less responsible associates and employees, has emphasized the lesson that men entrusted with public office and the funds and savings of the people are to be held responsible for their actions.

It may also be deducted that the many trustees, directors and public servants who have through life been true to their trust are now in contrast to the few who betrayed their trust, favorably seen by the public. Those bankers and trustees have always understood that money should only be advanced from their care where the security is sufficient to make the loan safe; that there must be no departure from the plain path; that public and private funds are not to be used except by authority and must be protected and administered with foresight and caution. There is in the failure of some men to keep trust no other lesson for those men than a confirmation of the manner of life they have followed all the way. Their standard has been restored and the confidence of the public in the financial, political and legal institutions of the country made more sure.

There is no rejoicing that men have to be penalized for breach of duty and separated from their kind for a term. The positive result of these events is that the proper standard of ethics is enunciated anew in a dramatic manner and the financial institutions cleared of the suspicions which were aroused by the inefficient administration of the now defunct bank and the retired provincial government.

The National Taxation Conference

THERE has been moderate interest manifested in the taxation conference at Ottawa of federal and provincial officials on the part of many who have felt the heavy burden of taxation during the past seven years. There was disappointment when it was announced that two of the provincial ministers were seeking new objects for taxation attack.

What with customs and inland revenue, excise and special war taxes, income tax and corporations taxes, the provincial and municipal levies, direct and indirect, on land, vehicles, personal property and commodity taxes, special assessments, fees and regulations with taxes attached, it was felt the limit had been reached. The police power has been joined to the former civil tax powers until enterprise is in danger of losing the initiative and energy which have always been associated with it on this continent. Unquestionably the tax power, with the aid of the police power, have limited the freedom of the average Canadian citizen and robbed the land of the ability to advance after the manner of such periods as 1850-65, 1878-90 and 1897-1910.

However, it remains for the people, the voters of Canada, to compel all governments, federal, provincial and municipal, to go carefully until the national power has been renewed and the free spirit of the people restored.

It still holds that the four maxims of Adam Smith are worthy of prominence in any discussion of the tax problem; (1) The subject should contribute as nearly as possible according to ability; (2) The tax should be certain, not at the fiat of the collector; (3) It should be levied at a time in a manner convenient to the contributor to pay, and (4) It should be so contrived as to keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over what is brought into the treasury.

In this connection it may be said that the income tax has helped to balance the federal tax system of Canada, but any

invasion of the income tax field by province or municipality tends to upset the equity of the system. Again the administration of the income tax law calls for capable men who are under control of accepted principles for interpretation of what may be fairly termed income subject to taxation.

In Canada as in the United States there is a growing burden of taxation by local taxing bodies rather than by the national authority. There will be some protection against this menace where the permanent officials are superior trained men whose duty it is to hold down expenditure and assure good administration. This is particularly true where the electors are keen for economy and have taxable property to guard from confiscation by taxation. But it has transpired in recent years in Britain, the home of the trained public servant, that where the non-taxpaying electors get control it becomes very difficult to stop the high-speed machine. That is true of some urban municipalities in Canada. In most cases the honors must be shared with the progressive speculative element who associated progress with expenditure, though not necessarily high taxes which have come in the wake of progress and ruined many of the speculators.

Only good can come from conferences which are animated by purposes to reduce the tax burden. There will be no good purpose served by increasing avenues for taxes and new sources for levies. The provincial burden of five mills put upon the municipalities in Manitoba, for instance, should all be lifted and the province prevented from putting any levy on land, that source being reserved exclusively for the municipality.

There is, however, sound argument in the demand that the federal treasury shall pay a larger subsidy out of customs and other taxes to the provinces which now have to discharge many duties of a local nature and for which there is constantly increasing demand.

Surely above all things, this Canada of ours needs a Napoleon.

Unquestionably the time has come in Canada when all matters pertaining to taxation should be more scientifically dealt with and by men whose knowledge extends beyond the scope of successful elections. The later sessions of the national tax conference may be made fruitful of real good if aimed at reduction of taxation and better restraint upon the taxing power. Otherwise they will be of doubtful value if directed at opening up new avenues for new taxes to hold down and retard the progress of the country. There is no sufficient reason why the tariff, the customs tax, should be the plaything of the politicians. Why not a commission of trained men?

The Puzzle of the Wheat Market

WHEAT prices continue to climb to higher levels and still the men in the trade are not sure why it should be so nor how far the market will carry them. A few wise and brave ones have made out of the rise but most traders have scented danger and have acted cautiously. But the farmers who have held their crop this year have gained and at this point it is not easy to see how long they will be safe in holding.

A short crop in Italy, Spain, France and Poland account in some measure for the rise and it is believed the larger buying power of Europe, related to the new spirit of peace and progress, explains further. It is certain the higher prices for farm products is working out a solution of some of the big problems which have had the stage in North America for some time.

The Dangerous Professions

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)

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WHILE ago, we said that it might be more accurate to speak of life assurance as death assurance because men take it on by reason of the certainty of death.

Indeed, old policy forms used to carry doleful pictures of death scenes well calculated to impress upon the assured the impropriety and extreme folly of permitting his policy to lapse.

One such policy of the year 1860 was described recently in a Canadian newspaper as carrying a picture of "the Valley of Death" on the upper left-hand corner, while the opposite corner showed the treasurer of the company paying out money to the widow and children of the deceased policy holder.

We have probably lost the idea of death assurance since the establishment of the endowment policy with its many plans to suit the different needs of the assured. In a word, a man may now provide a fund for his own use during life, as well as for his dependents at death.

In years ago, the policies were all straight or ordinary life, and death was always a bit closer to the policy holder by reason of poor surgery, worse sanitation, and an entire lack of antiseptics, serums and anaesthetics.

Besides these, there were the occasional possibilities of sudden and disgraceful death which possibilities, however, are almost equally applicable to conditions in our own more progressive times.

Such an incident comes to us from Iowa, and is here set down for your warning and most careful consideration.

Sam: "Listen hea, boy, jes' what kind of life is you been livin'?"

Rastus: "Oh, ordinary, jes' ordinary."

Sam: "Well, if yo' pulls any mo' aces out o' yo' shoe, I wants to say right now, yo' ordinary life is goin' to mature."

It is because of such deplorable possibilities the occupation of a billiard-room owner or employer has been "rated-up" by insurance companies as work which may be dangerous.

Discussing this, the Journal of the Retail Credit Company said, "There is nothing in this occupation to hurt the risk. The trouble is the possibility of undesirable associates

due to hangers-on around such places."

We are glad it was a company of men who gave this pointer to the public. No mortal woman dare do it of herself.

Be this as it may, assurance not only deals with death but also with life, and life is the most important thing of all. For this reason, the profession of underwriter becomes one of dignity, as well as one calculated to inspire the man himself with the highest sense of humanitarianism.

During the national thrift campaign in the United States, the banks and trust companies put out the following advertisement: "The life insurance man wants to talk to you—give him a chance. He can tell you how much you are worth to your family—not in sentiment—but in cold dollars and cents. He is not mercenary—he is just analytic."

The trouble with some of us is that we think we know it all ourselves. In this connection, it might be well to remember what they used to say about us overseas—at least the Australians used to say it with their tongue in their cheek when they wanted to return one of the sallies from our boys. They declared you could always tell a Canadian but you could never tell him much.

We think this is an exaggeration, so we are going to tell him this much about life assurance—it is many things but, for most and chiefly, it is money for future delivery. In the second place, it provides an income for the failing years of the bread-winner so that he is not obliged to curtail expenditure to the vanishing point until he approaches death. Oh yes! and it enables him to keep his self-respect as well as the respect of others. He was a wise fellow who said that wealth to old age was supplementary youth.

For these reasons, we say with certitude that whether we call it death assurance or life assurance, in itself, this is the best form of material wealth a man can possess. Today is the day to buy it.

Emily F. Murphy.

Dollars and Cents—Continued from page 40

THE famine in part of Russia this year calls attention to the question of whether Russia can ever come back as a wheat and grain exporter. There was a day in the last century, before America was a big factor in wheat exports, when Russia was the main source of supply for Great Britain and other grain importing countries of Europe. Even up to the outbreak of war ten years ago Russia exported a large volume of wheat. The distress which has visited that country and the short-sighted capacity of the rulers of Russia have reduced the production capacity of the land, with the result that Russia has been practically eliminated from the export nations.

That this is a permanent prospect is the conviction of L. W. Lyde, professor of geography in London University. With a population of 72 to the square mile as compared with two to the mile in Canada, the author concludes that export was always artificial in Russia, for she never did produce more than enough for her own home consumption, and that must ever be true.

The closing up of their offices in Russia by representative steamship lines and business concerns which formerly tried to continue doing business in Russia means that the misgovernment of the

country must surely reduce Russia to a lower level of civilization than was formerly lived under the monarchical regime.

An English traveller who had represented his company in Russia reports: "No business is done, for the simple reason that foreign firms are the victims of wholesale extortions which they call taxes, but which actually go into the pockets of the Soviet officials."

"Protests are useless, as soldiers, police and brigands—all dressed alike and in an indescribable state of filth and dirt, parade the streets with fixed bayonets and fingers on the triggers of their rifles."

"Permits, for which heavy fees are charged, are required for every conceivable thing—to bring goods into the country, to take them out again, to transfer them from one province to another, or to leave them where they are."

"At interprovincial frontier stations officials board the trains (when there are any) with revolvers and help themselves."

Where there is no security for person and property there can be no progress except through some form of violent revolution which will abolish the entire system of banditry and violation.

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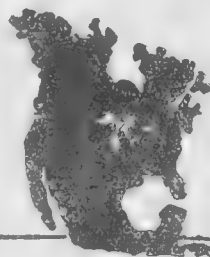
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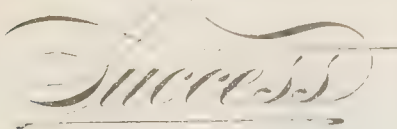
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The Peace of Europe

By Major Gladstone Murray, M.A., Oxon, and Rhodes Scholar from B.C.

In settling the problem of European Peace for solution it will be remembered that a wealthy and philanthropic citizen of Boston offered prizes valued at two thousand pounds for the best ten plans for bringing this about. Over five thousand essays on the subject were received and the fifth award went to the brilliant young Canadian who is now Publicity Secretary of the British League of Nations Union and Editor of "Radio" London, England. His plan is as follows:

The Background

THE still unsolved problem of national security is the chief barrier in the way of restoration of peace and prosperity in Great Britain and in Europe. There can be no durable solution of this basic problem, or indeed of any of the other related problems, except through international agreement and co-operation. Partial alliances by themselves, with a return to competitive armaments, will precipitate the catastrophe they seek to avert. The futility of isolated action has been proved in practice.

Before prescribing for the disease, it is essential to summarise its growth, character, and symptoms. Translated concretely the problem of national security in Europe is the problem of the security of France. Consideration of abstract justice and "broad principles" is rarely fruitful of results; in the case of Europe it must be sedulously avoided, if any reasonable settlement is ever to be attained. From 1914 to 1918 even the tremendous efforts of her powerful Allies were only barely sufficient to save France from conquest by her hereditary foe. France agreed to the Treaty of Versailles on the distinct understanding that her future security would be guaranteed concretely by Great Britain and the United States. Germany agreed to the Armistice in the hope that the Peace Treaty would follow closely the lines of President Wilson's "fourteen points." Both France and Germany were disillusioned and embittered. The former declined to take seriously the general and nebulous guarantees of the League Covenant; the latter felt justified in deliberately evading the obligations of the Treaty. Despairing of effective inter-allied action, France induced Belgium to join her in the occupation of the Ruhr, ostensibly to secure Reparations, but really to establish security against a repetition of the aggression of 1914.

The occupation of the Ruhr represented the temporary bankruptcy of international co-operation. It meant a breach of the Entente, and it accelerated the pace of Europe's economic demoralisation. In the Ruhr, France found neither Reparations nor Security. World public opinion was alienated, and the traditionally Francophil attitude of America was visibly dampened.

Not unnaturally, the Germans exploited the position. Their invasion was intensified, their truculence more rampant, and there is no doubt their exchange operations assisted the rapid decline of French currency and credit. Belgium became restive. Poincaré and the Ruhr were leading France to complete isolation and financial ruin. Moreover, the Ruhr might be a good precedent for upsetting what little security the Peace Treaties had established elsewhere in Europe. The commonsense of the French people asserted itself only in the nick of time. The substitution of Herriot for Poincaré means the end of the eclipse of international co-operation, and makes possible an early restoration of peace and prosperity in Great Britain and in Europe.

The Plan

A PLAN for the restoration of peace and prosperity in Great Britain and in Europe through international co-operation must be developed in stages, by using existing machinery supplemented where necessary.

The First Stage—

The London Conference, July, 1924.

The forthcoming London Conference marks not only the resumption of common action on the part of the recently Allied



Major Gladstone Murray, whose essay on the European Peace problem, won fifth prize in the recent contest instituted by a Boston citizen.

Powers but also the beginning of the willing co-operation of Germany with her late enemies. Early in the proceedings the Conference will be asked to endorse the Dawes' Report on Reparations. This will induce a discussion the course of which is not difficult to forecast. Having accepted the Dawes' Report in principle the Conference will turn to its application. Germany will ask for the immediate evacuation of the Ruhr as a condition of her willing acceptance; whereupon France will seek adequate alternative security and "pledges." Great Britain will then intervene with the suggestion that the security of France can be best achieved through a more precise definition of the Covenant of the League of Nations, with Germany a permanent member of the Council of that body. That France will agree to the admission of Germany as a permanent member of the League Council is now a foregone conclusion; that she will consider this as the beginning of a practical solution of the problem of security is doubtful. As for Germany her chief objection to joining the League is that she feels that this act would commit her finally to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles in all their severity. She will, therefore, ask for an assurance that, if she joins the League and establishes her good faith, there may be some relaxation through the League of the terms of the Treaty. This suggestion will be viewed by France with grave misgiving and she will again insist in some definite security formula.

Back to Security

IT is clear therefore that the London Conference cannot ignore the basic problem of security. Every discussion will lead to it. Only a bold and generous stroke of statesmanship on the part of Britain will avoid deadlock. M. Herriot has already indicated in a Press interview that he sees some light. He referred to the possibility of a definite Pact between Great Britain, France and Germany. Any such Pact, however safeguarded, will mean such a considerable departure from the traditions of British policy that the Government must move with the greatest circumspection. Clearly the most hopeful avenue of approach is through the League of Nations, and, in particular, through its Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. British public opinion is familiar with the League, and has confidence in its machinery. Moreover France has already made a favorable gesture towards the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. But British assent to any resolution on the subject will be conditional on a clear understanding that the operation of the new Pact will coincide with the beginning of a general reduction in armaments, and an agreement on the liquidation of inter-Allied Debts.

The issues raised will be so many and

diverse, that the London Conference cannot be expected to do more than agree to a few general resolutions. But one thing is obvious and that is that before it disperses the London Conference must agree to the early initiation of the Dawes' Report, and to the policy to be put forward by Great Britain and France at the September meeting of the League Assembly. The basic resolutions of the London Conference should be in essence as follows—

- (1) That the Powers represented, —France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and the U. S. A. (as observer) agree to the immediate application of the Dawes' Report on the understanding that the military evacuation of the Ruhr will commence at the same time, that the future military control of Germany be entrusted to the League, and that a Pact of Mutual Assistance be drawn up.
- (2) That a Standing Committee of Experts be appointed to draft:
 - (a) The new Pact of Mutual Assistance.
 - (b) Plan for the reduction and control of armaments.
 - (c) Plan for the liquidation of inter-Allied debts.
- (3) That the Secretariat of the League be associated with the Standing Committee which should work at Geneva.
- (4) That the reports of the Standing Committee be ready for a plenary meeting of the Powers, including Germany and Russia, if possible, in January 1925.
- (5) That Germany agrees to apply for membership of the League of Nations in September, 1924, and that the Powers assure in advance of their support in advocating for her a permanent place on the League Council.

Second Stage—Geneva, September, 1924.

THE French and British Prime Ministers, who will both attend the League Assembly, should advocate the admission of Germany to a permanent place on the Council, when her application is filed. Both speeches should be pitched on a high note of reconciliation, and there should be a reasonable gesture towards Russia. The admission of Germany to the League Council will enormously enhance the power and prestige of the League, and will be a big move in the direction of the pacification of Europe. The Assembly should be asked to approve the action taken by the London Conference. It should be intimated that the Conference of Ambassadors had surrendered its functions partly to the new Standing Committee and partly to the League Secretariat. Resolutions should be passed agreeing in principle the new Pact, and it should be made clear that all Powers may accept the advantages and obligations of this instrument whether they are in the League or not.

Third Stage—October, 1924.

First substantial German payments under the Dawes' scheme.

Beginning of League supervision of German armaments and military establishments.

Beginning of French and Belgian evacuation of the Ruhr. This should be completed in a year, if the Germans carry out their part of the agreement.

Fourth Stage—January, 1925.

Meeting at Geneva of a Plenary Conference of the Powers, including Russia, if possible. Resumption of the work of the London Conference. Consideration of:

- (a) The Draft Pact of Mutual Assistance.
- (b) Plan for reduction and supervision of armaments by the League.
- (c) Plan for Liquidation of inter-Allied debts by funding agreements covering repayment of capital and interest between 1926 and 1936.

The Plenary Conference in January must agree in principle to formulas for the solution of these three problems. These should be reduced to Treaty Form, and referred back for ratification by not later

Continued on page 85

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How the Debt Was Paid

By MARION WATHEN FOX

IT was the time of the setting of the sun. Away out on the Saskatchewan prairie, in the days before the great upheaval known as the "World War," a lone woman stood at the door of a rude shack and looked wearily over the broad expanse of prairie covered largely with stooks of wheat and great patches of yellow stubble. There were just two buildings in sight; one on either side of her own shack, and each probably a good five or six miles distant. Not a moving creature was to be seen. In vain the woman shaded her eyes to catch sight of someone whom she was evidently expecting.

"Why doesn't John come! I can't see a sign of anything moving! He promised to be back before dark—oh, if only there was someone near to whom I could speak!" forlornly spoke the woman, who was fast acquiring the habit of speaking her thoughts aloud as one is so likely to do when much alone.

But there was no answer, save once she heard the flutter of a prairie chicken.

"If I could only see a tree or a brook it wouldn't be so bad! But only this everlasting flatness and stooks and stubble," she murmured again.

This time, as though to answer her thoughts, a ray of the setting sun fell suddenly across the doorway.

"Thank God for the sun! It seems a bit of company; but yet somehow the sunset is always the most lonesome time of day." Then she forgot her lonesomeness and leaned against the doorway looking dreamily away into a bit of gold that was left over there in the western sky. It wasn't the prairie she was now seeing; but a cosy brick house on a sunny hillside, with an orchard in front, a streamlet down there at the back, and, inside, her mother, father, the boys and Kate and Jessie. She was seeing it all in her thoughts just as it used to be—Oh, if she were only with them now! Back there in Ontario in the old home! Then her face brightened. It seemed as though she had seen something happy in the sunset.

"Why, I never thought of it before—but they, at home, are looking at the same sun!" She laughed aloud. It seemed to bring a wonderful comfort. "I'll write to Mother tonight about it and tell her to look at the sun as it sets every night and I will do the same. It will seem to bring us nearer, almost like a messenger from home every night." She forgot that a Saskatchewan and an Ontario sunset are not simultaneous.

Lower and lower crept the setting sun, darker and darker grew the shadows. Then out of the stillness came a sound, growing louder and louder. The waiting woman spied a column of smoke in the far-off distance and a strip of moving black.

"It's the train!" she exclaimed joyfully, for always the train seemed the one and only link between herself and the far-away outside world. "What if some night it would stop and mother and father got off, or the boys, or Kate or Jessie!" she soliloquized wistfully, straining her eyes to catch a better view of the speeding train. But it had never stopped there. It did not do so tonight.

"Well, some day it will carry me back—back home. It shall. I've got over thirty dollars saved up now. And when I have enough I'll tell John and I know he won't refuse to let me go for a while. His brother from Moose Jaw can come with him for company when I'm gone. I'll save every cent—oh!" and she clasped her hands in seeming rapture as though the day were already at hand. She remained at the door until the last glimpse of the receding train had passed from sight. "I'll go in and write to Mother and forget how lonesome I am—surely John will come before I am done."

SO she sat down and wrote to her mother. But before she had nearly finished there came a welcome sound—it was surely John! She hurried to the door and then saw, as she had expected—a broncho; but on its back not John, but a woman, and that woman she knew to be the wife of Andrae Neilson, the Norwegian, who had taken the homestead adjoining theirs on the east. Mrs. Neilson was fairly tearing across the prairie. As soon as she got near enough the woman at the door of the shack could see that the Norwegian woman looked very much excited—wildly excited.

"It's Andrae! He's like to die—sick, so sick!" she exclaimed, throwing herself, even as she spoke, from the broncho. "I wanted to come here and get your man to go for a doctor; but Andrae won't hear of it. He says it will cost thirty dollars and we cannot afford—he'd better die he say. We've only a little—such a little money. This year you know the hail came to us and last year too dry, so we have only a little wheat both times; and we get in debt. And now, maybe, Andrae will die here away from our own country, for we cannot pay the doctor to come—oh, Mrs. Parker! will you come, you and your man, and try to do something to make my Andrae well? Last night he was out of his head all night, and eat no

food for two whole days—come quick for there is only little Andrae with him! Oh God! If I only had a doctor!" And the woman clasped her hands and gazed imploringly at the tiny rim of gold still lingering in the western sky—for always God seems in the sunset.

"But my man is not at home. I have been expecting him for a long time. But surely you cannot let your husband die for want of a doctor," sympathizingly answered the next-door, five-mile-away neighbor, with her eyes full of tears.

"But we cannot pay, so Andrae he say it would be better to die—too dear to live, and that then I take—what you call it? Yes, 'insure' money, he say, and go back home."

Then Margaret Parker's face blanched. "If it were my John—if it were my John!" came the horrible thought.

School Days



*In memory's casket I my tribute lay,
And scan my album o'er from year to year;
Here is the pearl I drop for thee today.
My school-mate—one of many, dear.*

*Enshrined therein, preceptors have passed
on
To that far bourne from which we ne'er
return;
Where Life Immortal greets them, and anon
Their pupils meet them at the golden
throne.*

*So once-a-while we cast a backward thought
To well-loved "Science Hill," and there
recall
The glad days wherein they wrought
and taught,
And we, their jewels, gleaned in "Science
Hall."*

—Jeanne Valdez.

As though to answer her thought the other woman wailed, "Oh, my Andrae—my man Andrae!"

Just then there came a call through the twilight—John's call, Margaret knew.

"O—ho! O—ho! O—ho, Maggie!"

But she did not even wait to return her husband's call. "Wait a moment," she said hurriedly to Mrs. Neilson and rushed to the house. Right to the rude cupboard in the corner she went, and took from the top shelf a little blue and white cream pitcher with a broken spout. She hastily emptied its contents on the nearby table. Out came bits of money: five-cent pieces, ten-cent pieces, quarters, cents. She counted—"Ten dollars and sixteen cents. And I've twenty more in my trunk," she said firmly. It didn't take long to grab the twenty from her trunk. Before John had reached the door she was out there at the Norwegian woman's side, hastily thrusting the money into her hands.

"Here, take it. It's the money to get a doctor for your husband—thirty dollars. Yes, take it—it's my own and all right to give it; but say nothing to my husband about it. I will tell him later. I think it was God told me to give it to you. I want you to take it. I would be glad to take it if it were for my John."

Before she had finished, the Norwegian woman's arms were about her neck, she was sobbing out her thanks:

"Oh, thank you—how can I thank you! But I must not take it, for we cannot pay back maybe for a long, long time—you are so good, so good."

"Oh yes, you must. We are sisters you know—God is my father—God is your father. We can never begin to pay Him back, only this way. If the crops are good next year you can pay it back, if not—well, never mind. Now here is John, so let me tell him at once about your trouble. There's no one like John to think of the right thing to do when one's in trouble," and she looked proudly at the tall, sun-burned young man who just then rode up to them.

"What's the trouble, Maggie?" he asked anxiously.

The women both attempted a reply, so he soon understood. But in along with her explanation Maggie, after all, blurted out:

"I've given her my money. I was saving it up to take me home for a visit. I meant to tell you, John,

when I had enough. I thought if I told you before you'd get the money for me; but I knew you couldn't afford it after getting the new machinery and the horse. I can wait—Andrae must have a doctor."

"Good girl! Sure—he must. Now, I'll tell you what, Maggie, you ride, lickety pelt over to Jim McKeen's—she's some rider. Mrs. Neilson—and tell him I want him to go at once as fast as he can for Dr. Hays, and that it may be a case of life and death. I'll go home with Mrs. Neilson and maybe I can do something for Andrae. I'll take our medicine kit along."

"But you must wait for a bite of supper, John. You haven't had a bite since you left, have you?"

"No, Maggie—but what's supper at a time like this: westerners don't mind supper when a neighbor's in trouble. We'll be off at once. I'll have the other nag in a minute and—we'll save Andrae yet, please God."

It is doubtful to say which rode the hardest: John and Mrs. Neilson, Maggie or Jim McKeen on his thirty-mile ride. But—the doctor reached Andrae in time. Maggie's thirty dollars had saved his life.

BUT the next morning Maggie wearily counted out her sixteen cents and returned them to the old blue cream pitcher with the broken spout, although in this process she had to whisk back a tear or two, yet her sense of humor—which had brightened many of her gray days—triumphed, and she said briskly: "Well, all I need now is seventy-four dollars and eighty-four cents—I've got the rest of the seventy-five. But I'm not sorry I did it."

But every evening when the "train from home" steamed by in the distance she could not help thinking longingly of her thirty dollars.

THE Parkers and the Neilsons became good friends. The first Sunday Andrae was out of bed the Parkers rode over.

"Oh, we'll have you out and ploughing soon!" jollied John.

Mrs. Andrae laughed back: "Andrae he say he just believe what help him to get well so fast is because now he sure he have such good friends near."

"Yes," interposed Andrae, "We no longer feel we all alone in this big lonesome place. I tell you John, it put heart into a man to know he got friend, especially when he feel blue with crops dried up and next year hailed out, and he get sick."

"Yes, that's true," answered John smilingly. "We too, are glad to have friends so near, eh Maggie! We want you to come right over whenever you can manage it."

"Couldn't you come, next Sunday," beamed Maggie. "You know father sent me my little old organ from home. We'll have a sing—be kind of like church."

"Ha—Ha—Ha! We have a church! We have a church!" heartily laughed back Andrae as though this were about the funniest thing that could happen them.

And next Sunday the "church" began. A little Canadian family and a little Norwegian family out on the lone prairie, around them and above them only the blue sky, to the north, south, east and west, miles and miles of open prairie. But surely the same God was there, seeing and understanding, as in the far-away home churches even though here the "service" consisted of a medley of "Old Black Joe," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Annie Laurie" and "Thy Sweet Bye and Bye." Who knows but the sunlit prairie air surrounding that rude shack was not full of the same band of shining angels that so long ago sang over the far-away little town of Bethlehem: "Peace on Earth: Goodwill to Men."

CHRISTMAS came and went, and still there was peace and friendship between the inmates of the Neilson and Parker homes. And then almost before it seemed possible it was Springtime. From earliest break of day until the setting of the sun Andrae and John, assisted by Mrs. Andrae and Maggie, were at work on the land. When seeding was done everyone relaxed and once more every western farmer was an optimist—drought and hail of other years were forgotten: indeed the poet who wrote: "Hope springs eternal in the human heart" might have been writing solely of the western farmer.

It was the very day that John and Maggie finished seeding that Jim McKeen rode over with the mail and, in a moment, Maggie had pounced on a big fat letter from home.

"It's from father. Oh, John—" she gasped, "he's sent us money to go home; listen!"

"You both must come. We won't take no for an answer. Come right off and you'll be able to make a good long visit and get back in time to take off your crop. Mother's fattening up some chickens for

Continued on page 62



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The Home Garden

Some Horticultural Experiences of 1924

THE spring of 1924 in the Brandon district was late owing to the heavy snowfall during the month of April when 43 inches fell in that month alone and little seeding could be done until May.

Potatoes showed that thorough cultivation is a paying operation by the increased production resulting from it. Potatoes sprouted by spreading them out in a well lighted cellar for six weeks before planting resulted in a gain of ten days in the date ready for use.

Cabbages planted two feet apart gave larger yields per acre. Small onion sets from a quarter to half an inch in diameter gave the best results. Connecticut Field is one of the earliest and best quality of pumpkins. The Alacrity tomato still continues to be about the best for early fruit.

In regard to the method of growing tomatoes, the staked plants have clearly demonstrated their superiority over the unpruned and untrained method.

Khol Rabi is a vegetable well worth a trial by horticulturists. It is much milder in flavor than the turnip when pulled in a young stage and is very tasty.

The most satisfactory type of lettuce for this climate is the cabbage type such as Iceberg, Crisp as Ice, Favorite, etc.

Melons of excellent flavor can be grown in Manitoba and among the best are, Emerald Gem, Paul Rose, Extra Early Knight.

Some Good Reasons for Keeping Poultry

ONE of the chief reasons for keeping poultry is that we are assured of a supply of one of the most valuable of foods. Then again, if we go into many homes in the West we will see a number of the very useful household utensils that help to take the drudgery out of housework, that would not be there but for the fact a flock of hens had steadily subscribed to the purchase of these articles by producing eggs that had been profitably marketed. If a census of the homes were taken, one would find that in the majority of cases, perhaps, the groceries consumed by the family were the direct result of the sale of home-produced eggs.

In addition to groceries, there are also the embellishments that help to make life more enjoyable, that come as a reward for intelligent management of the poultry plant, such as gramophones and the books that are our silent friends, and who knows but what many a distant home in the West is now in touch by radio with the leading events of this continent mainly through the revenue raised by poultry keeping.

When the vicissitudes of fortune visit the home and money becomes temporarily short, no foreclosure of a mortgage can take away the poultry knowledge of the members of the household, and it is on such occasions that those affected fully realize that it was a very happy idea that first prompted them to organize a system of turning waste into profit. Today we are beginning to realize the fact that poultry keeping must be taken seriously; it is no longer the little side-line attended to at irregular intervals by an overworked housewife or occasionally by the children. It is a business capable of returning large profits, and even if a small flock of the right type is kept in clean, well-ventilated quarters and fed systematically, the labor involved will draw good wages. Do not think that the best feed and quarters will bring the best results if poor stock is kept. Get the foundation stock from birds that have established reputations for production. Instead of striving to get only 70 eggs per hen per year, make the goal twice that amount, which is quite possible.

Winter Eggs the Result of Proper Feed

ASSUMING that the birds are from good vigorous stock from a bred-to-lay strain and that the quarters are well ventilated without being draughty and so arranged that the maximum sunshine is allowed to exercise its purifying effect on the interior walls, etc., then arrangements may be made for a system of feeding for the production of eggs.

In this country of very decided winters, the question of a supply of green feed for use on the poultry plant is a very important one.

In order to encourage the production of winter eggs, one must in a way substitute to a certain extent, summer conditions. With a cotton front poultry house facing direct to the south, the sun will have a good warming influence on the birds and to follow up this summer-like condition, some green cabbage will be greatly relished. Mangels are a good second choice; they are cheap and should be on hand in a suitable storage place and there should be sufficient to carry through until spring. For an occasional treat, sprouted oats may be given. These can be produced by placing oats in a shallow box and keeping them moist, the box being kept in a warm room. They will form a thick green mat and this may be cut in strips as needed and each strip thrown to the hens to pick.

During the winter months when the hens cannot get the various grubs and insects, a supply of scraps from the table and other meat should be supplied them. One of the best meat substitutes is buttermilk, and if possible, this should be kept before them at all times. Other feeds should consist of grain such as wheat, oats, barley and corn. When feeding corn, it will be better if given cracked. The hard grain should be thrown in deep litter on the floor to induce the hens to obtain exercise by scratching for their feed.

An Interesting Experiment in Ripening Tomatoes

SOME years ago an experiment was conducted at the Brandon Experimental Farm in order to determine results in the different methods of ripening tomatoes, and the following methods were employed:

1. Placed in direct sunlight in a window.
2. In a dim corner in a room.
3. In air-tight light-proof bags.
4. In a box in the dark on basement floor.

The following is the report on the results:

Those placed in direct sunlight in a window were the quickest in ripening, but 40 per cent of the fruit was soft.

Those placed in a dim corner in a room took longer to ripen but showed only 17 per cent of soft fruit.

Those placed in airtight light-proof bags took longer than the former two groups to ripen by some days, but perfectly sound green fruit should be used, as a good many of the blushed specimens in this test did not come through in good condition.

Those placed in a box in the dark on basement floor gave practically 100 per cent of ripe fruit in good condition.

The temperature in which these tests were conducted averaged about 56 degrees Fahrenheit.

Profit from Beeswax

IN order to make the apiary pay full profits, every particle of beeswax should be saved from the cappings and discarded combs and other odd pieces. The method usually employed in apiaries where there are a considerable amount of colonies is to render the wax by means of a wax extractor. The best time to do this work is in the winter when the bees are put away as there is then no danger of encouraging robbing which is one of the drawbacks to doing the work of rendering wax in the summer months.

Of course a cheaper way for a bee keeper who has a small apiary is to use a Solar wax extractor; the wax being melted by the heat of the sun and separated from the refuse at the same time. Old combs will not melt in the Solar wax extractor, and for these another form of wax extraction must be employed.

When the amount of wax is small, it may be melted up in water in a tin or copper vessel which is heated by placing it in a large pan of boiling water. Wax should not be melted in an iron vessel or in water containing iron.

When larger amounts of wax are produced and the apiary is an extensive one it would be as well to purchase a wax press which may be had for about \$15.00. The process of wax extraction with a wax extractor is more involved and requires plenty of hot water, some pieces of burlap and thoroughness in the work.

Beeswax is used in many trades but mostly for the manufacture of comb foundation. It is a good economical plan to arrange with a manufacturer of bee supplies to have the surplus wax made up into comb foundation and then there will often be a surplus of wax on hand when the season's supply is made up.



Reducing the rent

The Empire's Oldest Xmas Dinner

By N. TOURNEUR

THERE is no other like it outside England. Though, if memory does not err, Wiceitsky, an obscure township in what was Russian Poland, has or had previous to the last war an institution rather similar, also deriving its income from an ancient bequest, but dealing with breakfast. The Christmas dinner in Christ Church College, Oxford, is older in origin by some 200 years, but has a gap here and there in the continuity of its record owing to the intervals of civil and religious strife in centuries past. "Watts," on the other hand, a Christmas celebration for the folk, the "common folk," has been held every year since its far off establishment.

Nowhere is Christmas feted in more kindly and romantic circumstances than in this famous guest-house, which stands in the High Street, Rochester, England. In this foundation, officially styled "Poor Travellers' House," and better known to all wayfarers throughout the southern kingdom as "Watts'" six destitute men who may have never met before, and may never meet again, sit down to the Englishman's typical Christmas fare. But, every night in the year "Watts'" provides food for the same number of hungry men.

It is an institution the nature of which you find in England only; for the Polish rest-house above mentioned, if yet in existence—and the war with its aftermath has put much in Eastern Europe into the melting-pot—exacts a certain measure of religious observances before the breakfast is purveyed. "Poor Travellers' Home" demands no such qualifications for admittance to its bed and board. It feeds the lucky itinerant, and leaves the matters of religion to his conscience. Every night in its existence of almost three and a half centuries has this foundation received poor travellers in accordance with the directions in the will of Richard Watts, a Rochester merchant.

Dated the 22nd August, 1578, and not long afterwards proved, Watts' will, among other particulars, sets forth his desire that a house be erected to receive nightly "six poor travellers or wayfaring men, being no common rogues or proctors." Tradition has it that the worthy Kentish man had been sharply bitten by a rascally attorney; and apparently Watts was of the same opinion as Lord Eldon's Scotsman—that he who sups with a man-of-law needs, as when supping with Satan—a "gey lang spune!" For the upkeep of this kindly undertaking, Watts bequeathed the rents of certain lands then producing some £36 odd. Today, the ground has appreciated so much in worth that the yearly income of the charity is more than £8,000.

Every night during the succeeding centuries applicants for admission have assembled shortly before six o'clock, as they do now, and they form a very mixed group. Soldiers and broken down tradesmen and artisans on the tramp, and representatives of nearly every grade of itinerants are there. Only on four or five nights in the past hundred years have fewer than six penniless men presented themselves for rest and refreshment.

The lucky six having been chosen and admitted, they have to wash their feet, lave their hands and faces, and make themselves as tidy as possible. Supper is then served. This consists of half a pound of prime, boiled English beef, one pound of the best bread, and—instead of the founder's "draught of ale"—a pint of coffee, also of the finest quality. After the meal, each of the six signs his name in the guest book, or, if he cannot write, his name is inscribed for him. This rule having been observed, the visitors draw round the open fire, read, mend their clothes, write letters, smoke, and chat among themselves.

At Christmas, the fare and all the proceedings are in keeping with the festival. The wayfarers are given roast beef and baked potatoes with other vegetables, followed by abundance of plum pudding and sauce, and extra coffee.

Continued on page 63



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Christmas

THE inner meaning of the Christmas festival, its deep, enduring significance, finds expression in the profound truth that unless we become as little children we cannot enter into the Kingdom. Thus it is that in more senses than one Christmas is the children's festival. Whatever the trials and sorrows the years may bring us, we can never forget the Christmases of our childhood. How happy we were when we closed our eyes on Christmas Eve so that Santa Claus would not find us awake when he came down the chimney with his bag of toys, to fill the stockings of all good children whom he found fast asleep! And what an annual climax of household happiness comes when parents are awakened early on Christmas morning by the scampering of little feet and open their eyes to see small, round-eyed faces shining with excitement and joy! Happiest among our childhood memories are our thoughts of the dusk at the close of Christmas Day, when the curtains were drawn and the firelight flickered softly in the happy time before there was lamplight, that blessed interval when a soft, tired, small body snuggled to the mother's breast and a little head rested sleepily against the father's knee with the utter trust of childhood. We know now with a knowledge we had not then, that to the mother and the father, as to the children, comes in that hour one of the perfect times in human life. Into that blessed hour sad memories and anxious thoughts cannot intrude.

Good Will

CHRISTMAS is the season of good will. But good will should be more than a merely seasonal manifestation. Surely the meaning of Christmas would be lost, unless there were made manifest at all times the possibilities of a spirit and force available always in all human relations. But what of the cynic who asks why it is that more than nineteen hundred Christmases have failed to bring peace to the world? For the cynic not only cannot see any secure peace between the nations, but he professes himself to be unable to see any convincing evidence of harmony between the different classes and interests within any nation. The answer to the cynic is that not only does he fail to see how things are tending, but he is unable to see things as they actually are. The tinge of his mind affects his mental eyesight. Moreover, he misses completely the meaning of the message which the shepherds watching their flocks by night heard the herald angels singing. That message did not proclaim that forthwith there was to be peace in the world. It proclaimed how men could have peace and keep it, if they wanted it. First, the right attitude to the Divine mystery which surrounds our life; and second, good will. These two things were proclaimed on that first Christmas night as the foundations of right living and of peace. What is the matter with the world? Ill will. At the bottom of all the discord and strife is the thing that is at the bottom of all wrong thinking and wrong saying and wrong doing—selfishness. And the only cure for that is an internal conviction. Neither conventions and conferences and treaties nor all the laws that all the parliaments of the world can pass can do away with that fundamental cause of wrong in individuals, classes, groups or nations. Nothing can do that but the growth of good will.

A Book Under the Lamp

NO one can be always strenuous. There come intervals, quiet times, when the thing to do is just merely to live. Even in the busiest lives these intervals must come, brief though they may be and infrequent. Without them life cannot rightly be lived at all. For most of us, winter affords more rather numerous hours of this sort. Happy are they who for such hours have the book ready and the lamp trimmed. For the young such hours are only intervals, indeed; and their reading, when it is not practical for personal improvement, is most likely to be romantic for personal enjoyment. But for the maturer and wiser (for you and me, dear reader!) these hours are of fundamental value in human life. It is only, perhaps, when the glamor of youth, the belief in pleasure, the visions of ambition and the luxury of grief have somewhat lost their piercing sting, that we can turn to books with the contented understanding that the shadow is the reality and the seeming reality of things is the shadow. Are you doing some reading worth while these winter evenings?

Expression

WHO has not had the experience of taking pains in writing a letter, so as to make it say just what he meant to say, and then mailing the letter, feeling that he has succeeded in making his meaning clear, and then—and then learning, after a time, that the letter was taken as meaning something different from what it was intended to mean? Perhaps there may be many readers of these lines who have not had that experience. But they have probably had a similar experience in putting their meaning into speech. At best, words, whether written or spoken, are imperfect vehicles for the conveyance of thought and emotion fully. There is a proverb which says that actions speak more loudly than words. And they can communicate thought and feeling more truly and adequately. Without thinking too much about the how or the why, express yourself in acts, when that is possible; and you will find that by some kindly magic what was in your brain and heart has found its way straight to the brains and hearts of others.

The Philosopher

Bobbed Hair and Baldness

THERE have been times during the past year or two when it has seemed that among the males of the species the topic of bobbed hair for women has completely usurped the place of the question of the prevention of baldness, which is a distinctly male question and throughout all has been a cause of male anxiety and a subject of male thought. But beneath all the talk about bobbed hair has persisted that concern about baldness. There is no diminution of the number of hair restorers and scalp tonics in barber shops. Possibly as much money has been spent in the warfare against baldness as has been spent against smallpox, diphtheria and cholera combined. Many of the reasons given for the loss of hair are purely fanciful. Where baldness is a germ disease, it can often be checked, if taken in time. But apparently there is a baldness which is beyond management. But in regard to most of the concernment which overtakes people about hair, teeth, eyes, or what-not, it may be said, in general, that it is due to the increase of science, to our knowing more about ourselves. Thought is given in directions where practical benefit can result. And, to return to the topic of baldness, there is always to be remembered that wise saying of Sancho Panza, about experience, "whose gifts are precious," he says, "and are given only when a man's hair is gone."

Wind, Sunshine and Power

IN connection with the recent celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Winnipeg, mention was made of the prophecies of future development and progress in Western Canada that were made in 1874 by leading citizens of the infant city, prophecies which have now been more than justified. It is interesting and important to note that such factors in the life and work of the present time as hydro-electric power were undreamed of by those hopeful prophets of fifty years ago. Who can say what extensions and developments of the transmission of hydro-electric power the coming years will see? And who can tell today what factors of even greater importance than hydro-electric power will enter into the life and work of this country a quarter of a century from now—factors, it may be, which are as undreamed of by us today as hydro-electric power was undreamed of by even the most hopeful forward-lookers of fifty years ago? Sooner or later the energy of the winds that blow across the prairies, energy that now goes to waste, will be turned into electric power and stored in a cheap, fool-proof and durable battery. The intermittent energy of the wind will then be available as continuous electric power. Think of what that will mean in the agricultural industry of the West! And this is no idle dream. The great English scientist, J. B. S. Haldane, writes that "it is only a question of time until we tap those inexhaustible sources of power, the wind and the sunlight—the problem is simply one of storing their energy in a form as convenient as coal and petrol."

A Self-repairing Machine

A FRIEND of The Philosopher's was talking about doctors. "We read that the human body is a machine," he said. "But the doctors are simply not in it with the mechanical engineers, when the mechanical engineers have to diagnose and cure trouble in a machine—say in an automobile engine, for instance." But between the most ingenious and most nearly perfect mechanism ever made by man there is no comparison possible. The high-class automobile engine is the most nearly perfect mechanical triumph of the age, in respect of the ingenuity of its design, its power, durability, speed and ease of control. But it is but a child's toy in comparison with the crowning triumph of all creation, the human organism. For one possibility of something going wrong in the man-made machine there are a thousand where the infinitely complex human machine may slip into trouble. The greatest difference between them, however, a difference infinitely too great to be expressed in words, is the mystery of life, the fact that the human machine is self-repairing. To begin to match that, the automobile would have to be capable of building up the walls of its cylinders, the surfaces of its piston rings and the seating of its valves, and of building them up in the exact measure in which they are worn away from hour to hour. And the automobile would have to be able to grow new rubber constantly to replace the wearing away of its tires; and if a gash was cut in a tire, it would have to have the power of making the wound heal. Where would the doctors and surgeons be without this marvelous power of self-repair?

A Fast Traveler, and a Slow One

THERE is a certain short and ugly word which has been well said to be the fleetest-footed of all words. The old adage has it that "a lie can travel a league while truth is getting his boots on." The nimbleness of a lie, even when it is small and white, can be attested by anyone who has ever engaged in the effort to run it down. Mrs. Jones makes a remark about Mrs. Brown, or Jim Smith says something about Bill Robinson. The remarks get started, and away they go. After they have circled three times round the community and several times across it, Mrs. Brown's sister-in-law hears the one about Mrs. Brown, and carries the word to Mrs. Brown, and Bill Robinson's brother-in-law gets wind of the one about Bill, and loses no time in putting Bill wise about it. And then Mrs. Brown and Bill Robinson discover that the harder you chase a lie, the faster it runs. One reason is that it meets so many people who are willing to give it a lift and help it on its way. Truth often finds the going hard, and the lifts few. A lie often finds doors open, and is taken in at once, and petted and fed and laughed at, and then sent hurrying on its way. But Truth usually has to knock again and again, before a door is opened to it. Truth, however, has one advantage in the long run. It can stand being let alone. But a lie cannot bear being lonesome and still; if it has to stand still, it is likely to catch a fatal cold. Chasing it and kicking it often only doubles its speed.

Science and Humanity

MADAME CURIE, who jointly with her husband was the discoverer of radium, has been formally presented with the pension of 40,000 francs a year recently voted by the Chamber of Deputies to her and her two daughters. Before the war 40,000 francs would have been equal to about \$8,000 of our money, but at the present time the equivalent is only a little more than \$2,000. Since her husband was killed by an accident several years ago, Madame Curie has been in straitened circumstances. Her husband and herself were always poor. Neither by taking out a patent nor in any other way did they seek to reap any advantage from their epoch-making discovery. They might easily have made themselves very wealthy. But they regarded their duty to humanity first; and Madame Curie declares now that if she had the choice again she would take the same course, and she is sure her husband would be in absolute agreement with her. In her recently published life of her husband she says that neither governments nor wealthy philanthropists furnish to scientific investigators the support indispensable to their doing effective work. A scientific worker who achieves some great discovery or other achievement of incalculable benefit to humanity becomes celebrated, and sometimes receives some material reward for his work. But how many such workers fail because they lack proper facilities for their work? Madame Curie quotes the appeal of the great Louis Pasteur: "If conquests useful for humanity touch your heart, take an interest, I beg of you, in those sacred places to which we give the expressive name of laboratories. They are the temples of the future, of wealth, and of well-being. There humanity may learn to read in the works of nature the story of progress and of universal harmony, even while its own creations are too often those of barbarism, fanaticism and destruction."

Trained Animal Shows

IT is announced from Toronto that a petition signed already by 12,000 people, will be presented to the Dominion Parliament, asking for legislation prohibiting the exhibition of trained animals or birds for entertainment in public places. Embodied in the petition is the proposed legislation, which provides among other things that trainers, assistants, managers and others concerned in the exhibiting of trained animals or birds will be liable, upon summary conviction, to a fine of \$50, or three months' imprisonment. A similar bill was introduced recently in the British Parliament, but before being enacted was modified to provide that all animal trainers and animal shows must be registered, and that trainers must be certificated by the Humane Society and their work must be subject to inspection by the inspectors of that organization. The question of how far the training of animals is commendable has been raised afresh in Toronto by an incident at an animal show in the Coliseum in that city. An animal trainer entered a cage of lions in sight of a large number of spectators, many of them women and children, and one of the lions sprang at him and mauled him severely. It was only by prompt action by the outside guards that his life was saved. According to the English papers, the promoters of the prohibitory bill that was introduced in the British Parliament are not satisfied with the modifications that were made in it, and intend to have the original bill introduced again. There will be great divergence of opinion among animal lovers on the question of absolute prohibition of trained animal shows. Nobody with decent feeling can help desiring that brutal methods of training should be prohibited effectively. Some animals are more easily trained than others, and seem to enjoy their life as trained performers and to thrive in it. Horses, dogs and elephants are trained to perform useful services for man. Dogs furnished the motive power of winter travel in this country until the modern era began; and they still furnish the motive power for winter travel in the far north.

Wassail!

Wassail! to the Kingly Stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger;
Priest like Aaron, King like David,
Christ is born to set us free."

WASSAIL has several meanings; in the verse of the old ballad given above, it is the shout given when drinking a health to the Lord of Christmas Day. But you can also say, "to wassail," meaning to wish Christmas blessings. Then wassailing, means very much the same as "to wassail."

The wassail bowl was an indispensable feature of every old-time Christmas table. It was a huge punch bowl, with its ladle; and twice during the Christmas feast—on Christmas Day, and on Twelfth Night—it was filled with home-brewed ale, heated to boiling point and highly spiced; lastly as many crab, or small apples, roasted, as there were guests, were put in it.

When the time came to drink healths, the first given at Christmas was to Christ, usually in the verse given above, which would be recited by the host, and then sung by all the company, standing. While they sang their cups had been filled with the hot ale, and "with a crab swimming therein;" and then all drank, shouting "Wassail! Wassail! to Christ the Lord."

Then they sat down, and ate the apple.

On Twelfth Night—or in Scotland at New Year—the wassail bowl was carried by the host around all the house, with the guests trooping after him. If it was in the country, the barns and stables were visited, and each beast sprinkled with a few drops of the ale. Then the wassailers trooped out to the orchard and garden, singing—

"Wassail the Trees that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear,
For more or less fruits will they bring,
As you do give them wassailing."

This Twelfth Night wassailing would not suit our practical age, but the filling of a wassail bowl for our Christmas table would surely be a pretty idea? Of course, the filling could be orange and lemon juice, or grape juice—a fruit punch—with the baked crab apples, one for each guest, added to give it the real wassail flavor.

And if any healths are drunk, on Christmas Day, the "Wassail" must be drunk before even the King's. The words for the wassail toast are those given at the beginning of this article.

Wassailing also means the singing of carols, as the old song puts it. This is still sung in north England, where the singers all carry evergreen branches (It is used in Scotland still at New Year).

"Here we come a'wassailing, among the
leaves so green;
Here we come a'wassailing, so fair as
to be seen.

(Chorus)

For it is now Christmas, strangers travel
far and near.

God bless you all, and send you a Happy
New Year.

A New Year! A New Year!

God bless you, and send you a Happy
New Year!

God bless the master of this house, like
wise the mistress too.

And all the little children that round the
table go.

For it is now Christmas, etc.

We are not daily beggars that beg from
door to door.

But we are neighbors' children whom you
have seen before.

For it is now Christmas, etc.

We have a little purse that now is light
and thin;

So please to give a small mite to line
it well within.

For it is now Christmas, etc.

Call up the butler of this house, and
order him to bring

A little of your Christmas fare, and
better will we sing.

For it is now Christmas, etc.

"He's Coming Home— on the Canadian Pacific"

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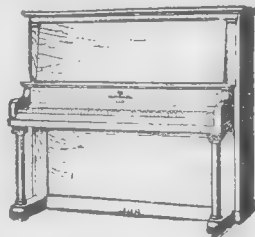
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IT SPANS THE WORLD



Music and the Home



Musical Instrument Industry in Canada

SIXTY-eight establishments in Canada are engaged in the manufacture of musical instrument materials, phonographs and gramophones, according to a report on the industry received from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. They are located by the provinces as follows: Ontario, 46; Quebec, 17; Alberta, British Columbia and Nova Scotia, 1 each. They represent a capital investment of \$27,553,580. The average number of men employed in the musical instrument industry by the month is given as 2,444 and of women, 181. Piano and piano players together take first place in point of production, forming 43.8 per cent, gramophones and phonographs second place with 15.6 per cent, of the entire output. Of the total expenditure for raw or partly manufactured materials amounting in 1922 to \$4,238,379, Ontario contributed 78.2 per cent. Quebec 20.5 per cent, the balance being distributed over the remaining four provinces. That year Canada did not import one piano or cabinet organ, pipe organ, mechanical piano or organ player from Great Britain. In all these lines, excepting three pianos, her imports were exclusively from the United States.

On the other hand she exported to the United States 14 organs, 87 pianos, the total value of which were \$236,115. Her music instruments exports to Great Britain amounted to \$42,050 and to countries other than these two, she shipped out 99 organs, 131 pianos, which with other instruments, totalled a value of \$159,231.

Canadian Pianos are Good

The above compilation led to a discussion of the musical instrument industry, especially pianos, with several prominent Winnipeg dealers. "Fully ninety-five per cent. of the pianos sold in Canada are made in Canada," declared a representative of one firm. "Before the war high grade German pianos which stood very well climate conditions here, were imported. That is now a thing of the past. The Canadian piano is just as cheap and just as good at the price as anything we can import."

Comparison of the Canadian and United States instruments brought the opinion that the Canadian high grade product was slightly cheaper at factory cost than the American one, and the highest grade uprights equal in quality to the highest grade uprights in the States. The American low grade piano is slightly cheaper because of the great output. For the same reason the small grand pianos of the States are lower in cost. Where workmanship and not output counts the Canadian piano wins out in price. Importation is very rapidly decreasing and the imported pianos are usually of a very high or low grade.

A Young Industry

Prior to 1877 the manufacture of pianos in this country had practically no existence. Such establishments as existed were on a small scale and the appliances used were inadequate for the production of first class instruments. The real trade was done by a few importing houses who handled American pianos exclusively. Since then the expansion has been astonishing. Heretofore in spite of the fact that grand pianos have been made in Canada for nearly half a century, the manufacturer has put most of his attention on the upright makes because there was not sufficient demand for the more costly instruments to warrant him devoting much of his time and capital to them. Now, however, the demand for the grand piano has increased to such an extent in the last few years that efforts have been directed toward the perfecting of it. There is a feeling that Canadian grands are the equal in tone and quality to their imported rivals and most of those sold here are made here.

In the United States during 1923 the output of upright pianos was 104,073 and of upright player pianos, 166,130—a difference of 62,000. In this country on the contrary, the output of players is only about 25 per cent. of the output of pianos. "Which looks," said one dealer "as if Canada buys her pianos for the study of music and the United States tendency is for quick-results amusement."

Withstand European Climate

Difficulty in importing pianos from England is due mainly to climate peculiarities. The wood in the English instruments, particularly the pin block piano is not dried as on this continent and the heat of the houses contracts the instrument, particularly the pin block in which are embedded the tuning pins. The hole becomes a little too large and the pin gives, whereupon the string slackens and the piano will not stay in tune. It has to be repinned. The very fact that the Steinway Company build in Europe as well as in America goes to prove that climatic conditions admit only of pianos being built on each side of the water. Also the English maker does not use the amount of metal that the Canadian manufacturer does and German competition forces him to a large extent, to turn out a cheap instrument.

Some U.S. Figures

In comparison with some of the figures quoted in regard to the Canadian musical instrument industry, these concerning that of the United States will be interesting:

More than a quarter of a billion dollars is invested in factories which make pianos, organs, phonographs and other musical instruments. In the last decade there has been a falling off in the purchase of plain, ordinary, upright pianos at the rate of from 320,000 a year to 135,000 but last year 174,000 with player attachment were bought. The annual bill for pianos and organs is \$150,000,000. In the States today there are 130,000 musicians and music teachers, almost 8,000 men own or manage shops which handle music and musical instruments and about 70,000 persons are engaged in the manufacture of musical instruments. Phonograph needles consumed in a year are worth \$1,600,000. Ten years ago the farmer bought 65,000 organs and now but 25,000.

The Left Hand in Piano-Playing

ARE you a one-handed pianist? A famous teacher of the piano has recently said that there are very few two-handed pianists today, although most people use both hands in playing the piano. "The reason for this is that very few people can make music with each hand alone and separately, but must have both hands working in the same way. There is music written for the left hand alone, and if people would practise this more than they do, if they would learn to play tunes with their left hands in such a way as to be pleasant to listen to, they would be better players altogether. People who have studied the subject will give twenty reasons why left-hand music is useful, but the principal one is that only by using it can we get both hands to work equally well. And only by getting both hands to work equally well can we get both sides of the brain to work equally well, for each hand is worked by a different side of the brain, the right by the left and the left by the right."

Might Have Been Different

"Look here," said the wife, reading a newspaper. "I see from statistics given here that every third baby born in the world is a Chinese."

"Yes?" said the husband. "Then thank the Lord that this is our first."

Listening to the Phonograph

By ARTHUR MASON

THE phonograph, thanks to the improvements which have transformed the first "talking-machine" into the instrument of the present day, is destined to play a great part in the expansion of musical knowledge and musical taste. It is already doing that. But at present, and wide as is its public, it is only at the beginning of a popularity and a usefulness which will far exceed its present range of influence, its power to give musical pleasure, and its capacity to enlighten, musically, the music-loving public.

That future is assured to it by two facts. First, its public following steadily increases as the phonograph and phonograph records grow in quality; and secondly, the quality of the instrument and its records is a continuously improving quality. At the present moment, the best examples of the instrument itself and of its records are capable of producing music of a level which is not only astonishing when it is compared with that of only a few years ago, but is a level of musical excellence which satisfies the most critical listener. And in many places the skill

hear and enjoy at the phonograph first-class reproductions of the performance of some of the most beautiful music in existence. In the other case he can supplement at the phonograph his knowledge of music by hearing, and by studying as he hears them, the characteristics of great music and great composers, the qualities of musical instruments, the capabilities of orchestras, the artistic powers of singers, pianists, violinists, 'cellists, chamber-music players, — the thousand-and-one details that make up the art and work of the composer and the executant.

It is because of this power of the phonograph to give the average listener almost anything he may wish for in the way of a musical performance, that listening to the phonograph is the widespread and the steadily growing recreation of the music-lover it has become. And it is because it may be so easily and so valuably listened to that a carefully-planned listening to phonograph music is worth the while of all who care to use the instrument rather as an educative influence than as an amusement merely. It can be, of course,



"The Portuguese Piper"

By Carlos Reis, Director of the National Gallery of Art, Lisbon, Portugal

and the inventive genius of many men are constantly at work upon phonograph details, with an energy and a patience which cannot fail to evolve at least an almost perfect reproduction of recorded music.

The existing instrument is the latest stage in this development of one of the most wonderful musical instruments available to the listener to music. All the more notorious defects of the old-style phonograph are eliminated from it, and it presents a marvellously expanded range of music. The music so far recorded, indeed, covers a list of such length and such variety that the music-lover could spend most of his listening-time before the phonograph and still be far from exhausting its published repertoire. But of more importance than that is the fact, already referred to, of the improved quality of the phonograph, and the phonograph records, a fact which when it is attached to the other fact of a vast mass of recorded music, reveals the instrument as one of the most valuable resources both of the music-lover who listens to music merely because he loves it, and of the more serious listener for whom music is an art to be studied. In the one case he can

a delightful amusement, and as such it completely satisfies very many people. It can also be something more than an amusement. It may, and does, change the musical outlook of the least instructed lover of music. For numbers of people it has proved to be just the thing needed to awaken their musical taste, to inspire them to appreciate other and greater examples of music than those merely of the ear-catching and momentarily attractive varieties. Often, as he sits listening to a record of the performance of a great singer, a great pianist, a great violinist, the listener hitherto deaf both to the beauty of a standard composition and to the art of the vocalist or the instrumentalist, caught for the first time something of the secret of great music, and of the artistic performance of it. And often, as the phonograph has played him its reproduction of the performance of an orchestra or has unfolded, say, the melodic grace of the slow movement of a string quartet, shoots and gleams of the magic of music have flashed upon his inward eye.

At those moments his dormant musical faculty has awakened, his musical taste is in motion, he has a glimpse of music's

Continued on page 58

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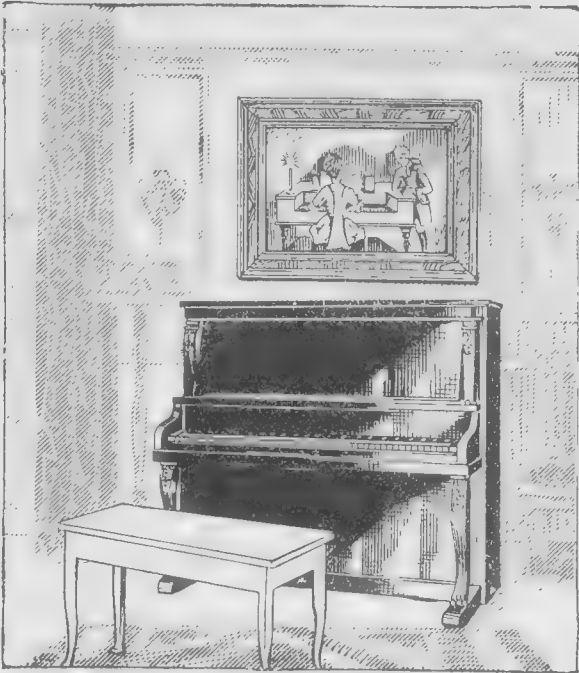
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Music and the Home—Continued from page 57

power. And once that happens, he has come to life, musically. He need only step straight on. He will find himself walking more strongly as he goes, and without effort he will mount higher and higher upon the ascending levels of musical art.

There are books now available which show the listener how much good music he can learn to listen to intelligently through the medium of phonograph records. Those books suggest to him graduated lists of records, which gave him, first, a foundation repertoire of music taste, and from that foundation they lead him through stages of good music by means of compositions that strengthen his musical faculty and widen his musical experience. Such lists of music are intended to replace, and they would replace most usefully, the indiscriminate selection of music he often makes. Indiscriminate selection of records certainly has its dangers for the unenlightened music-lover who is hoping to improve his power to appreciate music by means of the phonograph. It also has its advantage, incidentally, for sometimes it brings to his surprised and delighted knowledge a voice of beauty, a fine artist, a great composition, until then outside his knowledge. But for the most part he would be more usefully served by the advice which selects for him just those desirable things, and others, in the order in which they are most likely to benefit him. And as against the fact that the inexpert music-lover sometimes lights unaided upon a prize in the way of a piece of phonograph music that both delights and instructs him, is the other fact that selections so made often disappoint him by their lack of something he sought to find in them. Sometimes, even, they affect his progress in musical judgment by setting before him a famous and perhaps an entirely worthy composition which he, at his particular stage of musical development, finds thoroughly uninteresting.

MANY a music lover has given up the hope of understanding and enjoying great music by some such unlucky contact with the wrong sort of great music. It is for this reason that graduated lists of good records are very valuable to the listener to the phonograph in the early stages of his musical progress. And for that reason also it is to be urged as strongly as may be upon the beginner that not all great music is suited to him at first, but on the contrary that his musical taste will be quite certainly improved, and his appreciation of music will quite certainly grow, by his listening to good, skilfully written, attractive light music of which so much is now available. Provided it be the right kind of light music it will not only be sufficient in itself to impel his growth in musical taste, but it will lead him by natural stages to that pleasurable and intelligent listening to the great music of the greatest composers of music by which he will become definitely, and delightfully, a lover of musical art. Phonograph music, as the phonograph and phonograph records are to be had today, is one of the paths to that goal of an appreciation of musical art. And it is a path pursued by more and more lovers of music for whom the phonograph has proved the very guide they needed.

Took the Place of an Aspirin Tablet

YES, you all know why people take an occasional aspirin tablet. To take away a headache, of course. Usually, at least, that is the reason.

But in the experience quoted herewith, no aspirin was necessary. The party relating the incident had a headache, but a substitute filled the bill—and filled it very nicely.

That substitute was Music. The person who had the headache was Prudence Penny, a writer for the New York American, and who maintains that no home is completely furnished unless there be in it a piano or some other musical instrument. But let her tell her story.

"I had a headache this morning," she goes on to say, "having stayed up too late reading the sad career of Aaron Burr. I was just naturally out of sorts and considered the world a somewhat overrated place. But, as I wanted to tell you about pianos and things, I visited a big shop, which handles everything in musical instruments, from mouth organs to pipe organs.

"Among the many things I saw was a baby grand with an electric player attachment. The gentleman who was showing me about pressed a button, and Schubert's 'Moment Musical' issued forth, played by some great artist. Later in the harp department an accomplished harpist was giving a lesson. He stopped long enough to play for us, and he played gloriously.

"Well, there is undoubtedly a headache and a small grouch wandering homelessly about that store, because I left both of them there. My head was so full of beauty and harmony that there wasn't room for an ache. I have always felt that a home was never completely furnished unless it contained some kind of musical instrument, something to dance to, to play when there was company, or better still, when you are all alone—for company, but I had never before appreciated their superiority to an aspirin tablet.

"Music is more than a pleasant pastime, it is a necessity to our morale. Nowadays budgets include 'recreations' with food and rest, for it is recognized that we cannot do our work unless we play. Our minds must be recreated, cleansed of worries, lifted out of dullness by loving sounds, beautiful pictures, laughter and new stimulating ideas."

THE PLAYER PIANO

ONE of the most engrossing developments in musical instruments of the last half century and still further back, is that of the automatic piano player. As early as 1846 an Englishman by the name of Alexander Bayne obtained a patent on the perforated music sheet. In 1860 a patent was taken out in the United States for a keyboard piano-player and the first pneumatic keyboard was made in France three years later. In 1878 appeared a small organ-reed instrument using a perforated music sheet and called an "orguette"—Bayne's idea developed into a practical, though very simple piece of mechanism which anyone could play. A period of nine years elapsed before the first instrument that could justly make claim to serious consideration, was produced. It was made with reeds and could be played either by means of the paper roll or by hand.

The main principles of the action are much the same in all the attachments. A puff of air sets in motion a series of hammers which act as substitutes for the human fingers and presto, the music! The pianist who is mere virtuoso and has nothing of emotion and personality to express has an aggressive rival in the automatic player which can execute perfectly passages of the most formidable technical difficulty. Its invention makes it possible for every man, woman and child to take part in the music feast, thus bringing the works of composers of all kinds under the notice of many a person who might have no opportunity otherwise of becoming acquainted with them.

The aim of each piano maker to develop his own type of player, all endeavoring to secure extreme rapidity, certainty, delicacy and noiselessness of action, and the eagerness of competition has lifted the whole enterprise into artistic importance. There is now much opportunity for individual interpretation. The reproducing piano followed in the wake of the player piano and many of the world's greatest artists have recorded for it. Little groups in Canadian homes gather to listen to Paderewski, Cortot, Grainger, Hofmann, Bauer, Novaes, Gabilowitch and many others. The long winter evenings speed by to music.

When Dr. A. S. Vogt, former conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir and now head of the Toronto Conservatory, spoke in Winnipeg to members of the Manitoba Music Teachers' Association, a few weeks ago, he said that Canadian pianos, except for one or two of the most expensive grands, and automatic piano players, equalled the best of such instruments made anywhere.

The Harp—Continued from page 21

"See there?" and the boy pointed to where a branch had been charred by a tongue of flame. "The candle caught it and you were asleep and didn't know. I thought I'd better see to it, so I came in and put it out." He stopped and added a little shamefacedly. "I should have cleared out then,—but it was so warm and snug in here. I thought maybe, as you was so kind to the birds, you wouldn't mind if I stayed and got a warm till you woke up, and I could 'splain to you about the tree. But when you woke up you just groaned and grabbed at that there," he nodded at the harp,—and didn't give me a chance to say nothing."

The old man did not speak. But for this little waif the tree would have been afire in a few seconds—the shack would have followed suit, and he,—well, the chances were that he and his harp would have shared no more confidences together.

The boy, abashed at the long silence clambered to his feet and stood prepared to go.

"I guess you're mad at me for coming in. I didn't mean no harm, but I'll go now."

He turned to the door—an odd little figure, strangely pathetic, yet less so perhaps than the lonely man who watched him go.

"Stop!" said Michael. "You haven't told me your name; and I suppose I should thank you for saving my life!—though I'm not quite sure that there you rendered me any great service," he added in a bitter undertone.

"The kids call me 'Johnny.' I ain't got no other name."

John! Ivan! This waif and his little son bore the same name!

"Come here, Ivan," he said gently.

"Tain't Ivan, it's John," said the child obstinately, but he came back and stood near the harp.

"In my country Ivan means John, and I shall call you by the name most familiar to me: the name of my own little boy. Ivan, I'm all alone to keep Christmas. Will you stay and have dinner with me?"

John's eyes shone.

"Won't I just!" he said emphatically. Then he glanced at the fire and said in a voice expressive of partnership and co-responsibility, "Say, if we've got to cook dinner, the fire looks pretty sick. Got any kindling?"

"There's some in the box beside the stove."

In a few seconds Ivan had the fire burning brightly.

"I'll split you some more before I go," he promised, jerking his head at the empty box. "Now for the kettle." The kettle filled, Michael Staniloff took command.

"You'd better go and get a wash up," he said, eyeing him critically. "There's only sausages to fry: and I'll have things ready by the time you're back. Then I'll give you something good to eat that I don't suppose you've ever had before."

Soon the host and his small guest sat at the little table by the fire, and Ivan looked eagerly for that "something" that he'd never eaten before. There were such lots of good things to which that might apply! The sausages finished, Michael rose, and fetched from the stove a dish on which was boiled rice, covered with a hot, honey sauce.

"It's a dish we always eat in Russia on Christmas Day," he explained as he helped his guest generously. "It takes the place of plum pudding."

"Say, but it's good Mister!" said John rapturously, as he set to with an unabated appetite. He chattered away merrily and did not notice his host's growing silence. The last grain of rice captured after an interesting chase over his plate, he sidled off his chair.

"You sit quiet now," he said, "and I'll see to the dishes."

Michael let him have his way, and for some time sat watching the boy as he carefully collected the crockery preparatory to washing up. Before beginning, a thought struck the child, and turning he asked wistfully;

"Are you very tired?"

"No."

"Could you play one of them pretty things you played before you went to sleep?"

Michael smiled, and drawing the harp to him began to play. The music now was soft and sweet, and with a question sounding in it. John did his work as silently and swiftly as possible; then came and sat himself at the player's feet. He did not stir until the old man stopped his playing and leant back in his chair.

"Seemed as if that music was the kind of asking something all the time," he commented as he rose to leave. He stood shyly, twisting his ragged cap between his fingers.

"Goodnight Mister," he said, abruptly. "I've had a real good time."

"Where are you going now?" asked Michael, gravely.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," was the answer. "Generally Black Joe lets me sleep beside the stove: but tonight being Christmas he'll likely be a bit wild. Too much moonshine," he explained seriously and made an expressive gesture of raising his arm and pouring down his throat.

"Think I'll keep away from Black Joe tonight!—though he's a good sort," he added hastily, anxious not to defame his friend. "Old Sal will let me sleep in her woodshed I guess."

Michael looked at the child earnestly; looked long at the pinched little face with its big serious eyes. Honest boyish eyes they were, intelligent and unafraid. A loyal little comrade he would be. The old man leant forward and drew the child to him.

"We're two lonely people, you and I, Ivan. Will you stop and live with me? I think that if you did that you could prevent me playing the music that saddened you so. You would look after the shack and keep it clean, and I should have more time for toymaking. We should be partners together, you and I. Would that suit you?"

The boy's eyes glistened and his fragile little frame seemed to quiver with excitement.

"Do you mean me to stay here altogether?" he asked, incredulously.

Michael nodded.

There was a pause, then John held out his hand with great solemnity.

"Shake!" he said. And Michael Staniloff shook.

The Spirit of the North

Have you felt its pull at your heartstrings?
Heard the call you must obey?
Felt the tang of the North in the blood of you?

Felt the urge you dare not stay?
That impulse that draws, you know not where,

Into the great Unknown of the North,
Where all that is right, all that is wrong
Gets the value God gives of its worth:
Where only the true can find a place,
The false has never a part;
In that beautiful land of sky and snow
Where heart always answers heart.

Have you felt the Silence that seems a caress?

Where the wind seems the breath of God,
Where stars are blooming above your head,
And blooming again in the sod?
There are snow-clad peaks and valleys low
Untrod by the foot of Man;
A silence and mystery feed this world,
Unabridged is the mighty span
That leads to convention and glisten of gold

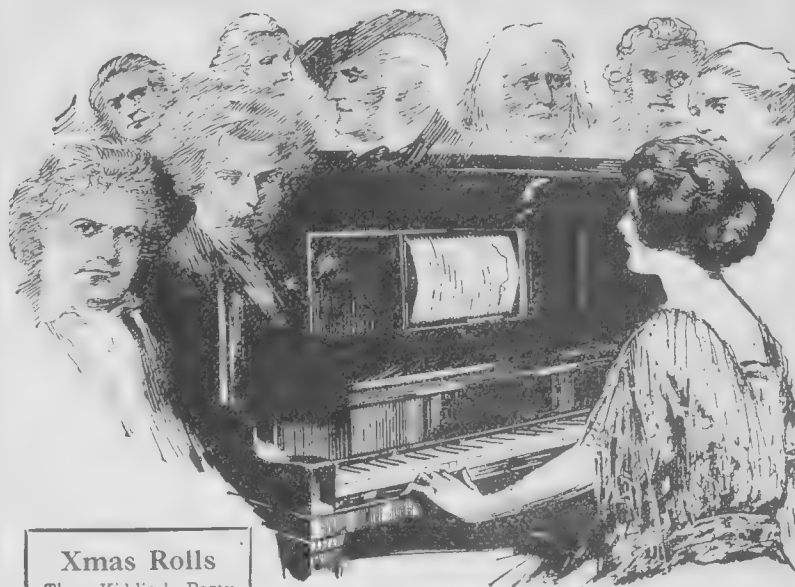
That is only the tinsel of show,
For the gold of the North is the true metal bright
Hidden deep in the heart of the snow;
And the souls of the men who love that wild

Their hearts are pure and true,
They discern the false in the souls of men,
As before it was God who knew.
Oh, follow the Spirit of the North,
Through forests dim and wide;

Go wash in the waters pure and cold,
Follow forever the luring tide
That bears from false pride and sham
Out where the air is pure and free
Go, dwell in the peace and calm
Of a Spirit that has no wrongs to hide,
And of baseness and lust is dearth.
Go out where the value of all men's lives
Are set by God's price of their worth.
Go, heed the call of the Spirit's behest,
For the laws of the North are true;
Go out where the spaces, vast and wide
Will give you God's point of view.

—Evangeline Hicks

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The Decrees of Fashion

THE new winter coats have a distinct air of charm and individuality. Circular and straight line effects are noted and trimmings are smart in fur, braidings and embroideries. Plaids are used for sports models and are trimmed with fur. Velours, mixtures, broadcloth and suede-finished woollens, also pile fabrics are in evidence for utility and dressy coats. Many of the coats show a decided flare which is accomplished by godets, flounces or by the cut of the garment. Others are in the straight line effect.

Very interesting are the "ensemble" costumes or suits now so popular. The coats are usually in three-quarter length with lovely linings and trimmings of braid, fur and embroidery, one, two or all. The lines may be straight, or the circular effect in evidence.

Short jackets are also featured. A very smart model in brown velvet shows the jacket in hip length bordered with embroidery. The dress repeats the trimming of the jacket.

Milady's street dress may be of faille, bengaline or broadcloth. Flannel is used in stripes, plaids or checks for day dresses made in simple but nicely tailored fashion. Shadow plaid in gray or brown tones is shown for youthful slender-line dresses.

Both the tunic dress and the dress in coat style are in high favor, and both illustrate the Directoire tendency of prevailing modes, by way of revers, tiny capes, high flare collars and a higher waistline. Sleeves on these dresses are usually long and fitted. Sleeves are indeed interesting this season, expressing so much variation in line and effect. One may have the sleeve plain and close fitting, or peasant, melon or bishop style. One may use buttons, braid, fringe, fur or embroideries for trimming.

Costumes and dresses for formal occasions are shown in velvet, faille, bengaline, brocades and novelty silks, also in satin and crepe satin. In their style, there is a wide choice, the tubular, sheath, flare and circular effects all being in evidence. Such a dress may be belted or worn with a string or crush girdle at low waistline or the finish may be at normal or raised waistline. On a straight-line dress, embroidery placed a little above the usual waistline is effective in expressing a raised effect. Sometimes double or triple belts indicate the natural waistline. On some of the new sports or tailored frocks very wide belts are shown.

For a formal or informal afternoon dress one may have a black satin slip, over which a lace tunic blouse is worn. These blouses in figured silk are also worn with satin slips in a matched color.

Furs are attractively shown and lavishly employed for trimming. Lace of all kinds and in all colors is used for trimming.

One sees the circular movement expressed everywhere in some form, either through flounces, godets or inserts, so that probably another season will bring some radical style changes.

The most interesting part of a young girl's "outfit" is her dance frock or party dress, and this season the style is most youthful and girlish. For very tiny girls one chooses net, sheer lace or soft crepe de chine and uses very little trimming: perhaps tucks, embroidery, plaits or ribbon. Soft colors are best for little girls and white or ivory is always lovely.

A frock of crepe de chine made with narrow lengthwise tucks may have a shirred bertha over the sleeveless shoulders and a crush girdle of the material. A wee motif of flowers in soft colors may be added. Transparent materials may be worn over colored slips or slips of the same color.

The girl of 10 or 12 years may have the low waistline marked by a girdle or motifs of chiffon flowers. Necklines may be square, oval or round, or the shoulder edges be held by ribbon straps.

On dresses for older girls, fur and feather trimming is permissible.

Evening and dinner gowns show the waistline at all points, some high, some normal and some very low, so that every individual figure may be pleased. One may omit the waistline entirely and still be in fashion.

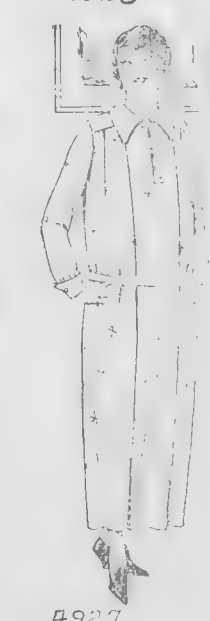
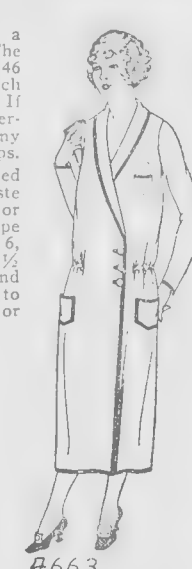
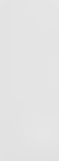
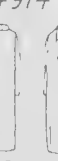
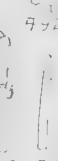
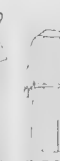
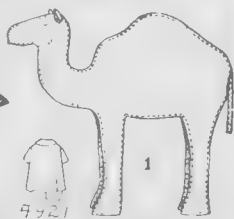
This season's styles seem to indicate the beauty and charm of every age and country.

We have fur trimmings and belts to remind us of Russia, beautiful embroideries and long tunic effects indicative of China, flaring and full skirts and fringes of Spain and the French fancy for Directoire and Empire details. It is left to every woman to take her pick from all the abundance and combine for herself what best suits her style.

A Pleasing House Dress Style—4927. Comfort and good lines are expressed in this charming "morning" dress. Percale or seersucker, gingham or wool crepe would be good for a dress of this kind. The width at the foot

is 2¼ yards, with plaits extended. This is a fine model for women of mature figure. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. If collar and cuffs are made of contrasting material, ½ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Comfortable Frock—4664. Printed crepe was used for the "smock," and batiste for the guimpe. One could have jersey or plaid suiting in combination with wool crepe or silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1½ yard of 27-inch material for the guimpe and 1¾ yard for the smock. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



A Practical Coat Style for Mature Figures—4933. Imported fleece with trimmings of opossum is here portrayed. The style is also good in bolivia, velours and pile fabrics. It is especially adapted to stout figures. The collar is convertible. The sleeves in bell shape are very comfortable. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 40-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. For collar facing and trimming bands as illustrated $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Model for Slenderizing Lines—4928. This is a splendid style for stout figures. The panel is a new feature. It may be omitted. Figured crepe and satin are here combined. Faille and silk alpaca would also be attractive. The dress may be finished without the panel and collar, and may have the sleeve in shaped outline or close-fitting as in the small views. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, if made of one material, and with panel and revers collar. If made as illustrated in the large view it will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of figured material, cut cross-wise, and 4 yards of plain material. If panel is omitted $\frac{3}{4}$ yard less is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Suit Style for the Small Boy—4921. Jersey, flannel, serge and velveteen would be good for this model. It is also suitable for wash materials such as linen, drill and seersucker. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be required. For collar and band cuffs in contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

made as illustrated it will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of figured material for the underslip and cuff facings, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of plain material for the "tunic." The width of the skirt at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Unique but Simple Style—4615. This portrays a one-piece straight line model, with a sleeveless overblouse in tunic style. It is a good model for combining two different materials. Velvet and figured crepe, or lace would be a good contrast. Or satin with broadcated silk or chiffon. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6 yards of one material 40 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the tunic and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the dress and facings on the tunic. The width of the dress at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart "One-Piece" Dress—4930. Godets lend fullness to the front of this "straightline" model. It is made to slip over the head. Plaid woolen or alpaca, charmeen or wool rep will be good for this youthful model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. For facings on collar, cuffs and vestee of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40 inches wide is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Stylish Coat Dress—4663. Twill, serge or alpaca, as well as linen or rep could be used for this model. If preferred the fullness of the fronts may be held with belt or string girdle portions attached at the side seams. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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Attractive Nursery Toys—4728. Here are two new "friends" for Baby's menagerie. These animals are simple in construction and may be made of felt, outing flannel, velvet or corduroy. They may be stuffed with kopak, hair, wadding or cork. The pattern is in one size: It will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch material for the camel and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the squirrel. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New and Popular Style for the Growing Girl—4914. Fashion's latest expression, "the tunic" is here portrayed. This model may be finished with short or long sleeves. The skirt is separate. It may be joined to an underbody. The blouse may be worn over any skirt. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards are required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple "Day" Dress—4929. The straight-line dress is ever popular. It appears in this model with new features. One could have this in figured crepe or in silk alpaca. It is also very good in serge or charmeen. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. If made of one material a 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40 inches wide. If made as illustrated $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of figured material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of plain is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

One of the Season's Youthful Models—4555. Jersey, wool crepe or kasha cloth could be used for this style. It has the new flare fullness in plait effect at the sides, and smart useful pockets topping the plaits. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. For vest of contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 24 inches wide is required. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New and Smart Style—4926. Figured silk and satin are here combined. This is also a good model for charmeen with braid trimming or embroidery for decoration. In faille silk and broadcloth it is very attractive. The "tunic" may be worn over any slip or sleeveless underdress. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of one material 40 inches wide. It

A Dainty "Little Girl's" Frock—4918. Taffeta or crepe de chine with lace or ribbon trimming and lace edging on sleeves and neck would be very pleasing for this style. It is also good for wash materials or for wool crepe and voile. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Nursery Toy—4799. Soft toys are ever popular and may be made very durable and practical. This model could be developed in oilcloth, terry cloth or towelling, stockinette or flannel, also in rubberized cloth. A good filling would be kopack, excelsior or cotton. If made of oilcloth or rubber cloth and stuffed with cork the toy would be waterproof and would float. The cape and bonnet is nice in flannel, crepe, gingham or satin. This pattern is cut in one size. The doll will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch material. The cape and bonnet 24 inches of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Pleasing Model—4938. Wool mixtures, plaid suiting, and wash materials are good for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or short as in the small view. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material, if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required. For collar of contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Top Garment for "The Boy"—4248. Here is just the coat to make a boy comfortable and to keep him warm. The fronts are double breasted. The sleeve is in raglan style, with roomy arm-sleeve. Serge, cheviot, tweed and other coat materials may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple One-piece Apron—4912. Striped seersucker or percale would be very good for this model. Drill, muslin and cretonne are also pleasing and serviceable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. This model is cut without underarm seams. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Saves so much Suffering



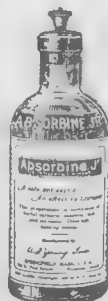
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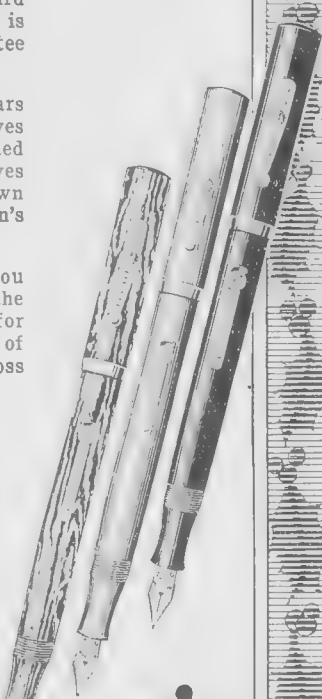
Over 40 years ago Waterman's produced the first practical and efficient fountain pen. Constantly improved, the Waterman's Ideal has ever maintained the highest standard of quality and the name itself is today recognized as the guarantee of perfection.

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Waterman's
The Ultimate in Pens

Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen

How the Debt was Paid

Continued from page 47

you already and the maple sap will soon be running—green apple pie and maple syrup will be a-plenty, and I bet you can't beat that combination in the West."

So, it wasn't long until Maggie's dream came true; they were both speeding along in "the train from home," back to old Ontario and the dear ones there.

EVEN a visit to the old home must come to an end. There was some talk of John going back alone and Maggie remaining over until after Christmas; but finally Maggie decided:

"I'll stick it out with John. And some day we'll have a dandy home out there—see if we don't! Or make such a lot of money that we'll come back and settle down in slow old Ontario with its little garden-plots of fields," and here she winked at John and the two laughed heartily. "Anyhow it's decided that mother and father are coming out next year."

A few days before they started on the return trip they wrote the Neilsons that they were leaving, were staying over a couple of days in Winnipeg, and on what day to meet them at the thirty-mile-from-home station.

The very day they were to leave Winnipeg John picked up a newspaper and almost immediately his eye caught an item headed: "Hail Storm Strikes Saskatchewan—Lemington District." Lemington was their vicinity. At once it brought a terrible anxiety. The article mentioned that numerous farmers there had been entirely hailed out and many others would have left not more than ten bushels to the acre. Now Andrae had written John long ago assuring him that he might expect at least an average of thirty bushels on his. But now, what if—? All the way west from Winnipeg neither John nor Maggie could think of aught else.

"Here we've been counting on five thousand bushels and planning all kinds of things to do with our money and now maybe it won't pay for the threshing and the seed," wailed Maggie.

ANDRAE was at the station to meet the Parkers on Wednesday when the train pulled up.

John saw him through the car window. "Andrae looks cheerful, so that's a good sign," he commented.

They only waited to grip his hand and ask: "Well, how've you been?—How's the wife?—How's wee Andrae?" when it came—

"How about the hail?"—and with that both John and Maggie seemed almost to cease breathing.

Andrae gulped. "Not so bad! Not so bad!" he said hesitatingly. And then smiled his great broad smile. "We got the tail end of it. Jim McKeen's flat, and lots of others. But was just the north strip of yours. I guess you'll have—oh, gosh, you'll have—maybe two thousand bushels—maybe twenty-five hundred."

"Thank God!"

"Thank God!"

And both John and Maggie heaved an enormous sigh of relief. Twenty-five hundred bushels sounded pretty good to them now.

"Yes, you're mighty lucky. We're about even I think. I hope you won't mind, John, but Jim McKeen and me, we cut yours. We were so darned scared another hail come that we got right after it. Then the thresher's our way now and wants to start yours on Friday."

IT was not until the crops were in the following year—and this time there was a "bumper" crop—that John heard the whole story: *His own crop of wheat had been entirely ruined by the hail.* The storm came the very day after Andrae got John's letter from Ontario telling him they were leaving for home. The next day he began cutting his wheat which had entirely escaped the hail. When a good half was down he and Jim McKeen, with help from Mrs. Andrae, had worked almost night and day carefully clearing away one side of John's ruined crop and filling it up with stocks of good grain from Andrae's own land—an almost superhuman accomplishment. But they did it so well that John was entirely deceived.

So, after all, Margaret's debt was paid, and with interest.

A Child in the Midst

Continued from page 22

supper on Christmas Eve, your father, trying to make conversation, told me that on his way home with his partner, the latter had stopped at the Children's Shelter to leave a large box of oranges, a Christmas present. As I went about my kitchen washing the supper dishes, my thoughts dwelt I believe for the first time on the little folks in the Children's Shelter. We had the home and not the children; there were the children and not the homes.

"Tom," I said, "why couldn't we take something over to the Shelter tonight?" He took the idea up warmly, perhaps because it was the first sign of my returning interest in life. "Of course we can, old girl," he said, "I never thought of it as something for us to do. Get on your hat and we will go right away and see what we can do." The idea developed as we thought about it, and looking at them with a new purpose in mind almost every shop seemed to offer something for children. Before we reached home we were laden with a Christmas tree, the necessary decorations for it, and a fine selection of simple presents.

"When we surveyed our purchases, and our temporary excitement had subsided, we felt just a little foolish. We didn't quite know what to do with the tree now we had it. Perhaps they wouldn't want us to come along with a Christmas tree at the last moment. Anyhow there it was, and Tom decided he would telephone the Matron of the Shelter and see what she said. She was splendid about it; said they already had a Christmas tree for the children for the next afternoon, but if we really did have another all ready for them, she

knew what they could do. They would divide the children, and use our tree for the little tots, and the tree they already had for the older children. It was hard anyway to get them all into one room and look after them satisfactorily. And if all our presents were not suited for the tiny tots some of them could be exchanged with those they already had.

"So the next afternoon Tom and I went over to the Shelter with our tree. We had been pretty busy all morning fixing up a stand for it, tying up the presents in colored wrappings and attaching Santa Claus tags to everything. It didn't take long to get the tree dressed once we reached the Shelter. We stayed for the distribution. Arriving home for our supper at a later hour than usual, we had to make it quite a modest meal for Christmas Day, yet I believe we ate it with more relish than if it had been one of our fine Christmas dinners of the past."

"You didn't have a real Christmas dinner that day then, mother?"

"No. No turkey, no Christmas pudding, no mince pies, but with our ordinary supper that night we had the finest known Christmas sauce, the thought of children whom we had helped to make happy.

"YOUR father and I sat up quite late that night, Carrie, and we talked of many new things. We both knew we could never go back, to be caught again in the social whirl and to spend our time as we had done for nearly a year and a half. We had seen life and death and real Christmas happiness since then, and when Christmas was over and all

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returned to their everyday doings, we struck a new key note."

"You don't need to tell me what it was, mother, I know."

"I hope you do, Carrie, for we tried to keep to it all through the years that followed. We tried three more Christmases on the new plan, not repeating the same thing, but always getting into touch with some children. And then you came to gladden our home, and afterwards Charlie and Dick and Mattie and little Joyce."

"And did you never give any more gay Christmas parties, mother, in those three years?" Carrie asked.

"Oh, yes, we did, but somehow we gathered different friends around us, and they came with their children, and the children seemed to be the centre of things and to make our parties a success. Just as your parties are always a success, Carrie, although you didn't have to go into the wilderness to learn your lesson, as I did."

"And that is how you came to see Christmas so much through the eyes of children, is it, mother?"

Mrs. Soutar made no reply, but Carrie thought she heard her softly saying 'He took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'

The Greater Gift

Continued from page 11

He almost fell at her feet.

"Oh mama, oh mama—! And I was so good!"

She lifted him up high in her arms and carried him in. She hurried to the chair by the stove, and there with him on her lap drew off his shoes and his wet clothes; saying nothing, letting him cry his pitiful little cry; saying nothing, but thinking fast.

When he was wrapped warmly in a shawl, she took his face in her hands smiling at him brightly and said:

"So, my precious, you *did* get the best gift of all!"

His eyes widened and he fought his tears. He was an imaginative child. Perhaps it had come to the house. How silly he had been!

"What, mama?"

She cuddled him close again and swung him around so that his feet might get the warmth from the fire.

"You remember the little Christ-child. You remember that when He came to earth there was no room for Him. Only a little stall near the sheep."

"Yes, mama."

"And think—perhaps His mother, the blessed Mary, wept a little for sadness—it was not much for her baby—this stall. And then you remember how the king would have killed Him—the Most Blessed One. And they had to flee, those good parents. This, too, was sad, little Magnus, don't you think?"

"Yes, mama."

"And perhaps there were few joys for the little Jesus in the days to come in Galilee—and you remember all the sadness that followed this again. You remember the lonely Jesus in that garden one dark night—and that day before Pilate—and you remember the cross."

"Yes mama."

Little Magnus was now ready to weep for the abused Jesus.

"And this Christmas—it is first a time of remembrance and then a time of joy, you know that, little one? And every year at Christmas time, the Most Blessed Lord comes down to earth again in the likeness of the child He once was—and He comes and stands behind the child He has found most worthy that year. And while He stands so, the shadow of His cross falls upon Him again as it did in the manger, and falls, too, upon His little chosen one. This is the *real* Christmas gift—this is God's favour."

"Oh, mama!" Magnus' eyes were bright with amazement. His mother swallowed painfully, smoothed the shawl about him, then holding him close, smiled her beautiful smile.

"And *this* is the gift you received, little Magnus."

"But, mama—"

"Think—were you not unobserved? Did anyone see you? Did anyone speak to you? Or seek to detain you?"

"No, mama, but—"

"There then! Can you not see? It was not possible! It was not possible—they did not see you, these people. You were over-shadowed. And it is ever so. Those that are favoured by the cross, they go alone walking with their Lord. Little joys are not for them—they have the stars for company, and the friendship of the angels. Come, my sweet, smile again. Are you not proud to be so loved of your God?"

"Oh, mama!" Suddenly little Magnus

flung his arms around her neck, kissing her passionately. "Oh, it is so beautiful! But how *did* you know it?"

She laughed happily, now much relieved, got up and carried him to the table.

"Oh, perhaps it was whispered to me, who knows? And look! here we have a party—is it not gay?"

She stepped about briskly pouring him out a little coffee and milk, then sat down beside him.

When Magnus lifted his plate and found the candle, tied so smartly with its red ribbon, he clapped his hands.

"Oh, let's light it mama, and watch it burn while we eat."

"No, my precious, we will light it when you are in bed and it shall burn beside you till you are asleep. It is the Christmas candle, such as the children burned for the Christ-child in my dear country. And as you sleep I have no doubt that you will dream—you, the little chosen one."

After he was in bed, watching the tiny flickering candle drowsily, he called his mother. She came toward him, tired-looking but satisfied, and bent above him. He wound his arms around her neck.

"Mama," he whispered, "do you think He was sorry I should have cried—that I didn't understand?"

She smiled down at him mistily.

"No, my beloved. I think above all else He would understand."

Just a little while the child gazed up at her earnestly, then he smiled contentedly.

"I guess the shadow fell on you too, mama, when you were little. That is why you always understand."

The Empire's Oldest Xmas Dinner

Continued from page 49

Afterwards, a little cheery music is provided, and each man is handed a pipe of English Cherrywood, a tin of tobacco containing half a pound of the soothing wood herb, a box of matches, a pair of woollen mittens, a Christmas card and a present of money.

Then, as on other nights, the guests between nine and ten o'clock are shown to their separate beds, comfortable with blankets and snowy sheets, in the dormitories, that probably are the oldest in active use in the British Isles, if not in Europe. Dating from the late 16th century establishment of "Watts" they are six in number—three on the ground floor, and three above, but approached by an outside staircase. In the morning the visitors are called early, and usually are off on the tramp again between seven and eight o'clock. Breakfast is not provided. Each of the men, however, is handed four pennies, and has the remains of his supper wrapped up to eat at his convenience.

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The Home Doctor

Concerning Vaccines

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

ONE of the modern treatments largely employed in the handling of many diseases, is that known as vaccination, or serum treatment. Some people who do not understand just what this means, or what the serum treatment has done for humanity, oppose it.

Today we suffer no particular fear concerning epidemics of smallpox. Now and again we hear of one or two cases which are taken care of promptly by the authorities, and the populace as a whole, properly protected. Then, too, many people undergo the vaccination treatment to render them less susceptible to this disease.

When we compare our present relative safety with the condition before this treatment was used, we are amazed at what vaccination has done. In those days before the investigations of Edward Jenner, few people reached the seventh year of age without having smallpox, and each generation paid a toll in fatalities of from seven to eight per cent. of all its numbers. Many of those who lived were disfigured, deformed or blind.

Our Indian tribes were subject to it, and sometimes epidemics wiped some of these tribes out entirely. In China and in Mexico, where the vaccine treatment is not used as we use it, smallpox still rages.

The fear of vaccination has probably arisen from four sources:

First, most people dread and are rather timid concerning the unknown;

Second, in the early days of the treatment, the vaccine virus was not uniform in character as it is now, and once in a while, an impure batch failed to give good results;

Third, many people enjoy the possession of a vivid imagination, and, having heard some anti-vaccination story, accept it as testimony against the process;

Fourth, some people just naturally oppose progressive ideas, without investigating the testimony for and against, thoroughly.

Today, vaccines are made and tested under the most rigid of conditions, for these are of delicate substances. The physician who treats his patient for any one of the many diseases for which vaccination is used, can be absolutely certain that he is using a pure and fresh product. And statistics gathered in relation to thousands of cases go to show two important facts with certainty:

The first is, that the right kind of vaccine, administered during health as a preventive, is highly efficient. For

example, the Serbian people were dying off with Asiatic cholera like flies. The American Red Cross not only cleaned up the territory, but vaccinated freely against this disease, and in a few months had the situation under control. This is called the prophylactic use of bacterial vaccines.

One vaccine which mothers now look to with a good deal of assurance, is Pertussis Vaccine, for the prevention of whooping cough.

Second, curative vaccines in the form of antitoxins, as in the case of diphtheria are a great aid in checking disease. Among the ailments treated in this manner with success are erysipelas, acute rheumatism, pneumonia, typhoid, and scarlet fever.

Mixed vaccines, or those of a little different type, are used in the treatment of colds, asthma, hay fever, and other respiratory troubles.

It has been found that many people are sensitive to the pollens of various plants, these causing most unpleasant and distressing irritations. These people are described as being "sensitive" to some kind of pollen. That is, they are susceptible to trouble from that source. We sometimes meet people who cannot eat oysters, or eggs, or strawberries, or tomatoes, or veal, or lamb, or onions, or drink milk. These people are "sensitive" to these foods.

The treatment consists in overcoming this sensitiveness with immunizing serums. The underlying theory of serum inoculation treatment is not clearly understood by the public. There is nothing mysterious or occult about it. The serum itself, or antitoxin, is as the name indicates, a substance opposed to the dangerous poisons in the system, tending to neutralize them; and second, the serums stimulate normal activities which enable the body to defend itself against the invading disease germs. Sometimes antitoxins are luridly described as "dangerous poisons" by those who do not understand their character.

Science is doing many wonderful things, and by no means the least of these is the subjugation of disease. And we can at least be thankful that there are those willing to give of their time, and skill, and knowledge, and money, to determine what is best to do under threatening conditions.

It has been prophesied that the great discoveries of the near future will be made in the laboratories of the land, and it seems reasonable to believe that this is true.

The Safe Use of Iodine

Valuable-to-Know Series

EVERY home, especially where there are children or active workers, should be provided with a few First Aid supplies. More than that, it is necessary to know how to use them properly that the entrance of dangerous germs shall be prevented.

At a recent meeting of the conference board of physicians connected with various industries, it was brought out that many people do not understand the proper and safe use of iodine. It was pointed out that the sooner iodine is applied to an injury, the better, as the surface of the skin has many thousands of germs upon it which are ready to poison and infect a fresh wound before nature can build up the defense. After eight hours, the application of iodine is of doubtful value, as by that time the germs will have penetrated too far for the iodine to reach them.

Iodine should be kept in a glass-stoppered bottle, as the cork stopper is likely to be attacked and deteriorated so as to let in the air. This causes evaporation of part of the contents, and the iodine mixture is much stronger in consequence, than it should be.

Iodine should be applied immediately, or as soon after as possible, to an injury. Do not apply more than once as it is too

strong a counter-irritant. Do not apply to unbroken skin surfaces—only put on the wound itself and the area immediately surrounding. Gauze or cotton should not be soaked in the iodine and applied to the skin, as this will cause a burn. Either use a small brush or a small pledget of absorbent cotton which can be thrown away. Cover with folds of sterile gauze bandage.

If tincture of iodine is put upon an unbroken skin surface, it is very likely to produce a blister, which in turn, may become infected.

It is well to have on hand some simple antiseptic with which a wound may be washed, such as peroxide of hydrogen. First, the peroxide of hydrogen may be poured directly into the wound. Then one tablespoonful of the peroxide of hydrogen to one of boiled water, may be used as a wash, a clean pledget of cotton being employed and discarded, but never dipped into the solution.

Carbolized vaseline is useful for many purposes, as it is healing and antiseptic in character. Bandages and absorbent cotton should be kept in glass containers which have been scalded and are tightly closed so as to prevent contamination.



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School Lunches

*This is the second instalment of an article
 of interest to every mother and teacher*

Desserts and Their Selection

THE dessert for any meal usually consists of fruit, either raw or cooked, of sweets or of pastry. Most children like fruits, raw, cooked, or dried, and so they are very useful for dessert for them. Even here, however, variety should be considered, and the less common uses for fruits are worth noting. For example, in a certain boarding school the children are given daily a food resembling candy, which is made of finely chopped dried fruits and nuts mixed together, rolled out, and cut into squares like caramels. These are very palatable and nutritious and are believed to prevent constipation. (See recipe for Fruit and Nut Confection in next month's article).

Pies and other kinds of pastry add much fat to the diet, the amount of fat in many kinds of pie (taking crust and filling together) being more in proportion to weight than in any meat but the very fattest. Most authorities on food believe that it is better to serve fat to children in the form of butter, milk, cream, egg yolks, or uncooked salad oils than in the form of rich pastry or rich sweets—i.e., desserts that are heavily sweetened and also very fat.

Experience has shown that fruits, fresh or served in simpler forms (baked, stewed, or raw), and simple sweets are better forms of dessert for children than preserves or rich pastry. Sweets may be given in the form of cake (not too rich or it comes in the class of pastry), cookies, sweet sandwiches, simple candy, honey, dried or preserved fruits, maple sugar, and loaf sugar, and in many other ways. Highly flavored and spiced foods should be avoided because they spoil the appetite for simple flavors.

Foods Conveniently Grouped

GOING back over what has been said about the kinds of foods desirable, the subject may be summed up by saying that the important elements of a child's diet are milk, supplemented at times by other protein-rich foods but never wholly omitted; bread or cereal food in other forms; butter or other foods containing much fat; vegetables and fruits, and sweets. In general, it may be said that the school lunch, like the diet as a whole, should contain representatives of the following groups:

Group 1. The protein-rich foods—Milk, cheese; meats (except the very fattest); fish; poultry; dried beans, peas, and cow-peas; peanuts; and others. The reasons for including peanuts are their high percentage of protein and the fact that in finely divided form they are used as sandwich filling. Other nuts are rich in protein but are at present seldom used in the child's diet in sufficient quantities to make it necessary to enumerate them here.

Group 2. The cereal or starchy foods—Breads, cereal mushes, ready-to-eat cereal breakfast foods, rice, macaroni, tapioca, and others.

Group 3. The fatty foods—Butter, cream, salad oils, bacon, and others.

Group 4. Vegetables and fruits—Here some confusion may arise because the term "vegetable" is sometimes used to mean all foods of plant origin and in this sense would include cereal, dried beans, and other foods which have been classified elsewhere. As here used it applies only to those which are used as side dishes with meat or as salads and in similar ways—potatoes, greens, lettuce, celery, green peas and beans, carrots, asparagus, and others. Under this heading come also all cooked or raw fruits, with the exception of those to which much sugar has been added (preserved or candied fruits, marmalades and others) and dried fruits in which the percentage of sugar is high because most of the water has been driven off. Such sweet fruits are more properly classed under group 5.

Group 5. Simple sweets—Cakes and cookies which contain little fat; cane sugar; plain candies; maple sugar; sweet chocolate; jellies; preserved fruits; jams; marmalades; honey, molasses, and other syrups; dried figs, dates, raisins and other dried fruits and similar foods are members of this group.

If, as a general rule, each of the above groups is represented, the diet is likely to contain all the important nutrients—protein, fat, starch, sugar, mineral matters, and growth-stimulating substances—in reasonably correct proportions, and to have an energy value sufficient for the child's needs. If all groups are represented no one kind of foods is likely to be used in excess.

The food materials which are regularly used in the household are so many and so varied that they cannot, of course, be perfectly classified under a few heads. It would be difficult, for example, to say where dried beans belong, for they have much protein and also much starch. Mutton would naturally come under the protein-rich and also under the fat foods. In spite of such difficulties, there are many advantages about such a grouping system as that mentioned above. One is, that it leads the mother or housekeeper to think of the special value of each of the groups and prevents her from omitting representatives of any of them from her bills of fare for any long period. It is likely to prevent her, for example, from making up a lunch which consists only of starchy foods and sweets (bread-stuffs and cake), as so many lunches now do.

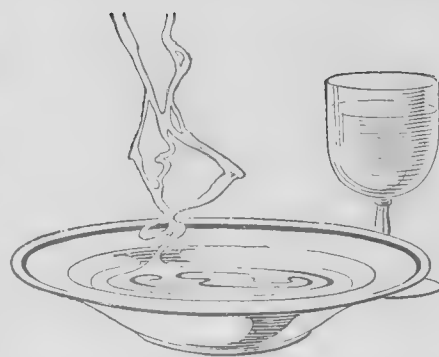
It should prevent her also from serving meat and eggs, or meat, eggs and milk at the same meal, with no fresh vegetable or fruit. Again, it prevents the omission of members of one group without some very good reason. In general, economy is most likely to be necessary in the protein-rich foods and in the fruits and vegetables, for these are usually high priced. Among the first mentioned are such foods as dried beans, peas, cow-peas, peanuts, walnuts, and pecans, as well as eggs, milk, cheese, and flesh foods; and often, though by no means in all cases, the vegetable foods in the group are cheaper. To learn, therefore, to prepare attractively the lower-priced members of the group is far better than to omit the group entirely in order to save money. The same may be said of fruits and vegetables, which could be raised in the home garden more often than they are, or gathered in the woods by children as a school exercise.

A meal in which all of the important kinds of food are represented tends to keep the child in good condition and to give him good habits of eating. The liking for a large range of foods is desirable from the standpoint of diet and also of manners, for it helps to prevent a person from becoming a disagreeable table companion—one who is "fussy" about his food. Meals that are carefully planned help also to give the child some little idea of what those who know most about foods have in mind when they speak of possible "balanced"—or better, a "rightly-chosen" ration. With children it is far more important to suggest the value of such a ration by the character of the meals given to them than to try to tell them what it is or to what extent it has been worked out.

The Noon Meal at Home

THERE is no reason why the ordinary family dinner should not be suitable for school children or served in a way that adapts it to their needs. The usual first course of meat and vegetables contains nothing, except the meat, which cannot be given to even the youngest children. The vegetables, providing they are carefully prepared by simple methods, are specially needed and can often be made attractive to children by being

Continued on page 66



The French trick of using it in soup

THE French chef recommends it—Cox's to enrich soups—(one tablespoonful of Cox's to a quart of soup stock—it makes thicker, richer, more nutritious soup).

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Recipe

Crown Candy for Pulling

1 cup Brown Sugar,
 1 cup Crown Brand Syrup,
 1 tablespoon Mazola,
 1 tablespoon Lemon Juice.

Cook all together without stirring till brittle when tested in cold water. Pour into oiled pans till cool enough to pull.

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"Child's Eyelids Inflamed Stuck Together and Bled"

Mr. E. P. Kimball, Entwistle, Alta., writes:

"Our little girl from birth was troubled with inflamed eyelids and in spite of several remedies, grew worse until at the age of sixteen months her eyes could not be opened after sleep without bleeding, a waxy discharge sticking the lids together and adhering with great tenacity. The child's grandmothers were consulted by mail, and both responded with a little sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. These were used as directed, and lasted until we could obtain a further supply from Edmonton. Improvement was very marked from the first application. The waxy discharge was easier removed and did not reappear. Inflammation subsided and has not returned."



Dr. Chase's Ointment

60 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

School Lunches—Continued from page 65

served with a little meat gravy. As a substitute for the meat itself, milk can be provided in the case of the younger children. These articles, with the bread and butter, provide most of the food needed.

The dessert course is suitable for children as well as for grown people unless it consists of rich pastries or puddings. The latter are not considered wholesome for children, if for no other reason than that they are likely to lead to overeating. Such desserts as fruit, fresh or cooked, with cake; cereals with milk or cream, and sugar; custards and custard puddings; gelatin dishes; simple ice cream; water ices; and other simple desserts may be given.

Whether or not the family meal is healthful for children depends not only on the food materials selected, but also on the way in which they are cooked. Simple methods are to be preferred from the standpoint of health as well as from that of the housekeeper's time. All dishes that are likely to contain overheated and scorched fats, such as foods carelessly fried in a pan in a small amount of fat, should be avoided. Deep-fat frying is open to fewer objections since, if properly done, foods will absorb little fat and the fat will not scorch. Vegetables cooked in water or in their own juices and seasoned with salt and a little butter or cream, are easier to prepare than those that are served with white sauce, scalloped, or cooked in other elaborate ways.

What is said above applies equally to all meals. There is, however, one special precaution that applies to the noon meal when it is hurried. This refers to tough, hard foods that are likely to escape proper mastication. It is a mistake to think that the foods given to children must always be soft or finely divided, for children's teeth need exercise quite as much as the muscles do. When time for eating is limited, however, it is well to omit foods that are difficult to chew, and in extreme cases it may be necessary to serve only soft or finely divided foods—sandwiches made from crustless bread with finely chopped fillings, for example. Before resorting to this, however, it is well to make sure that the time for eating and for insistence on good table manners is not unnecessarily cut short. The advantage of putting the meal on the table promptly and of having foods served in individual portions, or at least ready to eat when they are brought to the table, should be kept in mind. To have the meat already sliced and the dessert in cups instead of in one large dish from which individual portions must be served, and to follow the same general plan with other foods, may change a hurried meal into one at which there is plenty of time for attention to details essential to health and good manners.

If special lunches, different to those prepared for the family in general, are to be given to school children, the following are suggested as bills of fare. They are only typical and many others might be given which would be just as good:—

Suggested Bills of Fare for the Home Lunch

1. Eggs, boiled, coddled, poached, or scrambled; bread and butter; spinach or other greens; cake.
2. Beef stew with vegetables; crisp, thin tea biscuits; honey.
3. Dried bean or pea purée; toast; baked apple; cookies.
4. Vegetable-milk soup; zwieback; rice with maple sugar and butter or with milk or cream.
5. Potato chowder; crackers; jelly sandwiches.
6. Cold meat; creamed potatoes; peas; bread and butter; frozen custard or plain ice cream and plain cake.
7. Lamb chop; baked potatoes; bread and butter; sliced mixed fruits; cookies.
8. Baked omelet with spinach, kale or other greens; bread and butter; apple sauce; cake.
9. Milk toast; string beans; stewed fruit; cake.

10. Boiled potatoes; codfish gravy; bread and butter; lettuce; custard.

The Basket Lunch

THE basket lunch is harder to plan and also to prepare than the lunch at home. To begin with, there are many foods which cannot be included in it, either because they are not good cold or because they cannot be conveniently packed or easily carried. This leaves fewer foods to choose from, and so extra care is necessary to prevent sameness. Extra care is needed, too, in the preparation of foods that must be packed in small compass and kept for several hours before being eaten and that must very often be carried over dusty roads.

On the other hand, the number of foods that can be easily carried has been enlarged of late by the possibility of using paraffin paper and parchment paper, in which moist foods can be wrapped so as to prevent them from sticking to other foods. Paper cups, jelly glasses, and so on, are also a help, for in them sliced raw fruits, stewed fruits, custards, cottage cheese, and other half-solid foods can be carried.

The quality of the bread used in the basket lunch is especially important because it is commonly served in the form of sandwiches and is, therefore, to be considered not only as a food in itself but also as a means of keeping other much-needed foods in good and appetizing condition, or of serving them in attractive ways.

Variety in breads, too, is more important at this than at other meals because of the danger of monotony. Wheat bread, whole-wheat bread, corn, rye, or oatmeal breads; nut, raisin, and date breads; beaten biscuit, rolls, crisp baking powder biscuit, or soda biscuit, and toast, zwieback, and crackers may be used in turn to give variety. Rolls hollowed out can be made to hold a large amount of sandwich filling, which is an advantage at times.

Packing the Lunch

MANY kinds of lunch boxes, pails, and baskets are now on the market. The chief advantage of most boxes and pails is that they are made of metal and can, therefore, be easily cleaned and scalded to keep them in safe condition. Some boxes have the advantage over pails that they can be folded when empty and strapped with the school books. Baskets are ventilated and for this reason suitable for carrying moist foods which are likely to spoil. There is no reason, however, why small holes cannot be punched in metal boxes or pails to let in the air. Baskets can, of course, be washed or scalded, but not so easily as metal containers, and they should be frequently cleansed. There should, in fact, be no part of any food container that cannot be cleaned. For this reason the simplest boxes and baskets are often better than the more elaborate ones with compartments in which to keep dishes, knives, forks and spoons. With the increase in automobile travel, well-constructed boxes and baskets which can be easily cleaned have come on the market with compartments for keeping food hot or cold and for holding liquids. These are, of course, suitable only for children who ride back and forth, and particularly suitable where several lunches are put up in one household.

The precautions which must be taken to keep foods clean and safe differ with circumstances. In dusty seasons they should be wrapped particularly well. In hot weather the use of soft, moist foods in which molds and bacteria are most likely to grow rapidly should be avoided. Although chopped meat moistened with a dressing of some kind makes a good sandwich filling, such foods are less desirable in hot weather than slices of meat, peanut butter, or other foods less liable to spoil.

Paper napkins or the somewhat heavier paper towels of much the same size are very useful for packing lunches, and,



like paraffin and parchment paper, may now be obtained at a low price, particularly if bought in rather large quantities. If no provision is made in the school for serving lunches, an extra napkin, either of paper or cloth, should be put in the basket, to be spread over the school desk when the lunch is eaten. Napkins can be made out of cotton crepe at a cost of a very few cents each. The crepe may be bought by the yard, and should be cut into squares and fringed. Such napkins have the advantage of not needing to be ironed.

In packing the lunch basket put at the bottom the things least likely to crush, and wrap the sandwiches, etc., into neat parcels, not all in one. Paper cups; jelly tumblers with covers, which can now be bought in several sizes; bottles with screw tops, such as those in which candy and some other foods are sold; and small jars such as those in which some goods are sold by druggists, can all be used for packing jellies, jams, and honey, as well as the foods mentioned above. When clean and in good condition, empty receptacles of this kind can be saved for use in the lunch basket.

A few bills of fare for basket lunches follow, which may help in deciding what is satisfactory for the purpose. Many others equally good could be suggested.

Suggested Bills of Fare for the Basket Lunch

1. Sandwiches with sliced tender meat for filling; baked apple, cookies or a few lumps of sugar.
2. Slices of meat loaf or bean loaf; bread and butter sandwiches; stewed fruit; small frosted cake.
3. Crisp rolls, hollowed out and filled with chopped meat or fish, moistened and seasoned, or mixed with salad dressing; orange, apple, a mixture of sliced fruits, or berries; cake.
4. Lettuce or celery sandwiches; cup custard; jelly sandwiches.
5. Cottage cheese and chopped green-pepper sandwiches or a pot of cream cheese with bread-and-butter sandwiches; peanut sandwiches, fruit; cake.
6. Hard-boiled eggs; crisp baking-powder biscuits; celery or radishes; brown-sugar or maple-sugar sandwiches.
7. Bottle of milk; thin corn bread and butter; dates; apple.
8. Raisin or nut bread with butter; cheese; orange; maple sugar.
9. Baked bean and lettuce sandwiches; apple sauce; sweet chocolate.

Next month we will deal with "Lunches Partly or Wholly Prepared at School."

The One He Had Been Looking For

"Why so silent?" he asked her. "You haven't said a word for ten minutes." "I didn't have anything to say," she replied.

He sat with a hopeful gleam in his eye.

"Look here," he said, "don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"Why, no," she replied.

"Then," he said, "Will you be my wife?"

Not Up To Her Standard

"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yis, mum, lots of them," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring some of them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the troot, they're just loike me photygraphs. None of them don't do me justice."

Easy

Marriage was the subject under discussion at the sewing party.

"I could never understand the Bible reference to marriages in heaven," said Mrs. Jones thoughtfully. "Why do you suppose there is no marrying nor giving in marriage there?"

"That's easy," said a sarcastic spinster. "There probably isn't a man in the place."



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Cakes so brown and golden,
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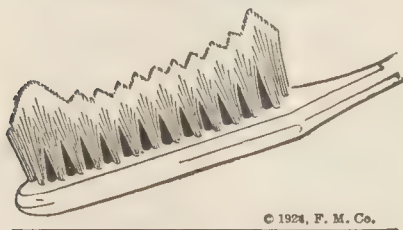
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The minute you roll out

every morning, wake up your mouth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You'll like the clean and breezy feeling that it gives your mouth.

Sold everywhere in the Empire. Prices are—Pro-phy-lac-tic De Luxe, 75c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 65c; Small Size, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 35c. Made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft. Florence Mfg. Co., Limited, 275 Craig Street West, Montreal, Canada.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



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There is much to be said to mothers on the subject of pure wool. Briefly, the JAEGER trade mark on the child's undergarments means the following advantages: practically non-shrinkable; not too warm in home or heated school room; perfect fit and comfort; true economy.

Caution: For the growing child buy JAEGER underwear quite large because it is going to last a long time.

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Elsie Boards the Raft

By ELIZABETH LOUDON WATKINS

WHEN Mona Freeland married Ernest Hutton of the Forestry Branch of the Dominion Government at Ottawa, and went to live in Fort Frances, she was as ignorant of what life in the far West meant, away from every friend and relation, as an unborn babe.

Mona was a splendid girl, not pretty in the least, but clever and most attractive, with that "something" indescribable about her, a charm, a personality, call it what you like, but wherever you meet it, you are instantly aware of it. It was a love match, and Mona left home and friends without a pang. She had a wonderful mother, and although she did not know the meaning of the word "Poverty," she realized that dollar bills could not be picked off trees, and had always had a dress allowance, and been obliged to live within it. Ernest's salary of twenty-one hundred a year sounded to Mona like riches, and when her father added another two hundred for "pin money" she was supremely happy. Ernest had rented a small bungalow and had partly furnished it, and with their beautiful presents it seemed to Mona, there was nothing left to wish for.

After the wedding they left at once for their home, for Ernest, who was a careful man, now well over thirty, saw economy in saving the expense of a wedding trip.

It was late in September, and a glorious day when they arrived at their destination. Four days and nights on the train had fagged Mona out, but when they arrived at the bungalow her spirits revived, and she went from one room to another enchanted with everything.

They had been in their new home over two months when she began to realize that, with the exception of the butcher and baker and tradespeople, she had not spoken to a soul but Ernest. He left for his office early, and his work often took him far into the surrounding country making it late in the evening before he returned. Mona was a bright resourceful girl, and busied herself finishing odds and ends of her linen trousseau, which in the hurry and excitement that now seemed years ago, there had been no time for. This soon came to an end and now, after she finished the housework in the morning, she went for long walks and did her shopping.

LITTLE by little she began to have a queer feeling of loneliness. She saw people talking and laughing together in the shops and on the streets and one day two girls of her own age passed her, dressed in blanket suits and carrying skis, and whatever it was in their whole happy appearance she never knew, but she rushed home to an empty house, flung herself on the big lounge and cried as if her heart would break. She was afraid to tell Ernest she was lonely, now she realized what was wrong, and he, passionately in love with her, busy outside all day, came home every night to what was to him an ideal existence. She began to find, too, that what had seemed to her a good income at first, was, in reality, only barely enough to live on. Payments on the house, insurance, gas, water, phone, incidentals, odds and ends, never-ending little things in the house to be fixed, things that at home Mona had never dreamed of, must be paid first, before even the tradespeople, whose bills, she had thought, comprised the entire household expenses.

GRADUALLY, she began to fall behind in her housekeeping accounts. At the end of the month she could not pay her grocery bill, and was obliged to leave a balance owing. Instead of buying her bread tickets in five-dollar sheets, she now bought a loaf as she needed it, despising herself for what she considered her inefficiency in housekeeping. At first she had naturally sent out all her laundry. This alone mounted up appallingly and she began to pick out many of her own dainty little things to do at home, telling herself it was because the laundry would tear them, but knowing in her heart it was to save the extra dollar

or two. Ernest never suspected this, and at the end of four months, when they realized that there would be other cares before Christmas, he was the happiest man on earth.

Mona was delighted too, for now there would be a wonderful interest in her life. She was very fond of children and started at once to make the necessary preparations. She loved knitting the darling little garments and making the frilly lacy little things that are never worn after the baby arrives. Presently she began to feel ill. She noticed it in the morning first when she would waken with a cold, shaky, dreadful feeling, and a head heavy as lead. Surely there was something wrong, she thought. She couldn't eat a mouthful of breakfast, but bravely tried to hide her feelings from Ernest and as soon as he had kissed her good-bye and was gone, she would rush to her room, and throw herself on the unmade bed. There she would lie and be thoroughly miserable until nearly noon, when she would force herself to get up, wash dirty dishes, throw the bed clothes on anyhow, and try to think of something easy for lunch. She grew worse, naturally, instead of better as time went on, and Ernest, with no more experience than Mona, thought everything perfect.



ONE day she was feeling particularly wretched, and had scarcely raised her head all day, when the phone rang and Ernest's cheery voice came through. "Hello, Sweetheart, how are the chances for me bringing Harold Lansing home to supper? He's in town and I've asked him down."

Harold Lansing from home, and feeling as she did! How could Ernest ask him, and how could she cook supper, to say nothing of going out now at four o'clock, and rush around looking for food. Food! The very mention of it made her feel ill, and noticing her hesitate, Ernest continued,

"You needn't go to any trouble dearest, just something simple; a lobster, some salad and fruit."

"All right dear," she said, "bring him along. What time will you be home?"

"About six-thirty," he said, and with some endearing words rang off.

Mona looked around in despair at the untidy bedroom; Ernest's underwear just where he had left it the night before, his sox, his soiled collar with the tie still in it, in a strangle knot, just where he had flung it, her own morning dress hanging over the foot of the bed, in fact nothing done. The kitchen was worse, dirty dishes everywhere. However, she must buck up. She smoothed her pretty, soft dark hair, pulled a little scarlet sport hat well down over her eyes, and slipping her fur coat on, started out.

Ernest had said "something simple." How like a man; something simple to eat

is like something simple to wear, it costs ten times as much, and Mona was cramped for money. She couldn't think of anything simple and cheap. She went to the little grocer's where she dealt, and looked over his stock. Cooked ham, pressed beef, macaroni-headcheese, sardines, and canned salmon; no lettuce, nothing green, no fruit, except jam in five-pound pails and marmalade. No, she couldn't buy there, she must go down to the more expensive store of Baker & Company, where you could get anything you wanted and pay well for it too. Mr. Baker himself waited on her, and her spirits rose as he suggested one thing after another, and "Shall I charge it?" was like music in her ears.

SHE was half dead when she got home and faced the kitchen, but she bravely struggled on. Finally everything was finished; she had made a beautiful salad and with canned lobster on lettuce in one of her silver dishes, and large California peaches in a cut glass bowl, her table looked very inviting. But oh! how ill she felt, and she really was ill now. The unusual exertion had thoroughly tired her out. She started to dress and could scarcely get her lovely dinner gown on. It fastened at the side and as she had never worn it, she tore the hooks off trying to make it fit her. She smiled as she thought, "what a fool I am, of course none of my clothes will fit me now," but she struggled into it, covering up a gap at the side with a sash pulled off another dress in desperation. "I may as well throw them all out," she said, looking at herself in the long mirror, "I'm a perfect fright. Thank goodness it's a man coming and he won't know what I have on." She closed her bedroom door as she had no time to tidy it, opened the spare-room, and prayed she would get a chance to tell Ernest not to go into their room; put out fresh towels in the tiny bathroom, and went down, holding her head, to sink onto the lounge and pray for tomorrow.

At six-thirty sharp the two men arrived, full of life and spirits, and chilled through. They had been driving far out into the country and Ernest's first thoughtless words: "Why didn't you light the grate?" roused her and filled her with indignation, almost making her forget how ill she was. Lansing took her hand eagerly.

"Hello Mona old girl," he said as Ernest knelt down and struck a match to the logs, "you look tired."

"By Jove, it seems years since I saw you last," he continued, "not since we covered you with rice, the day you left. What a shame it was," he said. "The truth is, we were all thoroughly jealous of Ernest carrying you off, and by Jove," he laughed, "we might well be, for we've never laid eyes on you since. But you really look ill; aren't you well?"

MONA was ready to burst into tears.

This dear old friend from home brought her whole life back to her; that carefree, wonderful girl life, where there were no bills, no worries and no terrible sick headaches. They went at once into the pretty little dining room, and while they had supper, Harold gave them the news of their old friends.

"Did they know Shanley had been killed in a motor accident?"

"No, surely not, not Howard Shanley!"

"Yes," Lansing said, "they had been coming home from Buffalo, Shan, and some friends, and had been struck at a level crossing, a devilish thing in these civilized times. The others were not badly injured, but poor Shan. was instantly killed."

"Did Nancy Porter marry Crawford?" Mona asked.

"Yes, they went to live in England. His father had big interests there and Nancy was crazy to go; she had never been abroad."

"Poor Nancy," thought Mona, and aloud said, "how terrible."

Both men looked at her.

"Terrible—why?" Ernest asked.

Continued on page 80

"But, DOROTHY, salad forks go on the INSIDE!"

Dorothy changed the forks with a start. She resented Mary's tone of mingled surprise and reproof. But she resented more the fact that she *didn't* know where the salad forks went. No wonder, either. There were no salad forks at home, nor bouillon spoons, nor many of the other beautiful things they used at Mary's house. Dorothy felt as though she had missed much—because her mother hadn't enough silverware.



Have you enough silverware of beauty and correctness?

DOES your silverware make possible correct and gracious serving at every family meal? Does it help your children to be so familiar with correct usage that good table manners are their natural inheritance?

Perhaps not! Even now you may be "getting along" with silverware that falls short of your taste and desire—all because you fear for the expense of purchasing the necessary pieces.

But you need not fear it. In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can complete your silver service at surprisingly little outlay. You may purchase in quantities as small as you desire the important nice-

ties of table setting — bouillon spoons, salad forks, coffee spoons or serving pieces. Thus you may acquire, a little at a time, silverware whose beauty and durability will give you lasting satisfaction.

And remember, the "1847 Rogers Bros." makes the ideal Christmas gift.

Leading dealers throughout the Dominion carry this finest silverplate.

May we send you a copy of our booklet, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day.

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SILVERPLATE

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AMBASSADOR
Salad Fork



AMBASSADOR
Salt and Pepper, Fruit Bowl
and Service Plate

The Christmas Feast

By Gertrude Dutton

Illustrations by courtesy of Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati,
manufacturers of Crisco. From their
Thanksgiving advertisement

In Place of Turkey

FOR several reasons one may not wish to serve turkey for the Christmas dinner. Baked ham, crown roast of pork or lamb, chicken pie, small roasted pig may be chosen.

Crown Roast of Pork

Choose a rack of pork. Have each rib trimmed as for French lamb chops, skewer or tie the two sections of meat together. Put a cube of fat pork on the end of each bone to prevent charring, and to baste the roast. Roast in a roasting pan from 3 to 4 hours. To serve, remove the pork cubes from the bones, and decorate each with a paper frill. Serve with fried apples.

Fried Apples

Wash and core tart apples. Cut without paring in half inch slices. Put in a frying pan with enough butter to prevent burning. Cover and cook slowly till nearly tender. Remove cover and finish cooking.

Crown of Lamb

Select parts of two loins containing the ribs, scrape meat from the bones down to the lean meat, and trim off neatly. Shape each piece in a semicircle, with the ribs outside, and fasten together to form the crown. Put cubes of fat pork on the ends of the bones, as with roast crown of pork.

Baked Ham

Scrub a ham thoroughly, and soak overnight in enough cold water to cover it. Trim off the hard skin, put in a kettle with cold water to cover, heat slowly to the boiling point, and simmer till tender. Remove from the water when partially cooled, remove the outside skin, sprinkle with fine cracker crumbs and brown sugar, and stick with cloves half an inch apart. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

Chicken Pie

Clean and cut up the desired number of chickens. Put in a stew pan with an onion, a sprig of parsley and a piece of bay leaf. Cover with boiling water and simmer till tender, adding salt and pepper when partly cooked. Remove from the liquid. Strain the stock, skin off the fat and boil till it is reduced to 4 or 5 cups. Thicken with one-third flour. Cut the chicken in pieces suitable for serving, removing most of the bones. Place in a baking dish, pour over it the gravy, and cover with a baking powder biscuit dough crust, or individual biscuits. Care should be taken that there are incisions in the crust for the escape of steam. Bake till the crust is brown.

To Select Poultry

A good turkey has smooth dark legs, is plump, and the cartilage at the end of the breast bone is soft and pliable. A chicken has soft feet, soft cartilage at end of breast bone, and smooth skin. Several pin feathers indicate a young bird; the presence of long hairs indicate an older fowl. A fowl has hard, dry feet, with coarse scales, and the cartilage at the end of the breast bone has become hard.

A good goose is plump, has soft feet and a pliable bill, and plenty of pin feathers.

To Dress and Clean Poultry

Singe the bird to remove hairs and down, by holding it over a flame, and moving it constantly to expose all portions of the surface to the flame. Cut off the head and remove the pin feathers with sharp, pointed paring knife. Cut through the skin around the leg an inch or more below the leg joint, being careful not to cut the tendons. Place the leg at this cut over the edge of the board, press downward to crack the bone, then take the foot in the right hand, hold the bird with the left hand, and

pull the foot off. The tendons should come with it. Below the breast bone cut an opening through the skin large enough to admit the hand. With the hand remove the entrails and giblets. The gall bladder, which is attached to the liver, must be removed with great care, in order not to break it, as the bile which it contains would give a bitter taste to any flesh it touched. The lungs and kidneys are also removed, and the oil sack. The wind pipe and crop are drawn from under the skin near the neck. The neck is cut off close to the body, leaving enough skin to fasten under the back. The bird is

liver, wash the giblets and cook with the neck and tips of the wings in water. The stock may be used in gravy, and the cut up giblets put in it.

Christmas Cakes and Puddings

The names of them bring to our minds rich foods filled with fruits and nuts and spices and delightful odors for weeks before Christmas, because they are so much better if given plenty of time to ripen. More and more housekeepers are beginning to feel that the family budget will not permit of those which are very expensive, and our newer ideas of nutrition make us feel that for the children at least, something plainer should be provided. For this reason, both kinds will be considered.

Fruit Cake No. 1

Butter, 1 lb.	Dates, 1 lb.
Sugar, 2 c.	Currants, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.
Eggs, 12	Cocoanut, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Flour, 4 c.	Candied peel, 1 lb.
Cinnamon, 2 t.	Figs, 1 lb.
Nutmeg, 1 t.	Rosewater, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	Lemon juice, 2 tb.
Mace, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	
Cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	
Raisins, 2 lbs.	

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, continuing to cream well. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs, and beat the yolks well; add them to the butter and sugar. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Sift together the spices and all of the flour but one-third cup which is reserved to dredge the fruit, and add alternately with the rosewater and lemon juice. Then add the fruit, which has been finely cut and dredged, with the one-third cup of flour. Dredge the peel, which may be citron, lemon or orange as desired, or a mixture of them, with flour, and put in layers between the cake batter as it is put in the pan. Bake in buttered pans, in a very slow oven for four hours, or cover closely with waxed paper and steam three hours, then bake one and a half to two hours in a slow oven.

English Fruit Cake

Brown sugar (light), 2-2/3 c.
Butter, 1 lb.
Eggs, 9
Flour, 4 c.
Cinnamon, 2 t.
Citron peel, 1 lb.
Mace, 2 t.
Soda, 1 t.
Milk, 2 tb.
Currants, 3 lb.
Raisins, 2 lb.
Almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually. Separate the eggs, add the well beaten yolks, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Wash the currants well, cut up the raisins, blanch and shred the almonds, cut the citron peel in thin slices, then in strips. Dredge the fruit with one-third cup of flour, sift the remaining flour with the soda and spices. Add the fruit, nuts, milk and flour alternately. Bake as fruit cake No. 1.

Light Fruit Cake

Sugar, 1 c.	Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	
Vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	
Flour, $1\frac{1}{8}$ c.	
Baking powder, 3 t.	
Egg whites, 4	
Seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	
Citron peel, 2 oz.	
Walnut meats, 1/3 c.	

Cream the butter and sugar. Dredge the fruit with 1 tablespoonful of the flour. Add the fruit, milk and sifted flour and baking power alternately.

Fruit Cake No. 2

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Brown sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.	Flour, 2 c.
Raisins, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.	Soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Currants, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.	Cinnamon, 1 t.
Citron peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	Allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	Mace, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Eggs, 2	Clove, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
	Lemon extract, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Continued on page 74



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Always Reliable

Made In Canada - Contains No Alum

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How I Averaged \$65⁰⁰ A Month Working in Spare Time at Home

This is an actual letter copied word for word from the original

By Mrs. H. E. STEVENS

Ontario

FOR a long time I had been looking for a way to make some extra money, owing to crop failures. Two years ago I purchased an Auto Knitter and in two or three days I had learned to make standard socks, and in a very short time I could make also women's and children's hose, sweaters, lace, etc.

"I have two small children to look after and my own housework to do, but during the last six months I have averaged \$65 per month clear profit. I have made as high as \$5.00 profit a day.

"You may use this letter and my photograph, as this may be of benefit to some other woman in similar circumstances."

(Signed) Mrs. H. E. STEVENS.

Mrs. Stevens' experience is by no means exceptional. In thousands of homes similar experiences are happening. To be able to earn, even a few hundred dollars a year, has proved a great blessing, especially to men and women who can only work spare-time and could not consider a canvassing or selling proposition.

Make Money at Home

Auto Knitting is a tested, established, dependable method for turning spare hours at home into extra money for the things you want. Mrs. Stevens' letter is only one of many. Hundreds of men and women have written to tell us of their success, many reporting averages of \$50.00, \$60.00 and \$70.00 a month earned in spare time alone.

We Enter Into a Contract With You

The plan, briefly, is this: You knit for us at home in your spare time — whenever you like, as much or as little as you like. For every pair of standard socks you send us — standard meaning, knit to a standard measurement — we pay you a fixed, guaranteed price. Our contract protects you because you are assured of a constant guaranteed market for all your output at a good substantial profit.

But this contract does not bind you in any way, because you have the privilege of selling your output to neighbors or local dealers if you so desire. Remember this, though—for every dozen pairs of standard socks you send us, we send you not only your pay cheque, but sufficient yarn to replace that used in knitting your shipment of socks.

There is no reason why you cannot earn extra money for yourself at home, just as thousands of others are doing. There is a refined dignity and privacy in Auto Knitting that is not to be found in any other work. The fact that you deal privately with us in disposing of all your work is something which appeals very much to men and women who could not in any way consider a canvassing or selling proposition.

You work as much or as little as you please, and in those hours and half hours that you best can spare. No need to neglect your home or your children. No need to stop your present occupation.

No Experience is Necessary

The Auto Knitter comes to you with a sock started in it, we do this in order that you may follow the actual knitting operation by slowly turning the handle, and by following the simply written instructions, you cannot make a mistake. Speed comes with experience and in a little while you may turn the handle as fast as you like.

Many of our workers have developed nice private trades for themselves, as for instance Mrs. G. W. Rogers whose home is in Ontario. Mrs. Rogers says, "For a long time I had been wishing for something to fill in the spare hours, especially in the winter." She tells how she discovered "Auto Knitting" and how she began to turn her spare hours into dollars. "I have three little ones of my own," her letter reads, "and my little boy 8 years of age, is able to set up the machine for me. My private trade alone amounts to an average of \$50.00 a month." And yet, Mrs. Rogers is a busy housewife, with a home and children to look after.

The Details Are Free

We will be glad to send you absolutely without the slightest obligation on your part, complete particulars concerning Auto Knitting. If you will put your name and address on the coupon, and mail today, we will send you a beautifully illustrated booklet which you will find very interesting.

Don't hesitate. You owe it to yourself at least to find out about this wonderful money-making plan. Think of being able to sit down any time you like during the day and earn some extra money for something you especially want. Let us send you the booklet. Clip and mail the coupon NOW.



The foundation of the Auto Knitter business is based on co-operation. We need men and women to knit socks and they need us to supply the machines and buy their work. It is a business of mutual help.

The soundness of the business is proven by its ten years of success. The demand for Auto Knit socks was never so great. We need many more workers.

T. W. CHADBURN, President.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited,
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Canada.
Department No. 7312

Please send me free the full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City Prov.

Publication Western Home Monthly, 12-24.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Limited
Dept 7312, 1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ontario

The Christmas Feast—Continued from page 70

Nut Macaroons

Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Brown sugar, 1 c.
Egg white, 1 Nut meats, 1 c.
Roll the brown sugar to be sure it is free from lumps. Beat the egg white till stiff and dry. Add the sugar gradually, continuing to beat. Fold in the chopped nut meats, sprinkled with the salt. Drop from the tip of a spoon on a buttered cookie sheet, or the bottom of an inverted pan, and bake in a moderate oven till brown.

Old English Plum Pudding

Shortening, 1 c. Citron, cut fine,
Granulated sugar, 2 oz.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Fruit juice, any
Eggs, 4 kind, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Milk, hot or Flour, 1 c.
scalded, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Baking powder,
Seeded raisins, cut 2 t.
fine, 1 c. Cinnamon, 1 t.
Currants, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Chopped figs, Cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Mace, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Salt, 1 t.

Enough fresh bread crumbs to make one cupful when moistened with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk.

Cream the shortening and sugar, add egg yolks well beaten. Add the bread crumbs when cool. Then the fruit juice and fruit. Sift together remaining dry ingredients and, last, stir in egg whites beaten stiff. Put in buttered mold, cover and steam five hours in covered steamer over kettle of hot water. Fill mold only three-quarters full to allow for rising while steaming.

Date Pudding

Dates, 1 lb. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Beef suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Bread crumbs, Baking powder,
3 c. 2 t.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Egg, 1

Chop the suet and the dates, add the bread crumbs and sugar, the beaten egg, milk and flour and baking powder sifted together, then the vanilla. Steam for 3 hours in a buttered mold. Serve with hard sauce or vanilla sauce.

Fig Pudding

Beef suet, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Chopped figs, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Eggs, 2
Bread crumbs, Sugar, 1 c.
2-1/3 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Chop the suet very fine, add the figs, then the bread crumbs soaked in the milk, the well beaten eggs, sugar and salt. Steam 3 hours. Serve with any desired sauce.

Fig and Date Pudding

Flour, 2 c. Clove, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Shortening, 2 tb. Mace or nutmeg,
Baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
4 t. Chopped figs,
Milk or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
about $\frac{7}{8}$ c. Chopped dates,
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Sift the dry ingredients. Work in the shortening, add the chopped fruits, then enough milk or water to make a smooth dough, the consistency of biscuit dough. Put in a buttered mold and steam $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Pie Crust

This recipe makes a tender, flaky crust which is especially fine for mince and pumpkin pies.

For a Two-Crust Pie

Flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Lard and butter,
Salt, 1 t. $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Cold water.

Sift flour and salt together. Cut shortening in with two knives until the mixture is about the consistency of coarse meal. Add enough water—four to six tablespoonfuls—to make a paste which clears the bowl. Form lightly into dough. Divide; roll out on slightly floured board about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Sufficient for one medium size pie.

To make a one-crust pie use one-half the amount.

Jellied Plum Pudding

Gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pkg. Fruit, 2 c.
or 2 tb. Coconut, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Nut meats, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Hot water, 3 c. Spices, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Chocolate, 2 tb. Grape nuts or
Salt, a few grains. krumbles, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve it and the chocolate in the boiling water. When beginning to thicken stir in the other ingredients. The fruit may be raisins, currants, dates or steamed prunes, or a mixture of them, and if desired, candied peel cut in thin slices and then in strips. Mold either in individual molds or one large mold. Serve with whipped cream or hard sauce.

Lemon Delight

Make a stiff lemon jelly. Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cubes. Mix with whipped cream and marshmallows cut in quarters, tossing all together lightly with a fork. Pile in individual glass dishes, and decorate with a candied cherry.

Lemon Jelly

Gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ box Boiling water,
or 2 tb. $2\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar, 1 c.
Lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Dissolve in the boiling water the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water. Strain. Add to the sugar and lemon juice. Mold and chill.

Spanish Cream

Fill the molds to be used with cold water, and let stand till ready to fill with the cream.

Gelatine, 1 tb. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Milk, $2\frac{3}{4}$ c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Eggs, 3

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Scald the milk in the upper part of the double boiler. Add the gelatine, and stir till it is all dissolved. Separate the eggs and beat the yolks till thick. Add the sugar and salt, combine with the hot milk, and cook in the double boiler till it coats a silver spoon. Beat the egg whites till stiff and dry. Add the vanilla to the custard mixture, fold in the egg whites and pour into the molds from which the cold water has been emptied.

Pineapple Mousse

Granulated gela- Cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
tine, 1 tb. Cream, 1 pt.
Pineapple syrup, Lemon juice, 2 tb
1 c. Sugar, 1 c.

Drain the juice from 1 can of pineapple which has been heated. To 1 cup of the juice add the gelatine soaked in cold water, the lemon juice and sugar. Strain and cool, as it begins to thicken, fold in the cream which has been whipped. Pack in a mold, cover closely and pack in salt and ice, using 1 part of salt to 2 parts of ice. Let stand four hours.

NEW WAYS OF SERVING POPULAR VEGETABLES

Corn Oysters

Corn, 1 c. Egg, 1
Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt and pepper
Beat the egg until foamy, add to the corn. Mix flour, salt and pepper and add this to the corn. Beat well. Drop by spoonfuls in deep fat. Fry a golden brown. They should be made about the size of a large oyster. Makes two dozen.

Cauliflower Fritters

Cold cooked cauli- Salt and pepper
flower

Batter made of

Flour 1 c. Eggs, 2, yolks
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Eggs, 2, Whites
Milk or water, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Melted butter, 1 tb.
Sprinkle pieces of cauliflower with salt and pepper and dip in batter. Fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper.

Fried Celery

Parboil celery until soft, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in batter, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Serve with Tomato Sauce.

Tomato Fritters

Tomatoes, 1 can Few grain cayenne
Cloves, 6 Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, 1/3 c. Corn-starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Onion, 3 slices 1 Egg
Salt, 1 t.

Cook first four ingredients twenty minutes, rub all through a sieve except seeds, and season with salt and pepper. Melt butter, and when bubbling, add

corn-starch and tomato gradually; cook two minutes, then add egg slightly beaten. Pour into a buttered shallow tin, and cool. Turn on a board, cut in squares, diamonds or strips. Roll in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, fry in deep fat, and drain.

French Fried Potatoes

Wash and pare small potatoes, cut in eighths lengthwise, and soak one hour in cold water. Take from water, dry between towels, and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Care must be taken that fat is not too hot, as potatoes must be cooked as well as browned.

Delmonico Potatoes

Prepare creamed potatoes. Arrange in buttered baking-dish with alternate layers of grated cheese. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

Caramel Sweet Potatoes

Sweet Potatoes, 4 Hot fat
Granulated sugar

Boil the potatoes, peel and then cut them lengthwise in halves. Fry in skillet. While frying, sprinkle generously with sugar on both sides.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

Nut Brittles

Melt granulated sugar in an iron frying pan, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. When the mass is melted, pour over nut meats, broken, on the bottom of an inverted pan which has been greased. It may be kept from running off the sides with the two knives, one held in each hand. One or two cups of sugar is the most satisfactory amount to handle at one time, and half that quantity of nut meats. Cut in pieces before it is too hard.

Fondant

Sugar, 5 c. Cream of tartar,
Water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Boil to the soft ball stage, wiping down the crystals with a wet cloth as they form on the sides of the kettle. Remove from the fire and let stand undisturbed till cool. Beat till creamy. Turn on a large platter and knead till velvety. Let stand in a covered jar for at least 24 hours.

Fruit Nut Bar

1 envelope gelatine
1 cup sugar
1 cup raisins, figs or apricots
1 lemon
1 orange
1 cup peanuts or other nuts

Soak the gelatine in one-half cup cold water, and add the juice of the lemon, the juice and grated rind of the orange. Heat the sugar in one-half cup water, and when it boils add the gelatine and fruit juices. Boil for ten minutes, add the chopped raisins, figs or apricots, and boil for ten minutes more. Stir constantly. Add the ground nuts just before taking from the fire and pour all into a shallow buttered pan. Let stand over night, cut into bars and roll in powdered sugar.

Gum Drops

$1\frac{1}{2}$ envelopes gelatine
2 teaspoonfuls gloss starch, powdered
2 cups granulated sugar

Soak the gelatine in one and one-half cups cold water five minutes, then stir starch thoroughly through the soaked gelatine. Place sugar and one cup hot water on the fire and when sugar is dissolved, add the gelatine. Boil slowly twenty-five minutes. Remove from fire and when partially cool add desired flavor and beat until mixture has a cloudy appearance. Pour in a shallow tin which has been dipped in cold water. When firm cut in cubes and roll in granulated sugar. These candies are better if kept for a few days before eating. Flavor with cinnamon, peppermint, clove, etc.

Chocolate Dainties

2 envelopes gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa

Soak the gelatine in one cup cold water. Boil remaining water and sugar

Continued on page 74

For the Holiday Table

DO NOT spend all Christmas morning in the kitchen. Make your Dessert and Salad with Knox Sparkling Gelatine the day before and be free to enjoy the day. Also make your candies a few days ahead, pack in attractive boxes tied with ribbon and send to your friends as Christmas gifts; you may also tie them on the Christmas tree, or give them as favors at the Christmas dinner. Special recipes for these candies will be sent you upon request.

Christmas Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1 cup seeded raisins
1 pint milk 1 cup sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ cup dates
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares chocolate $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants
3 egg whites Salt

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little of the milk, making a smooth paste. Put remainder of milk in double boiler, add chopped fruit. When boiling, add melted chocolate, sugar, salt, and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with a currant jelly sauce.

Cranberry Salad

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 pint cranberries $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup celery, diced 1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats, chopped Salt

Cook the cranberries in one cup water twenty minutes. Stir in the sugar and cook for five minutes. Add the gelatine, which has been softened in one-half cup cold water ten minutes, and stir until dissolved. When mixture begins to thicken, add celery and nuts, and turn into pan, which has been rinsed in cold water, and chill. When firm, cut in squares, place a whole nut meat on top of each square and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of salad dressing.

Other Holiday Recipes—Free

For every home meal—every social occasion—there are many original and delightful recipes in Mrs. Knox's books. Sent free with a book on "The Health Value of Gelatine" for your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

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SPARKLING GELATINE

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Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.





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Cream Cheese can be used in combination with so many other foods! Canadian people should take advantage of the fact that the *finest* cream cheese is produced right in the heart of their own country.

Oxford, Ontario, is famous as the home of good cheese. It is our richest dairy County, and the home of Ingersoll Cream Cheese.

Send for our Ingersoll Recipe Book. Try some of these prize recipes and prove for yourself what an appetizing and a wholesome basis Ingersoll Cream Cheese makes for delicious dishes any woman can prepare. The Ingersoll Packing Company, Limited, Ingersoll, Canada.

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W. S. HOCKLEY

P.O. BOX 881

WINNIPEG

Cheese an Ideal Food

IN view of the fact that Canada produces the finest cheese in the world it is rather strange that our people do not eat more of this palatable and health-producing comestible. In Europe cheese makes its appearance on the table very often twice every day, and it is worthy of record that Canadian cheese is rapidly supplanting the other kinds, many of which had first to be stunned before they could be induced to remain on the plate.

Cheese is believed to be the oldest of the dairy products, and the first form in which milk was preserved for future use. A pamphlet recently issued by the Dominion Government gives a great deal of very interesting matter regarding its origin, uses in the diet, coupled with a wide range of recipes in which cheese is the central figure.

From the standpoint of the housekeeper, cheese is of importance because of its highly nutritive value, particularly its high percentage of muscle-forming material, because of the ease with which it can be kept, and prepared for the table, and because of its appetizing flavor, and for the great varieties of ways in which it can be served.

From the standpoint of the retail dealer cheese is important because it is a convenient article to handle, its percentage of nutrients being high and its percentage of water being low, it is not bulky. It is comparatively easy, too, to preserve in good condition.

There is something to be said, also, of the value of cheese to that not inconsiderable number of individuals who must

occasionally cater for themselves—those men and women in business life who do not find it convenient to either carry lunches or to go to restaurants. For these, cheese offers a convenient way of obtaining a meal for it can always be obtained in good condition in any neighborhood.

Combined with crackers, some of the ready-cooked cereals, or bread, and with fruit it makes a well balanced meal.

The food value of cheese has been discussed very thoroughly by the Home Economics Branch of the United States Government, and it is shown that, judged by the kind of nutrients it supplies, and the proportion in which they are present, it resembles such food-stuffs as meat, fish and eggs, which means that, like them, its rational use in the diet is in combination with other staple foods to form well balanced meals. Experiments have shown that an ounce of cheese is equal to one egg, to a glass of milk, or to two ounces of meat, and that when eaten raw or carefully cooked it is as thoroughly digested as other staple foods and is not as likely to produce physiological disturbances.

Canadians interested in the merchandizing of cheese have also learned how to market their products in an attractive, palatable and sanitary manner with the added advantage that cheese can now be kept in the house without getting stale, as was such a common occurrence under the old methods of purchasing.

By all means let us eat more cheese!

Christmas Candies—Continued from page 73

to a clear syrup and add the softened gelatine and cocoa. Boil for fifteen minutes. Cool somewhat, and add one-half teaspoonful of the lemon flavor found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water, and one teaspoonful vanilla extract. Pour into shallow tins which have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night, turn out and cut in squares. Roll in either granulated or powdered sugar.

Raisin Squares

2 envelopes gelatine
2 1/4 cups water
4 cups granulated sugar
2 tablespoonfuls cocoa
1 cup chopped raisins

Soak the gelatine in one cup cold water. Boil remaining water and sugar to a clear syrup and add the softened gelatine and cocoa. Boil for fifteen minutes. Cool somewhat, and add one-half teaspoonful of the lemon flavor found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water, and one teaspoonful vanilla extract. Add chopped raisins and pour into shallow tins which have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night, turn out and cut in squares. Roll in either granulated or powdered sugar.

Stuffed Dates

Remove the stones from a package of dates. Fill with chopped cocoanut flavored with vanilla. Roll in a mixture of chopped nut meats, sugar and cinnamon.

Ribbon Candy

First Part—
Butter, 1 tb. Chocolate, 2 1/2 sqs.
Milk, 1/2 c. Cream of Tartar, a pinch.
Sugar, 1 1/2 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Second part—
Butter, 2 t. Sugar, 1 1/2 c.
Milk, 1/2 c. Lemon Extract, 1 t.

Cocoanut, 1/2 c.

Melt butter, add milk, sugar and chocolate, in part 1. When dissolved, add cream of tartar and boil 12 minutes, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and beat till creamy. Pour into a buttered tin. Repeat with part 2, boil 12 minutes—add cocoanut and lemon. Beat till creamy, and pour on top of the hardened chocolate candy. Sprinkle with cocoanut and when cool, cut in bars. A third

layer may be made by repeating part 2, coloring it pink, and flavoring with rose extract.

Vanilla Caramels

Sugar, 2 c. Corn Syrup, 1/2 c.
Milk, 1/2 c. Chocolate, 1 sq.
Butter, 2 tb. Vanilla, 1 t.

Boil the sugar, milk and butter to the hard ball stage. Then add the butter. When nearly done, add the chocolate, and vanilla. Pour to 1 in. in depth in a square pan. While still soft, mark in squares. Cut when cold.

Date Cream

Brown Sugar, 2 c. Butter, 1 tb.
Milk, 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Dates, 1 c.

Boil the sugar and milk a few minutes, add the butter and boil to the soft ball stage. Add the vanilla and chopped dates. Beat till creamy. Pour into a buttered pan, and cut in squares when cold.

Pulled Taffy

Water, 1 c. Vinegar, 1/4 c.
Sugar, 3 c. Butter, 2 tb.

Boil without stirring to the brittle stage. Pour into buttered plates. As soon as it is cool enough to handle, pull till white and glossy, adding flavoring while pulling. Cut into 1 inch pieces with scissors. Lay on buttered paper.

Pralines

Powdered sugar Cream, 1/2 c.
1 1/2 c. Pecan meats, 2 c.
Maple syrup, 1 c.

Boil sugar, syrup and cream to soft ball stage. Cool. Beat till creamy. Add nuts, and drop from tip of a spoon on oiled paper.

Butter Scotch

Sugar, 1 c. Boiling water, 2 tb.
Molasses, 1/4 c. Butter, 1/2 c.
Vinegar, 1 tb. Vanilla, 1 t.

Boil together till brittle when tried in cold water. Turn into a buttered pan. When cool, mark into squares.

Candied Orange Peel

Cover the peel with cold water, bring to a boil and simmer till soft. Drain, scoop out the white portion with a spoon, and cut yellow peel in strips with scissors. Boil 1 cup sugar and 1/2 cup water till it spins a thread. Cook the strips of orange peel in it for 5 minutes. Drain and coat with granulated sugar.

Mrs. Santa Claus—Continued from page 8

The baby made friends with Miss Marsden, playing contentedly with her watch bracelet, while Virginia laid the table. Then the boys returned with the chauffeur laden with parcels and bags of charcoal.

"You can go and get your supper now. Harris," said his mistress, "and please come back for me at half past seven."

There was a great deal of excitement as the boys undid the parcels. There was bread and butter, eggs, ham and milk and cream, and what looked to Miss Marsden a terribly indigestible cake, but the two boys gazed with rapture at its pink iced surface.

"Will you sit here, Mrs. Santa Claus?" said Virginia, "and will you pour the tea? I can't manage with baby. I'll take him now. Put the eggs in, Fred."

Miss Marsden relinquished the baby and took her seat at the head of the table. It was a change to handle the thick white clover-leaf design cups and saucers instead of her own dainty Sevres china, but it was a pleasure to see the way the children enjoyed the bread and butter and ham dispensed by Virginia, who had deposited the baby in the cradle.

The boys had lost their shyness, and, their hunger appeased, they chattered to the visitor, and even the tiny girl in the high chair at Miss Marsden's side ventured a remark which, however, was unintelligible to the guest.

Then there was the sound of an opening door and a step in the hall.

"There's Mother," said Virginia, getting up.

Miss Marsden rose as a little woman entered the kitchen. They stood facing one another, the tall graceful woman

in her smart silk dress with a string of pearls around her neck, and the little woman with tired eyes but with the light of love in them as she gazed at the children sitting around the table. If poverty had come, love had softened its hardships.

"Mother, this is Mrs. Santa Claus," said Virginia.

"Virgie," stammered Mrs. Lisle. And then, to the children's surprise, Mrs. Santa Claus stooped and kissed their mother's cheek.

"We'll talk later, Kitty," she said, smiling. "Sit down here, you must be so tired. Will you cook an egg for your Mother, Virgie? Let me pour you out some tea, Kitty."

And there was Mrs. Santa Claus helping Mother off with her coat and pouring out her tea and cutting bread and butter. The younger children stared with amazement, but the little girl at the other end of the table was revolving a problem in her active brain.

When the children had been sent into the front room and Mrs. Lisle had taken the baby out of the cradle Virginia came around to Miss Marsden and stood looking at her thoughtfully.

"What is it, dear?" asked that lady, smilingly.

"I know who you are now," the child said solemnly, then as Miss Marsden looked at her enquiringly, she went on:

"You are the other Virginia; the one that I was called after; Mother's and Daddy's friend."

Miss Marsden bent and kissed the little girl's cheek.

"Quite right, dear," she said. "That's who I am. Mother's and Daddy's friend."

With the Women's Institute in Manitoba

AMONG the Institutes planning for late fall bazaars are Beulah, Ellen-ville, Foxwarren, Minitonas, Ochre River, Mayfield and Crandall. A large number of Institutes assisted the G.W.V.A. with the sale of poppies on Armistice Day.

ASHERN are working for a community hall. We wish them every success.

BEULAH entertained three neighboring societies recently. A small community hospital was opened in the district. The Institute held a sale of home cooking, and the proceeds were used in purchasing bedding for the hospital. The "care of bulbs" was discussed at a recent meeting, and a demonstration on "Cheesemaking" given. The Institute are planning to purchase chairs and benches for the church basement.

BIRTLE entertained the Solsgirth and Foxwarren Institutes recently. At this meeting, Mrs. Watt gave an account of her trip to Toronto, and of the Institute exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition.

Although the membership has been slightly reduced the Institute is doing splendid work in the community. Fifty children were examined at the Child Health Clinic, held recently, and lunch was served to the mothers. A donation was given the hospital to aid them in beautifying their grounds. There is a ward in this hospital known as the Women's Institute Ward which is kept supplied with linen. New books have been purchased for the public library. The various committees are also engaged on other local activities.

BOWSMAN are arranging to purchase some new books for the Public library. The Institute have decided to have the home nursing short course at an early date, and will also arrange to have a play put on for the benefit of the community.

MAKAROFF have a large membership although only organized a couple of years ago, and are doing splendid work. Last year they helped build a community hall. Arrangements have been made to serve hot soup and cocoa to the school children at noon. The Institute takes an active interest in the doings of the Boys' and Girls' Club, improving of the cemetery, the library, and other local matters. The institute is also trying to take care of those in their own community who need assistance. Advantage will be

taken by this Institute of the short course in home nursing, which is being conducted by the Provincial Board of Health.

MORRIS had an interesting flour sack contest. Prizes were given for the most useful article, and for the most fancy one. A child's romper took the prize for the most useful, and a dresser scarf for the fancy article. A banquet and turkey dinner was tendered to the returned soldiers on Armistice Day. This is an annual affair. The Institute have a "relief" box, with a committee in charge. At the next meeting each member will donate some useful article for this box, which will be used for relief work. Splendid reports have been received from the various committees.

NARCISSE members are very ambitious. They have just agreed that they are going to build a community hall. They are aware of the fact that they are ambitious; that they are shouldering a big responsibility, but they agreed not to dwell on that too long, and to get right to work. After the meeting the men were informed what the Institute had decided to do. One shook his head and said, "That it was not going to be easy," however, when he heard who was at the head, he said, what was good to hear, "Well, if Mrs. — is at the head, we better all get behind and push." That is just the feeling that would remove mountains. If you have any idea that would be helpful to the Institute of Narcisse in raising money, send it to Mrs. Dewar, the secretary, who will be glad to receive it. We shall all be interested in this project, and we wish the ladies of Narcisse God-speed.

NORWOOD are planning their program for the coming year. At the last meeting a hospital committee was appointed to visit the various hospitals in Winnipeg. Should any of the country Institutes have patients in these hospitals, they should notify the Extension Service at the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, and they will gladly pass the message along to the Norwood Institute.

Very interesting reports were received from many other Institutes, but we are very sorry to say that we are so pressed for space this month that we cannot include them. We will certainly endeavor to include their next reports.



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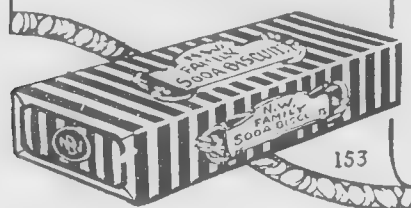
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The Santa Claus Special—Continued from Page 4.

automobile might be installed on a Ford to frighten "road-hogs" aside!

"Well, she'll make a noise like the real thing anyways, *Engineer*," vouchsafed an incoming fireman as Johnny poked about with his long-necked oilcan. He winked at the wiping gang. "That is," he added, "if Bud there don't go an' drown her on you!"

Bud was up on top, oiling the bell and he sniffed with disdain but said nothing. He had drawn his supplies already, according to Johnny's list, and was anxious to get away from all these fool "kidders." He had fired engines before to relieve tired firemen. But just because he had opened the blower to "get her hot" the night foreman had threatened to douse him in the tank!

At 9.10 Johnny McPhail gave his hands a final wipe on a bunch of waste and looked up at the stack of the old work engine.

"Not so much coal, Bud. Level off with your clinker hook—there's your black smoke. Keep that furnace door shut. Watch your stack, now—yellow; that's it. Now, rake her down again—Attaboy! See?—black, burning clear—no smoke at all soon an' that means your fire's level. Get your deck swept up an' we'll be out o' here."

Five minutes later they rolled out into the yard and the wiping gang gave them a cheer.

"We pick up the observation car that's lyin' on Track 10 in the upper yards—" Johnny chuckled at Bud's look of surprise. "Sure we do! I fixed it. She's an extra an' I figger we're going to need weight behind us. Point is, her radio equipment's in apple-pie shape an' I've had a long connection rigged on for a couple of headsets in the cab. We're goin' to get some o' that concert tonight if I know anythin' about it!"

They stopped in the upper yard only long enough to pick up the lone coach. A moment later they crossed the last switch and left the city lights behind. As Johnny opened the throttle another notch and they headed out into the darkness of the countryside the full force of the wind struck them. The young engineer with his head out the cab window sniffed the air anxiously and pursed his lips.

"Snow!" he grumbled to himself. "Gobs of it before morning!"

But he said nothing to his fireman of what was in his mind.

THE Limited was roaring northwest against a head wind, but sharp on time. Dan McLeod pocketed his watch, a glint of satisfaction in his keen, gray eyes. He smiled approval at his fireman and that worthy, wiping his sweating red face on his shirt sleeve, grinned back at him. He knew as well as "the old man" that they were in for a hard run; he had felt the first gust of snowflakes sting his cheek a moment before as he took a look out at the headlight. But the line was theirs and it would take a blizzard to slow up Old Reliable with Fireman Gates spoon-feeding and nursing her. A great fireman, Gates.

Behind them hummed the heavy, vestibuled train, one long blaze of electric lights. The sleeping-car porters had not yet begun to make up the berths for the night. The radio concert was in full swing in the observation car at the rear. Through the whole train the passengers, fresh from a pleasant half hour in the diner, chatted and laughed, gay with anticipation of Christmas festivities on the morrow with relatives and friends. It was a holiday crowd. Laughter burst frequently from the smoking compartments.

Gentle Mrs. McPhail smiled at her offspring contentedly and watched the porter making up their berth first. Wee Robbie's questionings had become less insistent as his eyelids with their long lashes began to droop. The mother gathered him into her arms and held him close.

"No, dear, Old Santy won't forget and Johnny won't forget to hang up your stocking for you, as we wrote him to do," she soothed for the twentieth time. "See, the porter man has the bed all ready for you and when you wake up in

the morning we'll be home to see what Santy brought. Come, girls," and the curly haired twins obediently folded up their dolls' clothes and followed down the aisle.

Conductor Burke, his arm through the bale of his white light, paused to give a pat to the curly heads.

"Right on the dot," he nodded cheerfully in answer to Mrs. McPhail's question. "It's starting to snow a bit; but that won't stop us." He passed on with a pleasant smile and a wave of the hand to the youngsters.

"An' bring us all home safe this night to our dear brother, Johnny," prayed the twins behind the curtains ere they snuggled down beside their mother a little later.

Mrs. McPhail lay for a time, unable to sleep. Snow! Her thoughts were with the engine men "out front." It was in a snowstorm that Andy, her husband, —! She raised the blind, but pulled it down hastily as a gust of wet snow plastered against the glass. She closed her eyes and breathed again the prayer of her little daughters.

IT was somewhere after one o'clock on Christmas morning that a long-drawn blast from a locomotive, a mile off in the bush, tumbled Dave Powers' gang from the bunks up on the Three Creek Branch and when McPhail's engine bore down around the Gore it was greeted with a yell and the wildest excitement. Soon lantern-dots were fitting along the track with everybody joking and laughing and shouting and whistling as if they suddenly had lost their reason. Twenty minutes later the return journey had begun.

Johnny glanced again at his running orders, although he knew them by heart. The extra had no rights over regular traffic, of course; but until they hit the main line about 4 a.m. they were not liable to be hung up. They would have to pick their way slowly over the new cut-off to the east, but after that the detour by way of Sullivan presented no difficulties to worry about. Somewhere down on the main line they would have to take siding for the Limited; there would be an order for him probably at Sullivan.

So it proved when two hours later they pulled into Sullivan with the order board against them. They were ordered to proceed east on the main line as far as Spruce Creek and take the siding there for No. 1 Westbound. Five minutes later the operator at Sullivan reported departure of the extra.

Back in the dispatcher's office a white faced operator named Austin, ran over to the chief's desk. Instantly there was consternation. A second order had been sent to the operator at Sullivan for the extra with instructions to "bust" the first one; for, meanwhile No. 1 was making such good time that she would

pass Spruce Creek before the extra could make the siding. The operator had called out the wrong order! A collision in a blinding snowstorm! There was no way station after Sullivan where an operator was on duty; so that the extra was swinging down grade around Sullivan Hill onto the main line and straight to destruction with no way of stopping her.

"Stop 1! Stop 1! Stop 1!"

The operator at Wayland was just brushing the snow from his coat when he caught the mad call. He set down the lantern and rushed to the key.

"No. 1 just passed, ten minutes late," he reported.

There was no night operator at Pier-son, the next station up the line; but there was a day operator. The Limited did not stop there.

"C.K.—C.K.!" The staccatto rang loudly in the empty room. By chance the operator heard it; he was a light sleeper. He rushed to the key and broke in. The building trembled as the Limited roared by.

"Stop 1! Stop 1! Stop 1!"

Without waiting to grab a coat the operator snatched the lantern he had lighted and dashed out into the storm in his night clothes. His wild shout was torn to shreds in the wind. He swung the lantern at the glimpse of green tail-lights, swallowed up almost instantly in the gray blur. With chattering teeth he flew back to the key and reported.

"My God!"

The Chief Despatcher closed his eyes, on the verge of collapse. There was nothing to do now but order out the wrecking train—and medical aid.

Nobody had noticed young Austin slip out. He ran to the Radio Department. By good luck Quigley was still there. It was a forlorn hope at best; but somebody might still be listening in on No. 1 to some of the late broadcasts.

"Stop No. 1! Stop No. 1!" he cried into the instrument. Quigley sprang across the room to help him.

But aboard the Limited the lights were dimmed. The signal cord swung rhythmically in its straps from end to end; the green curtains swayed; the passengers slept. The observation car was empty, the discarded magazines locked away in the bookcase, the porter nowhere in sight, the radio operator in his berth. Ahead on the great engine Fireman Gates threw open the feed-door and the blinding light from the white fires that curled and writhed under the crown sheet beat upon his wet face as he swung back and forth with his coal-scoop. The Limited roared steadily onward through the night and the storm.

ENGINE 999 rocked down around

Sullivan Hill onto the main line through rough country and sped east for the summit of Spruce Ridge. The slippery rail of the earlier evening had



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vanished as the snow came on and Johnny McPhail was well satisfied with the behavior of the old engine. They were making good time and they would make better time from now on. He reached for the sand lever and tested her and was gratified at the way she picked up her heels. The Spruce Ridge grade was a bad one with a trestle bridge at the bottom.

"Bud!"

Above the roar and clatter Johnny's shout reached the fireman. White-faced, McPhail snatched off the radio head-piece and clamped the 'phones to Bud Fraser's ears. He had been wearing them more to shut out the infernal noise of the clattering old engine than from any idea of "listening in" to vagrant music.

"Stop No. 1! Stop No. 1! Reverse engine, full speed! DANGER!"

The cry out of the air paralyzed them for a moment. But only for a moment. In a flash Johnny McPhail understood what had happened. They were hurtling down Spruce Ridge grade, head-on with the Limited! Johnny sprang towards his fireman.

"Can you get out to the headlight?" he shouted. "Snow! Clear her off!"

The wind was terrific and the rolling of the engine made the trip along the running-board dangerous; but Bud opened the door on his side of the cab and backed out without a word.

McPhail seized a pick and swung it into the cans of oil in the coal-tank; one after the other, he punctured them and sprinkled the deck. Then he deliberately set fire to the cab. The flames leaped instantly. It had taken but a moment. Not till then did he realize that he had cut himself off from the throttle. He felt the engine pitch forward. She was falling down grade at a wild rate of speed.

Faster and faster 999 flew. McPhail sprang to the top of the tank. Just beyond the sheet of flame was the roof of the cab. He leaped, landed square upon it and felt himself rolling—He clutched the edge and managed somehow to retain his position while his clenched fist smashed the window.

He knew his overalls were on fire. It was a question of a moment only before the train would be in the ditch. He had tied down the whistle before touching off the oil and the long, shrill shriek of the locomotive was tearing at his ears. A flashing vision of little children, their arms full of Christmas toys,—his own little family—his mother—swept him with nausea; but he hung on and struggled to reach the throttle while the wind and snow felt for his very breath.

McPhail never knew how he got hold of the levers; but once he did, it was the work of a moment to choke her head, send the brakeshoes grinding into the drivers and gripping the sand. A great tearing of steel against steel and he was pitched against the running-board and tumbled off into blackness.

Engine 999 came to a stop with her pilot on the trestle at the foot of Spruce Ridge. Not fifteen feet away towered the black front of Old Reliable, panting clouds of steam against the snow that rained across her yellow headlight and all but obliterated it. Engineer Dan McLeod and Fireman Gates picked Johnny McPhail out of a snowdrift, unconscious, badly bruised, his wrist sprained, his shoes nearly burned off; but not seriously hurt. Bud Fraser had clung to the rail of the running-board and was unhurt.

"It was settin' fire to that cab that turned the trick—that an' the big whistle," said Engineer Dan McLeod when the fire in the cab had been extinguished. "The boy's got his father's nerve all right, God bless him!"

They carried Johnny into the baggage-car and when he awoke, it was to find that his mother's arms were around him and that she was weeping in pride and thankfulness.

Back in the sleeper three curly heads were pillowed beside each other. Wee Robbie smiled in his sleep.

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Honeyman—Continued from page 23

For an instant she looked at him in speechless unbelief, and then said reprovingly, "You can't leave me back here in this wilderness to die. You'd be inhuman to even think of it."

"I ain't arguin' the time," and a set, hard look crossed his face.

"Are you man or beast to leave me crippled in this way? I thought you were a godsend when I first saw you. Was I mistaken?"

"I was a man until to-day, but now I don't care what you call me. I'm out for number one, first and last," said Elgin bitterly above the sting of the wind. "You'd better get agoin' for the outside; this blizzard's liable to bust any time," and he nodded towards the frowning peaks whose baldness was now softened by the scurrying snowclouds. "I simply gotta be agoin'."

"Wait! Wait!" she pleaded. "What business have you that is more important than human life? Come back and at least put poor, old Honey-Man out of misery."

"Uh-huh, what's that?" said the fugitive sharply, half turning in his saddle.

"I said would you at least shoot my horse?"

THE words filtered slowly through his mind and burned as molten iron. "Honey-Man!" The pet name he had carried as a boy. In an instant his mind bridged the gulf of intervening years, carrying him back over miles of muskeg and timber, back over the great divide to that old home by the river-side. He saw the stout, old mother, her once supple figure distorted and pain-wracked from frontier child birth, her dim old eyes misty and tender, the quiver on her sweet, tremulous lips as she spoke and talked, always hopeful of the future.

"Will you?" asked the girl. She had hobbled over to his side and was looking up into his face, supporting herself with hands interlocked in the mane of the friendly grey.

"Uh-huh, Uh-huh," he answered with difficulty, "I'll—I'll fix the horse fur yuh, anyway."

He dismounted and strode toward the crippled horse, fingering his sheath-knife as he walked.

"No, not that way," she cried in alarm, "Ugh! I'd sooner die myself than have him suffer. Can't you shoot him? I've ridden him since he was a colt."

Elgin stopped in indecision. In his mind he pictured the grey, his companion of years, a friend, staunch and true, writhing under the knife's edge, his thin, sensitive muzzle convulsed in the agonies of death. At last his hand dropped slowly to his high boot top and drew forth a slim, wicked-looking pistol. A sharp bark rang out; the horse shuddered, and was still. Elgin turned to the girl, only to find that she, too, was still.

"She's knocked plumb out," he muttered. "Now's my chance fur a get-away."

He faced furtively around the clearing. All was silent save for an occasional tremor from the dying horse, or the whistling of the riotous Nor'-Wester in some far-away forest nook. His sense of self-preservation slowly reasserted itself, and he broke the gun to eject the empty shell. A grunt of surprise escaped from him as his glance swept the gun's chambers. Again he looked around, and thrust it into a baggy coat pocket as he quickly mounted.

ELGIN feared to look behind as he continued his broken flight. He rode unseeing, a man torn by conflicting emotions. Should he go on and on to freedom, or return and risk almost certain capture? A tear-stained face, a pair of pleading eyes flashed before him. Their expression seemed vaguely familiar, like whose? Like the mother antelope's whose fawn he had once rescued from the quicksand. Should he leave the girl to certain death? He saw her again, her face upturned, and blanched by the drifting, driving snows. "Shall we go back, old man?" he at length asked the grey.

As if it had long been settled in his mind the horse stopped and turned half around in the trail nodding his head toward the prairies. "Back it is; you never failed me yet," Elgin said, "You old rascal, I half believe you're struck on her yourself."

And so indeed it seemed, for, on turning, the horse at once dropped the unwilling spirit that he had assumed and the jar from his wracking gait had gone as he lunged eagerly forward in his great distance-eating stride. It soon brought them to the fateful clearing, and as he rode, Elgin's mind became no clearer on his course of action. He had always been an ardent worshipper at the shrine of that fickle lady, Chance, and today in his moment of greatest stress he blindly cast his fortune at her elusive feet. It was not his nature, but rather the primitive mode of his existence that made him superstitious.

UPON reaching the scene he stopped and looked around in apprehension. Something was amiss, and for the first time he noticed the uncanny silence that had fallen throughout the hills. In all the vast places there was no sign of life, not the flutter of a leaf nor a rustle from the long, bladed grass. He thought of his guns and shivered. Was it some omen? Suddenly, a coyote sent up a long, wailing howl. He was answered from across the valley by a mate. Up on the mountain a lone timber wolf bayed a blood-curdling challenge to his lowly brethren of the plains. "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" echoed the derisive answer of a great owl perched atop a fire-stricken spruce. At the outlaw's feet lay the crippled girl, and at her side the dead horse.

Once more the man looked around in perplexity. Even the magpies had ceased their endless chatter, and were watching him with beady, inquisitive eyes. From the sky above the first snowflakes settled airily down. The girl stirred and opened her eyes.

"I knew you'd come back," she said, and once more became unconscious.

THIS was a novel situation to Elgin—a young woman, crippled and miles from any assistance. He bent an appraising glance over the form on the ground, his eyes finally resting on her face. The features were indeed comely, and he made a mental note of the fact; but to Elgin there was only one model of youthful femininity by which he judged all others. Hers was the face that gazed from out the campfire's glow, or shone from beneath the misty rainbow as it arched the prairie-lands out and beyond. Her smile haunted him sleeping or awake. On closer examination the two faces were similar; in fact, yes! They were the same. His hesitancy vanished, and with a swoop he leaned far over, and, as a feather, raised her before him into the saddle, and started for the outside.

A pleased smile illuminated his face. Certainly he had always hoped for something like this, and for once his wishes were not thwarted. Doubtless, though, she had made another happy. To allay his misgivings he carefully removed the gauntlet from her left hand, and found a tiny signet ring its only adornment. The smile changed to deep concern as his eyes returned to her pale, haggard face. He must restore her to consciousness, and he welcomed the sight of water in a brawling creek as he approached it.

As he lowered her easily to the ground she opened her eyes and smiled wanly in answer to his anxious look.

"I thought you'd never come around," he said as he stood tightening the grey's cinch. "I'm sorry in more'n one way I had to shoot your little hoss. When yur ready we'll go."

"I must have lain there for hours," she replied, rising stiffly to mount with his assistance. "I'd really given up hope when you came. I'll always be indebted to you."

"But you don't know how close I came to leavin' yuh, and I apologize. I really had important business; as fur the thanks, you may not owe them to me long," and he forced a smile as he thought of his handicap.

"I'm sorry," she replied simply.

"But you'll not be," he said, swinging on behind her, "when I tell you I'm Jack Elgin."

She started visibly at the introduction and swallowed hard. "I'm asking too much. Do you realize your risk?"

"I do."

"And yet you come?" she queried.

"If it means the pen fur life," said he earnestly. "Do you remember the first stampede at the Goose-Egg Ranch?"

"Shall I ever forget it!" she answered from the depths of the heavy coat he had wrapped about her.

"Well, since then I've lived for a chance like this."

"What have I done to harm you?" she naively asked.

"Ah, you misunderstand me. You know the life I've led; but then a slave may love his queen, and caring for you has been my fondest dream through the unhappy years."

She looked from out the protecting collar of his coat. "John Elgin," said she, a flush mounting to her disordered hair. "Are you the man of whom everyone has heard, the iron man who outrode the stampede of two beef herds, who laughed as you and the grey raced before the leaping headfire and saved that family of hated squatters? Are you the man who did that?"

"I-er, oh, that was nuthin'," he answered lamely, and a thrill surged through his hard, muscled body.

"Do you know," she answered, "That a queen can love a brave man, be he slave or free?"

Only Elgin could speak the thoughts of his mind at this reply, and only he could realize the bitterness, the misery, that a trivial act of his youth could bring upon himself, and in justice to the girl he considered it unfair to continue the conversation. Nevertheless he drifted into a riot of fantastic thought. His oldtime hopes were revived beyond recognition, and then shattered by one thought of his smudgy past.

"It's no use," he mused. "No one understands." A lump rose in his throat as he continued, "But they'll never take me alive."

MILE after mile the grey loped on, his great body bearing the additional burden without pause or tremor. As he neared the prairie he instinctively slackened his speed. Long years of association with the outlaw had instilled in him some of his master's uncanny foresight in avoiding capture. Elgin paid him little heed and as he neared the open country he stopped and pricked up his ears in warning. From up the trail came the steady 'clap, clap,' of a trotting horse. A trotting horse? Few cowmen rode at a trot.

The outlaw stiffened in readiness. The girl stirred and looked around. She, too, had heard the approaching horseman. The oncomer rounded the bluff and came full upon them. A startled oath leaped from his mouth upon recognizing the grey and his rider.

"Oh, Dad, is it you?" cried the girl, and, sliding to the ground, she hobbled towards the policeman.

"Julia, what are you doing here with this man? Do you know who he is?"

"Now, Daddy, don't scold. I got lost, and my horse bolted when a bunch of grouse flew from under him. He stepped into a hole and when he fell his back was broken, and mebbe my ankle. This man came along, and brought me out at great risk to himself."

Elgin was staggered. She the daughter of a policeman! One of the men he had sworn to exterminate! This possibility had never occurred to him. His inherent love of freedom rose uppermost. Perhaps even yet there was time to escape while the two were under the excitement of meeting. His left hand dropped to his bridle reins, while the other slipped towards his coat pocket.

"Hands up, or you're a dead man!" ordered the policeman, his blunt forty-five covering the outlaw. "I'm obliged to you for rescuing my daughter, but aside from that, you're dealing with the law."

"Daddy, how can you be so ungrateful? He saved my life."

"Huh! D'ye expect me to pass up a chance like this? Any man on the force 'ud give ten years of his life to be here in my boots."

"It's a shame! He deserves a chance to at least escape," she said firmly, and seizing his wrist, pulled the weapon's muzzle to the ground.

The outlaw's answering laugh held the ring of chilled steel. "I reckon it's my deal now, Mr. Policeman," he said, alert and tense. "One move, and you're the first victim. Promise there's no treachery once my back's turned, or I'll—" and he waved his revolver significantly. "What's the answer?"

Sergeant Evans, twice decorated officer of the king, stood silent and undecided. Beads of perspiration gathered on his smooth, bald forehead; the grizzled locks seemed to curl and whiten beneath the stiff-brimmed Stetson. Of a sudden he seemed old, puny and incompetent before the dynamic force of the younger man.

"Promise, won't you, Daddy?" Julia had entwined her arms about his waist as he sat astride his horse. "Promise, Daddy. He is sparing you the shame of being disarmed."

An ominous silence broken only by the discordant chuckle of a tiny brook had fallen throughout the hills. In all the vast spaces there was no sound.

"What's the answer?" cried Elgin.

Evans gulped and vainly tried to swallow.

Suddenly throughout the hush sounded the faint drum of fast approaching hoofbeats.

"What's yer answer?" said Elgin in a pregnant hiss, his trigger finger, strained and white.

"It's that," answered Evans at last, nodding towards the approaching horseman.

In spite of himself Elgin glanced towards the newcomer; then, the roar of the police forty-five, a searing blow on the chest and he rolled drunkenly from the saddle. He regained enough of his senses to hear the girl conclude, "Dad, you've killed him," and vaguely through the haze he knew she was at his side.

Through the interminable distance came a shout then the vibration of the ground from the hoofbeats, and a thick brogue asking, "What's the trouble? Anyone 'urt?"

"Corporal, I've killed Black Jack Elgin," was the proud answer.

"Is 'e dead? That's 'is pardon—came through at noon—for saving the express at Wild 'Orse Canyon."

The news seeped into Elgin's brain, expelling the overpowering numbness, and he opened his eyes to a slit. Evans' mouth was opened for speech but none came forth.

"It's too late," he mumbled eventually, his voice shrunk to a tragic whisper.

The corporal was quizzically inspecting his superior's back. "But there's something funny 'ere. That cove could 'ave riddled the old top afore 'e'd 'a winked. Wot's the idea? The old man standing like a dummy, and the weeping girl ready to faint, an' 'oldin' the dead 'ero's 'and! It's queer; I wonder 'ow much lead Elgin did sling," and he opened the outlaw's gun.

"Spoofy," he said in doubt, searching the ragged pockets. "Why, 'e 'ad only one shell left! W'y didn't 'e tip the old man over? Godblimey, it's queer!" and with a quick slush of his knife he bared the outlaw's wound.

Suddenly Elgin became convulsed with a spasm of pain. A scarlet froth rose to his lips, his lungs filled, and a horrible, smothering sensation followed.

After a mighty effort he opened his eyes. Julia leaned close, and said through her tears, "Jack, Jack, you're not going to die. Say you're not," her breath coming quick and fast.

"It's all right, little girl," he answered. "It's been a wonderful day, more than I had coming to me. To make it complete will you kiss me just once?"

"Will I?" and she leaned over and kissed him tenderly.

Another spasm wracked the rugged frame, and the bright, red blood trickled from his mouth, and he lay still. Finally his lips moved and she bent to catch his words. "You'll think of me some-times?"

She pressed his hand in response, "Always, Jack."

Then huskily, "Will you take the grey? And call him"—he was silent:

Continued on page 80



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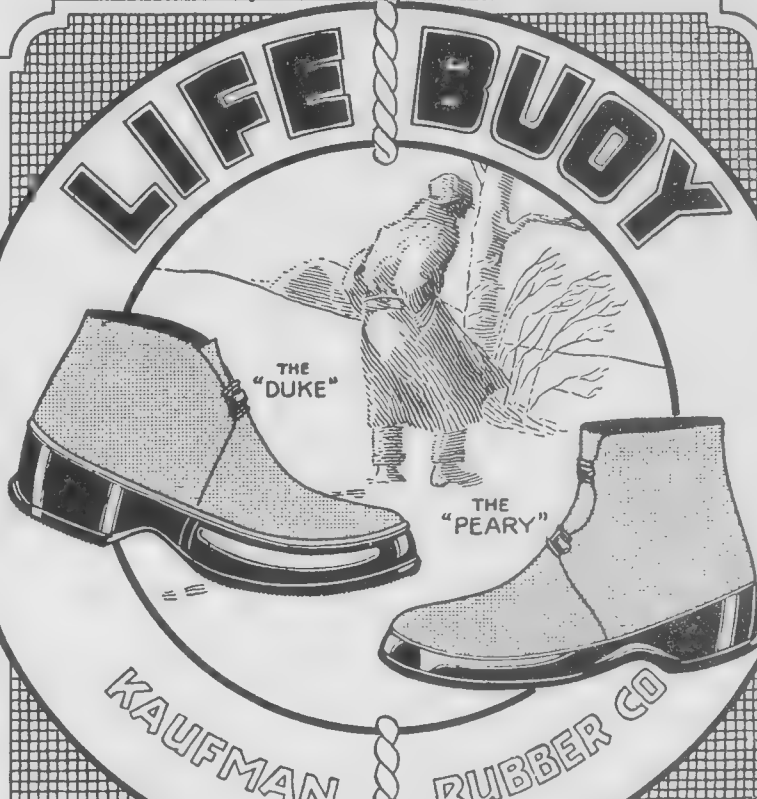
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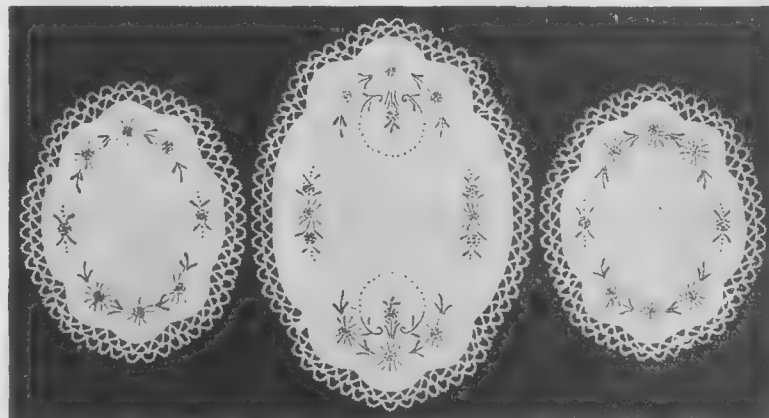
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"I mean," stammered Mona, "so far away; no friends or relations and the ocean between her and everything."

Both men laughed.

"Well," said Ernest, "she'll probably see more of her old home than you or I will, for they have buckets of money, and can run over for a week-end, if they feel inclined."

THEN the conversation grew more intimate. How did they like Fort Frances? The cost of living, were they still interested in golf, and what friends had they made? Lansing, who in the old days had himself been desperately in love with Mona, began to see the grey, lonely life she led, and never thinking what the cause of her drawn look might be, said, turning to her:

"You don't look at all like the old Mona; you haven't been ill, have you?"

The words hadn't left his lips before he knew. Mona's face flushed and Ernest laughed a shade too wisely and said: "Oh, Mona is all right, aren't you?"

Mona could have killed him: it was bad enough to be so ill, but to have it mentioned—Oh, well!

"Come and see the house," said Ernest to cover an awkward moment, and before Mona could say a word, he was on his way upstairs followed by Lansing. Surely, she thought, he won't open our bedroom door, when he sees it closed. Wouldn't he! Mona heard him go in there first. Then she sat and listened for them to come out. No sound. What would Lansing think? Heavens! Were they going to spend the evening there? Would they never come out of that room? If she could only have seen them: Lansing, now thoroughly convinced that Mona was ill and miserable, was taking this opportunity of giving Ernest a little friendly advice and was sitting on the unmade bed. Ernest had sunk into a wicker chair, and was holding his soiled underwear in his hands. He was thoroughly alarmed at Lansing's sober face, as the latter said:

"Yes, I think Mona is really ill and my advice is, see a good doctor at once and drop a hint to her mother to send one of the girls out to stay until this business is over. Mona is lonely, Ern., she must be desperately in love with you old man, or she would have cut and run before now."

MONA heard, with relief, their steps in the spare room. Presently they came down and Mona, with aching head, kept up bravely until the thoughtful Lansing left soon after nine o'clock. Much as Mona had enjoyed seeing him, she was too ill and overtired to think of anything but bed, and when the door closed behind him, she burst into tears in Ernest's arms. He, poor man, now thoroughly alive to her misery, petted and comforted her, until finally she dropped off to sleep.

To her amazement, her mother's next letter suggested that Elsie, now eighteen years old, should come out as soon as college closed and remain until after Mona's confinement. She said Elsie needed a change, and she felt sure the bracing air and long holiday would do her a world of good. Mona could hardly contain herself for joy. She loved her sister. They had been bosom friends at home and shared all their secrets. She was an extremely pretty and attractive girl, tall and fair with hair like spun gold, a beautiful complexion and dark grey eyes—an exact opposite of Mona. She was clever too, and full of fun and Mona thought with some misgiving, how she would amuse her for three or four months, for, with the exception of the doctor, whom she had never met, and one or two men friends of Ernest's, she knew no one, and now would have no opportunity of meeting anyone.

THE time soon passed, and eventually Mona found herself waiting at the station with Ernest for the train from the east. Before it stopped, Elsie got off and Mona thought how young and full of life she was. Her first words were:

"Mona—what an awful looking hat; where did you get it?"

They all laughed and Mona said:

"Don't be so insulting, I think this hat is most becoming!"

She did look awful in it, and she knew it, but she looked awful in anything now, and would look far worse before she was better.

Elsie loved the "Ranch" as she called it and was up next morning before anyone, sitting out in the tiny garden at the back which she called the "Golf Links." Mona took her when she went to do her shopping, but Elsie criticized everything she bought, and couldn't understand why Mona would buy butter at fifty cents, knowing it might not be first class, when she could be quite sure of A.I. butter at sixty. Before she had been there long, she understood.

One day she said to Mona:

"Why don't you get a nice, soft, cool dress for the summer?"

"I don't need one," Mona said, flushing. "this skirt I fixed over will last, and I have a lovely silk slip I wear over it. I made it out of that crepe shawl Dad brought me from Italy."

Elsie looked positively shocked.

"You didn't cut that shawl up to make some botched-up sack," she said, "why didn't you buy some silk and make one, if you have started making your own clothes?"

Mona answered quietly; "Because the shawl looked much better than any silk I could buy, and I never use it."

"Well," said Elsie, "if you were going to cut it up, why not have a handsome evening wrap made of it? You could put a lovely fox collar and cuffs on it and made it well worth the small outlay."

Mona laughed; presently she asked: "Elsie do you know how much we live on?"

"No, I don't," said Elsie, "but I know this much, you would never catch me coming out to this God-forsaken country to live, if my husband couldn't afford to keep me, and if I had to work and slave like you do Mona," and she added, as she saw the tears slowly coming into her sister's eyes, "of course old girl, I know Ernest will soon make heaps of money and you'll move back East, and have all your old friends back and—"

But Mona was hurt now.

"No Elsie," she said, "Ernest will never make heaps of money and we may spend our whole life out here, and if I have given you the impression I am at all unhappy, I am sorry, for I wouldn't change places with any girl I know."

"Yes, and I'm a perfect pig," said Elsie, "but truly Mona I'd die in this place, I don't care who my husband was."

"Just wait," said Mona. "wait until you fall in love. You'll just be like every other girl, think your life is going to be different, and before you are married twelve months, you will have done everything you said you'd never do and far more. Once you board the raft, Elsie, you are done for."

She laughed as she thought of herself only one short year ago. Could she be the same girl who nearly wept because the sewing woman her mother engaged, had put the rose pattern Valenciennes lace on the camisoles instead of the petticoats. No, she wasn't that girl at all. She was an old woman now, ugly and blotched and shapeless and she hoped Elsie would never be like her.

SUMMER passed, hot and monotonous and they were all glad when the cool days came, and they could go into the garden and have tea. Elsie had taken over the kitchen now and found it wasn't nearly as bad as she had thought. She made Mona stay in bed in the morning and have breakfast, and they sat and talked of all they would do after the great event. Then one night, late in October, during one of the worst storms that ever blew, Elsie was awakened by Ernest. She was in such a sound sleep

she didn't realize at first what he was saying.

"Say Els', I think the party's on. Will you go in to Mona, while I get the Doctor and Nurse?"

He was as white as a sheet and looked frightened to death. Elsie hurried into her clothes, putting her stockings on inside out, and as she could only find one slipper, she pulled a white bed sock on the other foot, giving her the appearance of a patient in the Orthopedic hospital who had lost her crutch.

Mona was sitting on the side of her bed convulsed with nervous chills and they could hear Ernest shouting at the phone down stairs, as though the person at the other end was stone deaf. After what seemed hours to Elsie, during which time Mona did the most extraordinary things, such as hunting through a bedroom box for some particular nightgown that she said had blue ribbon on, and helping Elsie drag the dressing-table from its place on the west wall to the east one, the nurse arrived, quietly took her outdoor clothes off, asked Elsie which room she would leave them in, got into her spotless uniform, pinned her cap on, and was "on duty." Then the Doctor arrived. Elsie met him in the hall and stared open mouthed at him, and he stared back. She had fancied he would be a middle-aged man, something like their own family doctor at home, even fifty or sixty, with a beard, but here was a fine, handsome young fellow about twenty-eight, in a light grey tennis suit, with a blue shirt and collar, the color of his eyes, looking as though he was going to a tennis tournament instead of a death bed, as Elsie thought.

WOULD she ever forget that night to her dying day, when she sat on the kitchen table, with her fingers in her ears and poor Ernest walking up and down the back porch! Then just at dawn, when the first sunbeam came creeping through the rustling vines at the kitchen window, she heard the unmistakable cry of a new born child. Ernest had just come in.

"Elsie, I bet it's a boy," he said, and she never forgot the look of love and pride and joy in his face.

They listened, like two lost souls, in the lower hall, and presently the nurse appeared with a little bundle in her arms and handing it to Elsie said:

"It's a dear little girl. Mr. Hutton may come up for a moment. Everything is all right."

Elsie carried the soft warm bundle into the living room, and sitting on a little stool, peeped at the queer mite. She was so absorbed, she didn't hear the doctor who was standing looking down at her, before she knew.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Yes," he said looking at her with admiring eyes. "I don't think I will ever forget this baby."

She immediately became aware of her hair which had fallen down and looked like a shower of gold about her, and her one white foot. She looked down at it, his eyes following hers and they both laughed.

"Have you hurt your foot?" he asked. This sent her into a fit of laughter, during which the nurse came primly into the room and took the baby away.

"No," she gasped, "but you see I was so frightened, I couldn't find my shoe and in the excitement I put this on."

"That's too bad," he said, "for if you'd hurt it I might have been called in to attend you. Now I must be properly introduced by Hutton."

"What's that?" said Ernest, coming in, "Oh, I see you are already friends, my sister-in-law, Miss Freeland, Dr. Gray."

They both laughed and with good-byes, and leaving very light hearts behind him, Gray left.

MONA, from that day, was her own dear self again, and when six weeks later she said to Elsie one day:

"You've been a perfect darling to me Els', but I feel now I can be left and I know you are just pining to get home for Xmas," she got no answer.

Elsie was sitting on the same low stool holding little Mona on her knee, just as she sat the night she first met Dr. Gray.

"Oh, I don't know as I am in such a hurry to get away," she said, and Mona stared at her questioningly.

"Why Els'. I thought you were bored to death here and we have been dreadfully worried keeping you all this time, but really, I'm all right now."

Elsie smiled and looking up into Mona's eyes she said:

"Well, you see Mona, I may not go home at all. Jack isn't rich I know, but he has a pretty good practice, and," she hurried on, as Mona's eyes grew larger and larger, "he has five hundred a year of his own, and we thought instead of my going back at all, I could be married from your house, and Mother and Dad could take a trip out to see me."

Mona was almost speechless, but like a wise old bird she said:

"Well darling, the West is a wonderful country, and after all happiness is found in queer places."

CO-OPERATIVE DAIRYING

That the co-operative system of marketing can be successfully carried on in Manitoba, is proved beyond a shade of a doubt, more particularly as far as the dairying industry is concerned. The best exemplification of this is demonstrated by the wonderful success that has attended the Manitoba Co-operative Dairies, Ltd., established in Winnipeg as a farmers' enterprise in 1921. Over three thousand manitoba farmers showed their confidence in the co-operative plan by instituting this business and the result has exceeded their fondest expectations. Not only have they greatly increased their butter supply in the local markets but they have given a name to Canadian butter abroad that places it in the very first place. During the past season the Manitoba Co-operative Dairies exported several very large shipments to the British market where it was received with exceptional favor and pronounced to be equal, if not superior, to the New Zealand and Australian products. The markets of Japan have also been reached and many avenues heretofore closed to the Canadian farmer have been opened up, all making for better results to him and making Western Canadian resources better known to the world.

In the first year of its operation this Winnipeg plant had an output of 371,000 lbs. of butter and in 1923, 1,097,000 lbs., or in other words over one-tenth of the total creamery butter of the province. With this great increase in output has gone a marked improvement in quality and at the big Dairy Shows in Toronto and in the West, the Company's product won the highest honors.

Honeyman

Continued from page 79

then over his face ran a faint, whimsical smile and his lips moved again, "Call him Honey-Man," he said, his voice faint and far away.

A single ray of the setting sun burst through the angry snowclouds, banishing the gloom and darkness from the tiny valley. It shone on the alert, young corporal making ready for their departure; it gleamed for an instant upon a bowed, weary, old figure in scarlet. It blazed in the eyes of the towering grey as he stood calm and rock-like championing the bit and nodding his head in fondness over his fallen comrade and new-found mistress. It stayed but a moment; then down from the cold, cloud capped peaks rolled the fury of the storm.

Free Book About Cancer

The Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the management of any case. Write for it to-day, mentioning this paper.

Danka, the Wolf-Dog

Continued from page 6

Cameron did not like that squint, but he raised his hand in the customary salute. It was ignored.

"I come for my dog," said the Indian. From the cabin there sounded a thunderous growl, tailing off into a whine. Cameron grinned.

"Fetch him then," he suggested quietly, jerking his thumb towards the cabin.

The Indian climbed out, his rusty shot gun over his shoulder. The barrels were sawn off short to facilitate portage through the bush. He strode up to the cabin and entered. There was a roar, and next moment the Indian was spinning backwards across the sun-baked earth, to fall on all fours, blood dripping from his right wrist. Cameron laughed aloud, and the Indian heard him laugh.

Yet the man did not curse, for cursing was not among his savage gifts. As he rose his lips moved in foul and utterly meaningless words, which had no bearing on anything, and his squint became more pronounced. Danka stood at the doorway, bristling, white-fanged, forbidding the brave to enter.

There are Indians and Indians—especially among the Blackfoot. Minwell was a fighting Indian. He was not loved among his own people—nor among the N.W. Mounted, who knew him. Now he deliberately unslung the rusty gun from his shoulder.

"Hi!" shouted Cameron. He strode up to Minwell's side, so that their shoulders touched. The red brood has risen to the roots of Cameron's red hair. "What the devil are you going to do?" he enquired stolidly.

They looked into each other's eyes. It was not a pleasant look. "That my dog," said the Blackfoot presently.

Again Cameron laughed. "Used to be," he answered. "It's mine now."

By way of reply Minwell flung up the rusty fowling-piece, pointing it towards the door, but he was not quick enough. Cameron's fist shot out like the piston of a high speed engine. He had lost control of himself—a thing Cameron never had the least difficulty in doing, and Minwell went over backwards with a sickening thud, his gun ricochetting over the sunbaked earth. The white man stooped, picked up the weapon, and smashed it in two against the ground. Then he ironically handed back the fragments. "You ain't fit to have a dog!" was his simple comment.

The Indian rose and staggered back towards his canoe. Once he turned and looked at Cameron, his lips moving. There was a world of meaning in that look, but the white man laughed again. Yes, he laughed!

A minute later Minwell pushed off. The dog and the white man were standing in the centre of the clearing above, and the white man's hand was on the dog's head.

Cameron had made a good friend—also a bad enemy.

"WHITE man him come! Drive game out of country, kill more than him need, set fire to forest! Where him go Indian die! Ugh!"

That was Minwell's summing up. He had never loved the white race. His own people knew it and were afraid—the N.W. Mounted knew it and watched. No one takes an Indian seriously these days, but the fact remains that here and there one still exists who is true to the story books, and a bad Indian is the same color all the way through—red, bloody red!

Shortly after the meeting last described Cameron decided to move camp. There was a creek ninety miles away which, for the last five years, had proved a continuous source of supply. By now the creeks were at summer level, their sand banks exposed, and on the creek in question there was one particular bank, of which Cameron knew, which was always worth silting. Each winter the floodwaters bore down their grains of yellow dust. The old sand was carried away, and new sand took its place. And with the sand came the rich showing from some mysterious mother lode somewhere in the earth's secret

vaults from which the waters sprang.

So Cameron packed his pack pony and saddled his saddle pony, and striking out from the fly-infested cedar forests he entered the open foothills where pine and poplar vied with one another between the open ridings.

Prospecting leisurely as he rode, Danka trotting stiff-legged ahead of the ponies, a few evenings later found Cameron only five miles from his destination, and sooner than make another camp in the bush, he decided to push on to the cabin at the creek margin which he had left nearly a year ago.

So darkness found Cameron still on the trail, and presently he became aware that the dog Danka was alongside his pony instead of trotting ahead. Moreover, he saw in the dimness that the animal's behavior was strange. Danka appeared as a grey ghost, and all Cameron could make out was that the dog kept stopping, hurrying up to regain lost ground, then stopping again.

"Scents game!" mused Cameron, and it occurred to him that in all probability wolves were about. They were numerous in that country, and though no well-fed man had much to fear from them, they were a source of peril to any dog. So Danka was keeping close to his master.

Then suddenly the dog stopped just ahead of the pony, holding the narrow trail and snarling thunderously. It was an eerie experience in the darkness, and instinctively Cameron unslung his rifle in readiness. Scarcely had he done so when there was a tongue of blue flame somewhere against the inky curtain ahead, followed by a deep report, which filled the forest on every side with echoes and re-echoing echoes.

It seemed to Cameron that something struck him a terrific blow upon the shoulder, and next moment he struck the earth with stunning force. His pony reared and wheeled, and his foot was fast in the stirrup. Cameron was aware of blow after blow, beating the blood into his eyes, then came darkness.

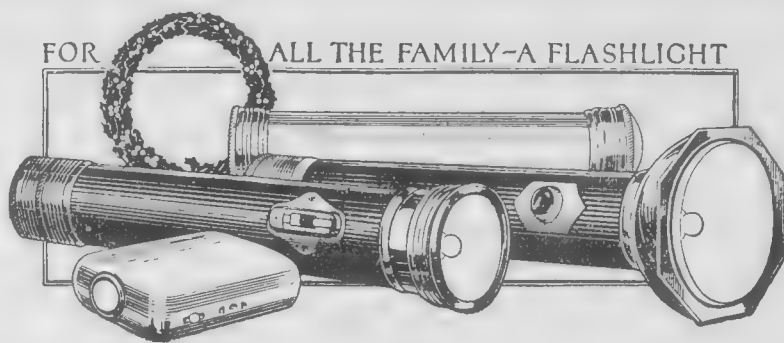
After an eternity he was conscious of the stars overhead, and of the "mush-mush-mush" of a browsing pony. Slowly his senses came back, and he began to piece things together. Someone had fired at him—his head throbbed and his right shoulder felt as though crushed in a vice. Instantly his mind flew to the Indian, Minwell, whom he had struck. He had foreseen the possibility of this, but in his venturesome career he had not troubled to give the matter much thought. Anyway, what could he have done? Now he knew that Minwell had followed him, shadowed him, and caught him napping. Curse Minwell! Cameron registered a vow that if ever he got out of this he would mop up the earth with Minwell—that was, if it seemed worth the trouble!

As his faculties returned, Cameron realized that other things were for the moment more pressing. His whole body felt numb, but he could see in the starlight that his left leg was stretched upwards and outwards, still fast to the saddle. The pony was quiet for the moment, because it had found a bit of sweet eatage, but in a minute or so it would move on, dragging him with it, and so on again, till eventually the Indians found him—still trailing over the earth, covered with sand, and—not pleasant to look upon! He groped for his rifle, it was gone. So was the other pony. The prospect troubled him a little, but he was too tired to do anything to divert it. Then he thought of the wolves—yes, the wolves would find him before the Indians! He was leaving a scent trail, and before very long, if he lived, he would hear them running it. Ugh! He had never liked to hear the hunting wolves!

SOMETHING moved at his very side—within a yard of him. He saw a rounded scalp and two great ears silhouetted against the sky. A face, coming towards him, and two flashing points of light. He cried out, and struck at it with his fist! His fingers closed on fur and loose skin—closed and locked desperately, holding the thing away.

Continued on page 82

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Danka, the Wolf-Dog

Continued from page 81

The pony started, dragged him another yard or so, but feeling the unaccustomed tension on the stirrup, it looked back with frightened eyes into its master's face. Then Cameron felt a warm tongue on his cheek and about his wrists, and he remembered. Danka was at his side—keeping guard over him! It was Danka he had clutched.

The knowledge refreshed Cameron a little—gave him new life. It killed the sense of being utterly alone and unarmed in this awful position. He fell to thinking, and there came to him the sickening knowledge that the dog could do nothing. True Danka loved him, would have served him with his life, but so, for that matter, did the pony, which was dragging him to his doom. Neither of them understood. Man only could help, and the only man near was Minwell—curse Minwell!

Again the pony moved, and Cameron, groaning and cursing, strove to raise his head and his wounded shoulder from the hard ground. He clutched at his outstretched, upraised leg for support, clawing at it with frenzied fingers.

It was then that a glimmer of understanding came to the wolf dog. He knew that things were sadly amiss, that something was urgently in need of "being done," but in his poor dumb strivings he had been unable to lay hold of anything tangible. Now came the first germ of understanding. He had seen his master clutch at his leg and cry out. The leg, then, was the offending member! It was dragging him along!

Danka leapt at the leg and gripped it in his jaws, but he could not sink his fangs into it, because it was sacred to his master. He followed up the initial idea, and so came to Cameron's boot, then to the stirrup. His teeth clicked on the cold steel, from which he shrank instinctively with a wolf's dread of the trap.

But to the trapped wolf there comes the understanding to gnaw at the chain which holds the trap, so now there came to Danka the understanding to gnaw at the stirrup strap. He took it far back in his jaws, and got his grinding teeth to work with steady intentness of purpose, while Cameron, dazed, bruised, bleeding, looked on dumbly and marvelled.

One minute, two minutes passed, still the dog worked steadily, standing up with its forepaws on the enquiring pony's flank. Overhead was the palest glimmer of aurora lights, then faint in the distance, there came a sound.

It was a long, thin, wavering sound, which seemed to float over the tree-tops above, fading away with sinister melancholy in its cadence.

Cameron heard it, and understood—so also did the pony. With a snort it turned for the open glade, and perhaps for half a dozen paces Cameron was dragged. Then there was a crack as the partly severed strap gave way, and the pony plunged on—alone.

Cameron sat up, then painfully dragged himself to the nearest tree, and propped himself up against it. He fell to groping about his wounded shoulder—he could move his arm and his fingers, so evidently no serious breakage had occurred. By some lucky chance the bullet had passed through a fleshy part, and since he could feel his shirt clinging to him both front and back, he rightly concluded that the bullet had passed clean through, to bury itself in the timber beyond, for which he was heartily thankful.

Ere long another diversion occurred—he heard a crashing sound in the bush all around him, first this way then that, and Danka, lying at his feet, stood up, head lowered, glowering into the darkness. The sound in the bush drew nearer, seeming immensely loud on the stillness, then, as though in a dream. Cameron saw one of his ponies galloping across the open space straight towards him. It came on without checking, snorting with terror, and would have trampled straight over him, but that Danka leapt to meet it.

The pony checked, almost fell, turned back, running in a circle, then Cameron saw wolves, five of them, appear as

though by magic all round it.

There, before his very eyes, the hideous scene was enacted. He saw the wolves drag the pony down, and their devilish ferocity was stunning to behold. He could scarcely believe that they were living creatures—no, they were some hideous form of fur-clad, bristling devils, confederates of the man Minwell, no doubt. They held his attention by their very devilishness, till their work was done, then he closed his eyes and listened to the tread of the body bearers at this deathly funeral.

Wolves, where they were too plentiful, pack in summer as well as in winter, for the reason that they spoil their own hunting and so become hungry. Well, they were too plentiful here, and a dern sight too hungry! Cameron had lived in the bush twelve years, but only on one occasion had he seen a single wolf, though he had heard them often. Now, because he was unarmed, because he was wounded, they had dragged down his own pony at his very feet, and were calmly devouring it, heedless of his close proximity! Yes, the brutes knew!

Danka, in the meantime, was sitting back between Cameron's legs, leaning his back against the man's chest, watching yellow-eyed but in deadly silence. Time passed, and a sudden silence fell—a silence more ghastly than the sounds that had preceded it. Danka moved, and Cameron opened his eyes. He saw that the wolves were watching him from amidst their scattered feast. One or two of them were sitting down with lolling tongues—the others lay flat squirming and shifting their positions at intervals. Each squirm and movement brought them an inch or so nearer, each time a sitting wolf lay down it came almost imperceptibly closer. And all the time the wolf dog between Cameron's legs watched them with wolfish yellow eyes, which betrayed neither hatred nor sympathy nor emotion of any kind.

It was a curious and unique study of canine character, and Cameron watched with interest rather than dread. He had heard so much about these creatures and seen so little, that it was as though one interested in spiritualism beheld at last an army of ghosts. One wolf, evidently a bitch, judging from her pointed muzzle and narrow head, was clearly the leader. She was the first to belly up each time, at intervals laying her head upon her forepaws and looking at Danka with coquettish playfulness. At length she stood up, and came right in almost to Cameron's feet, looking Danka in the eyes.

Quietly Danka rose. His tail was wagging, his head playfully aloft. Tentatively he went up to her, sniffed her muzzle, and as he did so her eyes narrowed treacherously.

None can read the heart of the dog, no one knows the heart of the wolf, and the wolf-dog falls midway between the two, an unfathomable mystery. He partakes of the truth of the dog, while still the lying deceit of the wolf is his. So now, seemingly a fool, Danka suddenly stiffened. He snapped downwards and drew back, and the she-wolf also drew back, nursing one paw and cursing hysterically, if ever a wolf was heard by human ears to curse, for she was crippled for life. And Danka was back, leaning against his master, still silent but white-fanged and bristling.

Then Cameron knew that he had seen his dog in its true colors. Danka had received his choice—of the wild from which he sprang, or truth to man whom he had adopted, and between the two a deep gulf is fixed, across which none can return. Cameron had seen, and he was satisfied.

But once again the man roused himself to find the wolves sitting nearer, perilously near, in a half circle, his dog still leaning coolly against him. And to Cameron came the knowledge that it was not him the wolves were after—it was his dog, a traitor to their race! If Danka would leave him he might live, yet Cameron placed his arm about his dog and held him closely.

It was the sunshine which next awoke Cameron, and the wolves were gone. He

realized that another night of it would see them through with the wretched business, so he made a supreme effort, and crawling on all fours he lit two fires several yards apart in the open space, and left them burning. When evening came he heard voices, and saw the Indians standing over him.

They took him to their teepees, and gave him all that their crude knowledge of his requirements could supply. The Indians were on their way to their autumn fishing grounds, so they left an old squaw to care for Cameron. Very tenderly she did so, and ere many days were past Cameron's virile strength triumphed.

Cameron had given no explanation, and none had been asked, but now in a garrulous mood, he told the old woman of the brave, Minwell. And as he spoke, fear came into her eyes, and that night found Cameron alone.

He did not report the incident for the same reason as that by which he did not register his claims—because it was too much trouble. Sooner or later he would meet Minwell face to face, and then—then he would mop up the earth with him!

But Cameron was saved that trouble,

for when winter came, Minwell got a job under the Hudson's Bay Company—in charge of the packers between the camps which shall be nameless. He was a good dog driver and a hard traveller, which meant, of course, that he was entirely heartless where his dogs were concerned. And one winter evening Cameron had just made camp when a sled, drawn by nine malamutes, passed in the dimness, travelling hard so as to gain the baseline clearing while some light remained. It passed by, I say, and vanished into the great grey loneliness, and that night, for the first time since their friendship began, Danka was missing from his place across the fire. He was back at daybreak.

A day or two later Minwell's dogs returned to the trading-post, without harness and without their master. Some of Minwell's clothing was found at the baseline, also his hunting knife, and at his feet a dead malamute. The rangers lightly returned the verdict—"Killed by his own dogs," and there the matter was written off. But Cameron never ceased to wonder where Danka had been that night, for the baseline clearing was only five miles away.

Dill's Christmas Eve

Continued from page 31

turned back to the restaurant. Perhaps the child had been found, but as she entered Pa was telephoning to the police. Ma had evidently been out and returned. Her breath was spent, and wet and bedraggled, she sat panting in a chair, unable even to cry. As Dill went up to her the telephone rang. Pa, who had just left it, sprang back to it with surprising alertness. It was the new night operator. She had been interested in the message to the police and repeated to the operator just leaving that a child had been lost. The man she had nearly knocked down in the cafe had brought them a box of candy, and overhearing what she said, he told them that when he had been standing outside the cafe he had seen a child run out of the alley and go away up the street, looking in every window.

Pa put on his hat. "Marge must be 'way up the street somewheres," he said, "I'm goin' up to have a look myself."

"You go up one side and I'll go up the other," said Dill.

"Aw right!" said Pa, and off they started.

MA still sat and panted heavily. She was sitting thus when Davie entered and asked if a young lady had been in for oysters. Ma nodded. "Gone up the street," she whispered. "Other side—hurry up!"

"Up the street?" inquired Davie bewildered, "What for?"

"Can't talk," Ma heaved, "wind gone—she'll tell you—hurry up—"

Davie dashed out the door and up the street.

Ma sat and her breathing gradually became easier—at last she could stand. She waddled slowly to the door and out into the street again.

Time passed. One or two customers came in, stood at the counter for a while and finally went out again more or less puzzled.

A little later Jack entered the deserted restaurant. After his astonished survey of the place he went to the kitchen doors and called.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he exclaimed. "What in thunder had happened? Where in Sam Hill are Dill and Davie and the people who run this place?"

Just then Ma waddled in from the street, a picture of wet, hopeless despair. Again she sank into a chair and panted. Jack sprang to her assistance, but she waved him off with both arms. He looked at her helplessly, not knowing what to do.

"Do you by any chance know where the people are who run this place?" he asked.

Ma's head nodded and kept nodding. Jack was becoming thoroughly alarmed, when there entered a policeman, followed by Pa, Dill, Davie and the slouchy man. Pa rushed over to Ma, and Dill and Davie turned to Jack.

At that very instant, before a word could be said, the purr of a taxi stopping at the curb drew all eyes to the street. Out of the automobile stepped a man, coat collar turned up, cap pulled down. He reached back and lifted something in his arms—a few steps—a pause at the door—and into their midst dashed Marge. She looked around and made straight for her mother.

"See! See!" she cried.

She turned to the stranger, who handed her something—something, the flash of which caught every eye.

"A diamond ring—a diamond ring for you, Ma! Look! Look at it sparkle!"

In their astonishment no one moved, then Ma rose to her feet and sat flat on the floor—sat, not fell, for she was far from fainting. She held out both hands with fingers spread. Suddenly with a heaving, panting cry, she clasped the child to her, knocking the ring, sparkling and scintillating to the floor.

Pa bent to pick it up, and then the stranger spoke.

"Let me explain. I came in on the train tonight, and went straight to that excellent diamond merchant you have on Howard Street. It was after business hours, but I managed to get in, and while I was making an important choice the door kept rattling. At last Mr. Smithers went to the door to see what was causing it to shake. As he opened the door to investigate, in walked this tiny girl. Imagine our surprise! We got her over to the stove for she was decidedly wet, but for a long time we couldn't get a word out of her. At last, she told us her mission. She had a few pennies with which to buy her mother a Christmas present—her mother didn't get Christmas presents, but wanted a diamond ring—perhaps, like the ones in the window. Now this ring," he reached for the one Pa was holding, "is mine. It's for a very fine girl—a Christmas present, if I can persuade her to accept it, but Mr. Smithers was so impressed with this wee kiddie and her earnestness, that he will let her mother have a really good diamond ring for just a little money every month, if her mother truly wishes one. In fact the young Miss wouldn't tell us her name or where she lived, until I told her she might take my ring to show her mother."

During the recital both Davie and Jack had stepped toward the speaker, while Dill's eyes opened wide in amazement.

"My God, she's had us almost crazy!" broke in Pa, "but if I'd a knowed Ma wanted a diamond ring or any other darned thing for a Christmas present she could a had it."

"Git her one now, Pa, git her one now!" shrilled Marge.

"Well, I'll git her one now," repeated Pa, "I'll git her one now awright, if I kin git in, Stranger."

HE turned to the man, but the stranger was standing spellbound, staring at Dill, who with straight, damp locks of hair hanging from beneath her tightly pulled down hat, was staring back with eyes, in their surprise, like stars.

"You!" burst from both pairs of lips at once.

Slowly the astonishment passed from the man's face, and a smile spread over his features.

Quite oblivious of the others Bob Willis extended a chilly finger and hooked it in Dill's burning one.

"Great Scott!" gasped Dill.

"Burns!" said Bob Willis, laughing down at her, and his laugh was like the ringing of Christmas bells to Dill.

(Truly I don't know whether Davie and Jack eventually got their oyster stew or not.)

The Christmas Loaf

Continued from page 12

Chippewa Mrs. Sarah Chompel (Sweet Voice), who usually acted as caretaker of the Reid cottage, and now was Hugh's housekeeper, her silent husband cutting wood, etc.

Nina enjoyed the good lunch Sweet-Voice had prepared, then she asked boldly—"What is it, Hugh?"

He was not surprised, for he and Nina were close chums, and he answered slowly—"You remember Nannette—?"

She interrupted him—"Oh, don't say anything has happened to that dear little girl, or those dearest old people?"

"No, no, M. and Mme Guelle are very well, and Nannette is lovelier than ever, but—but I asked her to be my wife, and—"

For a moment Nina lost the sense of his words, she was visualizing Nannette, and not sure that she wanted her for a sister-in-law. Old Achile Guelle's looks and manners certainly justified his claim to descent from the proud old seignors of New France, and his wife was like him, but they were poor, so miserably poor, that all the summer season Nannette stood at wash-tub and ironing table, doing up dainty white things for the butterfly women at the hotel, and very thankful for the income it brought in. It gave Nina almost a shock to think of a laundress for a sister-in-law. Then because she loved her brother, she called herself a snob, remembering Nannette's beauty and old-world grace, and the education she had gotten from old time classics, rather than modern schools. She was pulling herself together, to congratulate her brother, when she heard him say: "And she refused me absolutely."

Nina exclaimed in indignant disbelief, and he added: "She is such a child!" ("She is twenty," put in Nina), "and I mistook her—her friendly ways for something more. No, I did not speak to M. Guelle, Nannette asked me not to, and certainly if the old gentleman is mediæval enough to force his granddaughter into marriage, I don't want a wife of that kind. But I told you this, because you are the only friend near her own age that Nannette has, and I do hope this will not make you feel indifferent towards her."

"Certainly not," said Nina briskly. "I'm going to call on the Guelles right now." And off she started, deciding to bring Nannette round somehow; for Hugh needed a wife, alone in the wilderness, and who would suit him as well as this girl who also loved the wilds? Nina's eyes had their most managing look, as she reached the white-washed, long, low, log house, with its chimneys of irregular stones at each end.

Nina walked through the terraced garden, past the leafless thickets that in summer bloomed out as lilacs, and snowballs, and cinnamon roses; and opened the back door, with the familiarity of an old friend.

The kitchen was full of the spicy scents of Christmas cooking and Nannette, on her knees at the oven door, could only smile her welcome at her visitor, for the minute.

Nina sat down on a century-old chair, with high carved back, and a seat of deerskin. The whole room was an antique—the low black-beamed ceiling;

Continued on page 84

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The Christmas Loaf

Continued from page 83

the ancient hand-made furniture; and the great black cupboard of carved wood, where the old china shone like jewels. Achile Guelle could have made much money if he had sold the contents of his house to the summer visitors who had the collector's mania.

Nina looked at the girl her brother loved; noting the signs of a heritage of good blood—made good by clean living and intellectual thinking—the poise of the lovely dark-haired head, and the hands, whose shapeliness not even hard work could spoil.

Nanette stood up, with a large loaf of plain bread in her hands—"it is *le pain de calende*," she explained, "I know no English to put it into, Nina, for Bread of the Calendar is not enough, no! It is the custom to bake one loaf for Christmas, and each of us of the family will taste of it, on Christmas Day, and on the Feast of the Circumcision (Yew Year's) and on Epiphany (Twelfth Night). Then each night from Christmas to Epiphany the door is left undone. For night and day a table is kept set with *le pain de calende*, and other food, for, the old tradition says, Madonna may look in to see if there is any room for her in the house, and if she comes not in person, any who enter, and eat of the bread, are said to be sent by her. Some of our old people still keep the crumbs and remnants of the Christmas loaf, to dry, and use for medicine."

"Guess it won't hurt your insides as much as some of the bottled stuff that folks drink," said a big woman, tramping heavily into the kitchen. She was Miss Cosgrove, post-mistress of Peerra, and aggressively British-Canadian. "But it beats me, Nan Guelle, how you can keep on setting out that there table. There's nobody but them shiftless Indians will ever come."

But Nannette only laughed, and old Achile Guelle hurried in, with his wife, to greet Nina, and insist she should take some refreshment.

"But I can't stay, dear madame," pleaded Nina, "I must go back to Hugh, the poor boy is so lonesome; and I only ran in to say that he has got his ice-boat finished, and we want Nannette to come out with us in it on Christmas afternoon."

Ice-boats were unknown in Peerra, and the old couple exclaimed and questioned, but Nannette evidently tried to excuse herself from going, without seeming to act strangely; until Nina skilfully forced an acceptance of the invitation from her. "I really believe she loves Hugh," thought Hugh's sister, as she left with Miss Cosgrove, "Whatever made her refuse to marry him?"

Miss Cosgrove spoke loudly—"I've no patience with that Christmas Loaf business. Popish superstition, I call it and to think of them a-going on setting out that there table, when everybody knows what it brought them once. What, you didn't know? Well, I guess it was before your time. Liz or Lise, as they called her, was sixteen—she's Nan's Ma—An' a man fell in the door Christmas night, and made a grab at the Christmas bread, for he was about starved, havin' lost his way, till he saw the Guelle's place. He was a slick talking fellow, Tony Ross was his name, an' he was goin' round looking up good timber sections for a big lumber company.

"Well, he was round Peerra mighty often after that, an' then he married Liz. The summer resort idea was just starting, and he got old man Guelle to sell the land the hotel's on, for thirteen thousand dollars. It seemed Tony was prospecting for mines just then, anyway he got the money, to put it in some mine—an' nobody ever heard nothin' about him again.

"The Guelles and some folks said he must have found the mine was a gold brick, and was ashamed to come back, but I an' others guessed he just skipped for the States with the cash. An' Liz, oh, she stuck to it that he had been killed somewhere, sudden-like. Because he'd been sure her baby was to be a boy, to be named Anthony, she stuck Anthony on the girl that did come, an'

then she died; an' the kid got Ann or Nan."

Nina's brain was in a whirl. She had known Nannette's surname was Ross, though primitive Peerra usually gave her her grandparents' name; but she had not heard about her father till now, and it flashed upon her that Nannette had refused Hugh, whom she did love, because of the slur on her father's name.

And then who was Fred Ross, who was looking for a widowed Mrs. Ross? Could she be Lise?—And a son of twenty—could "he" be Nannette? She regretted now that she had not felt friendly enough to tell Fred Ross that she would be at Peerra, not Wipiti, and ask him to call in.

She did not tell Hugh, however, and the next morning, as he worked to finish the *Tehiman* (canoe) as his ice-boat was named, Nina drove the sledge across to Wipiti and was greatly disappointed to find that neither Ross or Tom Cunningham-Polecat, had been there. She left a note for Ross, if he did come, inviting him to call on herself and Hugh and returned, feeling rather sober.

Then it was Christmas Day, bright but not cold. After dinner, Nina in her furs, and Nannette in her common, heavy tweed skirt and coat, with cap and wide scarf of scarlet wool, sat down together in the ice-boat, while Hugh handled the sail. The entire neighborhood had gathered to see them, and an Indian called warningly—"Go not too near the islands, Hugh Reid. The winter is not hard yet, and the ice may not bear the new *tehiman*."

Hugh nodded his thanks, and the *Tehiman* glided down the harbor before a light wind. They were soon out on a white, unpeopled world, of ice and tall rocks; silent except for the sss-sss of the unseen waves, along the outer beach of the islands.

The sail was perfect joy to the three in the ice-boat, even Hugh forgot his love troubles, as he brought the *Tehiman* round a long graceful curve, to turn back to Peerra. And then they saw a man, looking very black on the snow-mottled ice, as he strode along, coming from the direction of Wipiti.

Nina started. Could it possibly be Fred Ross? She opened her lips to tell her brother, and ask him to meet the stranger, when the *Tehiman* swerved again on a long tack. Suddenly Nina screamed—for the man fell suddenly out of sight, and a broad crack of dark water lay across the thin ice!

"Keep still," Hugh ordered sharply, as under his skilful handling, the ice-boat veered, tacking towards the open water, where they could see the man's head now. He was clinging to a floating ice-cake.

But the ice was creaking under the weight of the *Tehiman*, so Hugh was forced back; then dropping his sail, he stopped the boat, stepping out on the ice with a coil of rope. "We can't throw from here," he said, "so I'll crawl out as near to him as I can. You girls stay here, and be ready to help haul, when I get him."

Nannette stood up—"I'm the lightest weight. Let me go out ahead of you."

He nodded, more in love than ever with this girl of such ready daring, and Nina, alone with the boat, watched Nannette crawling out, the scarlet of her dress flaring against the frozen dun of the ice. Then at a careful distance behind her came Hugh, worming his way on the unsafe ice, and calling directions to her, and encouragement to the man, still pluckily struggling for his life, in the deadly cold of the water.

At Hugh's order Nannette stopped, and flung the rope, but it fell short, so an-

Nina sat by his bed when he had eaten, and asked—"Who is this Mrs. Ross you are looking for? I think I can help you to find her."

So with the Guelles and Nannette and Hugh, listening, Ross said—"Mrs. Ross is my father's second wife. When my mother died, her people took me, and they only knew he had married again when I was ten, and had, they believed, another son. When his mining partner, Parker, notified them of his death in an accident, he professed ignorance as to his second marriage. When I was grown I decided to look up my possible brother, but the war came, and I was overseas till a year after it closed. My pal had been Jim Parker. He was killed, and when I did get home, I called on his father. The old man was all broken up, for Jim was the only child, and at last he told me how my father had put some money of his wife's folks into the mine; and he—Parker—had taken advantage of my father's sudden death, to destroy his papers, and get a legal title to everything. He had made himself nearly a millionaire, for Jim's sake, but now he had determined to restore my father's other yard of danger had to be crawled, before the rope was thrown again, and this time the man caught it in his

teeth; then clinging to the ice with one hand, he managed to twist it round his arm. Meanwhile Hugh and Nannette were back on the firm ice. Hugh had his job to haul the man in, but the stranger kept his head, doing everything possible to help himself, and at last he was lifted onto the ice-boat, where he smiled weakly at Nina—for it was Fred Ross—and collapsed in a dead faint.

Swiftly the *Tehiman* flew home, and Ross recovered consciousness in the spare bedroom, opening off the Guelle kitchen.

He was soon able to speak, and say he was ready to eat; so Madame Guelle put the food from off a small table on a tray for him, saying, "It is good that Christmas does not pass without an unbidden guest, to eat of the Christmas bread."

share—half his fortune—to this Mrs. Ross and her son, if I could find them; for he had no idea whereabouts in all this district my father had met and married her."

"You have come to the right place at last," said Nina, "though your step-mother has been dead for twenty years; and your 'brother' Anthony was born a girl, so we call her Nannette."

There was an hour of excitement and explanations. The Guelles showed Ross the papers that proved their son-in-law was indeed his father. Then the two old people sat down apart, too dazed to realize the extent of the wealth that had come to them. But madame said softly—"Eh, but I am glad that our poor Toni is shown to be a true man. The little Lise was right when she would say that the man who came on the dear Christ's fete, and ate of *le pain de calende* could not break faith with us."

As Nannette had disappeared somewhere, Nina sat by Fred's couch, chatting to him, and feeling that she liked him better than any man, but Hugh, that she had met.

Hugh was in the fire lit kitchen looking out at the weather, when he saw Nannette, in her white dress, with some bread in her hand—"Won't you eat it with me, Hugh," she said, "It will mean that we belong to each other, always."

Hugh had resolved that nothing should make him press his suit on Nannette, the heiress, but at her words he forgot resolutions, and so he took the bread from her fingers—and something sweeter from her lips.

The Peace of Europe

Continued from page 42

than August 1925. It is desirable that both Russia and Turkey should be present. The discussions will raise other problems, notably the application of the principles of the Washington Naval Conference to all sea-powers; the codification of international maritime law with a view to the general acceptance of the compulsory clause of the Protocol to the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice. These and other problems will have to be referred for examination to the Standing Committee suitably enlarged and strengthened. It would be a good idea at this stage to transform the Committee into a small permanent Secretariat, working with the League Secretariat, but concerned exclusively with carrying on the work of the European Conferences, which gradually evolve into a "United States of Europe."

Fifth Stage—August, 1925.

Meeting at Geneva of a Plenary Conference of European Powers. Receipt of ratifications of Draft Pact, and agreed regional understandings within the terms of the Pact. Receipt of Ratifications of the Plan for the Reduction and Supervision of all European armaments by the League. Receipt of Ratifications of agreements for the liquidation of inter-Allied debts. Discussion of future constructive programme; reports of Secretariat on Naval Armaments, Maritime Law, and International Labor Office Conventions.

Sixth Stage—Geneva. September, 1925

Admission of Russia to permanent membership of the Council of the League of Nations, at the Sixth meeting of the Assembly of that body. The possible

admission of the United States to a permanent place on the Council at the same time. (Note:—Although of course highly desirable, the latter admission is not essential to the working of the present Plan).

Simultaneously with the development of the Stages of the Plan, the League of Nations will pursue its varied beneficent work, completing the economic restoration of Austria and Hungary. The permanent Court of International Justice will attract more international problems and disputes as its impartial character is more generally recognised. The International Labor Organisation of the League will continue to invoke international co-operation to improve world labor conditions.

But there is another task of great importance which lies outside the scope of any of the official organs of international co-operation. While the framework of a new European polity is being erected, it will be necessary to educate public opinion in all the countries concerned. The United States of Europe may be set up and admirably organised, and yet have no substantial reality if it is unsupported by enlightened public opinion. It is the duty of Governments therefore to see that in all the national schools, colleges, and universities, there should be systematic and regular instruction on international co-operation untainted by propaganda. The Press, too, should be enlisted; newspapers are sometimes perhaps too potent moulders of public opinion, but here is an occasion worthy of their united good offices. Voluntary societies, international associations, learned bodies, League of Nations Societies—all have important work to do not only in expediting the progress of the

Plan, but also in solidifying its foundations.

This Plan has said little of the United States of America. As the Plan develops from Stage to Stage, that country will feel able consistently to depart from her present policy of protective isolation, and it is a very short step from the application of this Plan to the translation of the League of Nations into a real United States of the World.

The Cat That Knew

Said one man: "There's a big tomcat that scratches my plants out and then sits and actually defies me."

"Why don't you throw a brick at him?" asked his neighbor.

"That's what makes me mad," was the reply. "I can't. He gets on top of my greenhouse."

Where He Would Find It

"Now, doctor," said the convalescent patient, "all I need is something to stir me up—to put me in fighting trim. Did you put something like that in this prescription?"

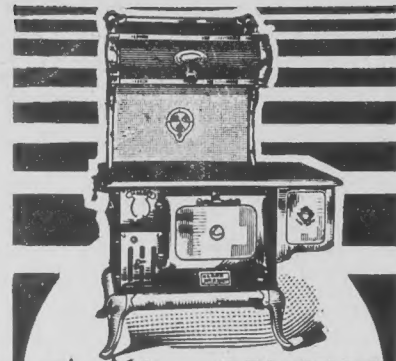
"No-o," answered the physician with some hesitation, "but wait until you get the bill. You will find it there."

No Peace For Him

Willie was out walking with his mother, when she thought she saw a boy on the other side of the street making faces at her darling.

"Willie," asked mother, "is that horrid boy making faces at you?"

"He is," replied Willie, giving his coat a tug. "Now, mother, don't start any peace talk—you just hold my coat for about five minutes."



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Spirit Lake

Continued from page 10

The free-trader's limited stock of goods was about sold out. In case of an outbreak he had little to lose; for he could pack up and be off in a couple of hours. The danger in which Fort Determination stood, instead of arousing his sympathy, filled him with secret satisfaction. The Indians knew—for he had told them himself—that the Company had on hand several cases of guns and many kegs of powder. To loot the Company's store and seize the munitions of war would, he knew, be the first aim of each of the battling tribes. Well, it was no affair of his; he would not lift a finger to help his rivals.

The priest had scarcely reached the store when a deputation of Chipewayans arrived to purchase powder. Brown, of course, refused to sell them any. The Indians became abusive and threateningly demanded it. Father Montigny talked kindly to them, and pleaded with them to leave the whole affair to be settled by the Mounted Police, who would see to it that there was no mis-carriage of justice. The good man did his best to calm and soothe them, and, though they were not of his faith, he did, at last, succeed in extracting from them a promise to hold a pow-wow that night and to decide next morning as to their further action.

The Crees, in the meantime, had taken the precaution of sending their women and children away, and by sundown had entrenched themselves behind a barricade of fallen trees. That night the Great Gate of the old fort was closed for the first time since the Reil Rebellion; the two small cannons were loaded, and the half-breed servants of the company, few enough in number, were mustered for sentry duty.

SHORTLY after dawn, the Chipewayans sent word that they had determined to avenge the death of Speckled Lynx by wiping out the Crees to the very last man. They asked for powder and announced that, should it be refused, they would raid the Fort. Brown declined to accede to their request. When the envoy had withdrawn, he turned to Father Montigny and said:—

"Well, Father, God help us if they come; for we cannot hold the Fort against them. Whether they buy the powder or steal it, makes but little difference; for when the fight begins, the Fort will be looted."

"That is true, my friend," replied the priest, "but there is hope still; for there is one man at hand who, I believe, can save the Fort from destruction, if we send for him at once."

"And who is he pray?" eagerly questioned the clerk.

"He is the only man who is feared by the Chipewayans and Crees alike; and he is a man whom we all respect," answered the priest; "he is the lion-hearted Standing Wolf."

Brown sent a runner for Standing Wolf immediately; and, just as the Chipewayans were approaching, he reached the store. The affair was hurriedly explained to him, and he was entreated to prevent the Chipewayans, if possible, from getting the powder. He grasped the situation at once, and told the white men what he would do if they left the matter entirely in his hands. His offer was gladly accepted; the gates were unbarred; the sentries were withdrawn, and the storeroom door was thrown wide open. Inside, Brown, Father Montigny, and Standing Wolf awaited the coming of the raiders.

The Chipewayans swarmed into the trading room. Their leader demanded powder. When Brown again refused to sell them any, he swore that they would take it by force. Then Standing Wolf motioned for silence. He told them that, since they must have the powder, he would deal it out to them and see that no man carried off more than his share; he would go into the other room and get it ready for them.

The Chipewayans took him at his word and waited. Brown and the priest, in the meantime, hurriedly left the building.

On entering the room where the guns and ammunition were stored, Standing Wolf unheeded a large keg of powder, stood it upon the floor beside five other kegs of equal size, and covered it with a blanket. Then he shouted to the Chipewayans to come in.

Eagerly they crowded into the room and saw several stacks of guns against the wall, and five large kegs of powder before them. The sight pleased them mightily. But when they noticed the cool, determined face of Standing Wolf, they hesitated. He was sucking steadily at his pipe and eyeing them with disdain.

"Now, you cowardly dogs," he sneered, "once you questioned my courage. We shall see presently who is bravest. There is the powder you want, and I dare the bravest among you to come and take it."

The Chipewayans stared stupidly at him. What did he mean? What was he about to do? Each waited for some other to be the first to act. Again Standing Wolf's harsh voice challenged them:—

"Don't stand there like a lot of old women. Is there not a man among you brave enough to take my dare?"

At the last came one of them a step forward, and said, "I think I will take some of that powder."

"Come on, if you think you are brave enough," snarled Standing Wolf.

The Chipewayans pressed forward in a body.

Standing Wolf jerked the blanket off the open keg, thrust his smoking pipe to within an inch of the sixty pounds of exposed powder, and cried:—

"Now take it if you dare, and we will all go on the Spirit Trail together!"

Instantly, a frantic rush was made for the only door, and in twenty seconds there wasn't a single Chipewayan within the Fort.

When Standing Wolf quietly emerged from the trading room, he was greeted with such peals of laughter from the clerk, the priest, and the Company's servants that the humorous side of the affair began to dawn upon him; and he, too, could not refrain from joining in the merriment. The clerk, who with the priest had a moment before sought refuge behind the Factor's house, now convulsed with laughter, came forward as best he could with outstretched hand to heartily thank Standing Wolf for his bravery and for the ingenuity of the stratagem by which he had so completely and ignominiously routed the raiders. Jolly Father Montigny was leaning languidly against the fur-press in the middle of the yard exhausted after his outburst of laughter. Every now and then he would break in with a graphic word of description as the clerk endeavored to describe to Standing Wolf the ludicrous performances of the panic-stricken and nimble Chipewayans in their rapid and unanimous flight from the storeroom. In the wild and hearty rush to escape, the small outer doorway of the trading room had become for a moment so jammed that many of the raiders had sought safety and fresh air by plunging through the windows and carrying glass and sashes with them. One, a little fat man, had raced for the gateway with such earnestness and determination that he did not halt even to throw off the broken window sash that hung about his neck.

For over an hour the business of the Post was completely demoralized. Every little while one might hear from some unexpected quarter a sudden burst of laughter of so hearty a volume that all within ear-shot would catch the contagion and hold their sides again, while tears rolled down their cheeks.

IN the midst of one of these fits of hilarity, a gunshot was heard from the lake. Brown called for the telescope and presently announced that Factor Mackenzie was returning, and two members of the Royal North-west Mounted Police. When he lowered his glass, he discovered, in the other direction, the whole band of Chipewayans making off as fast as their canoes would carry them. In a moment there was a great ado, everybody at the Post busily endeavoring to get things in order. The Company's flag—a Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner of a red field, with the letters H.B.C. in white in the lower right-hand corner—was quickly run up the flagstaff. When the canoes had come abreast of the landing, all the people about the Post were there ready to greet the new arrivals and tell them what had happened. As soon as the police had heard of the affair, Sergeant Wright sent Constable Morson ashore to take The Eagle into custody while he and his half-breed interpreter hastened after the escaping Chipewayans to question them and to arrest the ringleaders.

The Factor could not thank Standing Wolf enough for his bravery and the two became such good friends that Standing Wolf agreed to trade solely with the

Factor, and sold him all the furs his family possessed.

That night the police searched the entire Indian camp for some clue to the buffalo killers, but their efforts were fruitless; for old Noo-koom had stored the skins away in the attic of the nunnery under the guise of a lodge covering; and, of course, they never dreamt that the innocent nuns had the skins in their keeping.

AT ten o'clock the following morning a motley mass of natives clothed in many colors crowded about the little church, which, for lack of space, they could not enter. Presently the crowd surged back from the door and formed on either side of the path, leaving an opening down the centre. A tall half-breed with a shock of wavy black hair resting upon his shoulders raised his violin, and, adjusting it into position, struck up a lively tune to the accompaniment of the wailing of a broken concertina played by another half-breed who preceded the newly married couple. Mi-na-ce wore a silk handkerchief over her head, a light-colored cotton dress open at the throat, a silk sash over one shoulder and a short skirt revealing beaded leggings and moccasins. Standing Wolf and The Marten came next in order, and were followed by Noo-koom, Ko-ko-hay and the children. Behind the children came the relations and friends, while the priest and clergyman brought up the rear. As the little procession moved along, the young men, lined up on either side of the path, crossed their guns over the heads of the wedding party and discharged a *feu-de-joie*.

On reaching a certain log-house, the procession broke up. The older people went in to partake of the wedding breakfast, while the bride and groom went over to one of the warehouses and amused themselves dancing with their young friends until they were summoned to the second table of the marriage feast. Everybody at the Post had contributed something towards either the feast or the dance. Out of respect for Standing Wolf, and as some reward for his bravery in preventing the looting of Fort Determination, the Factor had furnished a liberal stock of groceries and had, in addition, granted the free use of the buildings. The clerk had sent in a quantity of candies and tobacco. The priest had given potatoes; the clergyman had supplied the silver-plated wedding-ring for the bride, and had also given her a copy of the Bible in syllabic characters. The nuns had presented a supply of skim milk and butter. Mr. Johnson had provided jam, coal-oil, and pickles. The Mounted Police contributed five dollars to pay for the "band"—the fiddle and the concertina—and ammunition enough for the *feu-de-joie*. The friends and relations had given a plentiful store of fresh, dried and pounded fish; and had also furnished a lavish supply of moose, caribou, and bear meat; as well as dainty bits of beaver, lynx, muskrat, and skunk.

The bridal party having dined, they and their elders opened the ball officially. The first dance was—as it is always is—the Double Jig. Then came in order, the Reel of Four, the Double Reel of Four, the Duck Dance, the Reel of Eight, the Red River Jig, the Rabbit Dance, the Hug-Me-Snug, the Drops of Brandy, the Saskatchewan Circle, and—last but not least—the Kissing Dance. After a frolic of several hours' duration, some of the dancers grew weary and returned to the banquet room for refreshments. And thus for three days and three nights the festivities continued.

During a lull in the dancing on the afternoon of the wedding day, Attick's sister, who had arrived at the Post a few hours before, went up to him and said: "Brother, may I kiss you? Are you ashamed?" He answered, "No". She kissed him, took his wife's hand, placed it in his with her own over both, and addressed the young wife—

"As you have taken my place, do to him as I have done; listen to him; work for him and, if need be, die for him."

Then she lowered her head and began to cry.

The Marten went up to Attick and asked:—

"Are you man enough to work for her, to feed her and to protect her?"

"Yes," replied the new-made husband. The Marten put the husband's hand on his sister's hand and—looking him straight in the eyes—shook his clenched fist at him and said in a threatening tone, "Beware!"

IN the midst of the dances, Standing Wolf walked up to the "band" and knocked up the fiddle to command silence. Pulling his capote tightly about him, he assumed a dignified attitude, slowly looked round the room to see that he had the attention of all present, and began to address the assembly:—

"The step which Attick has taken is a very serious one. Now he will have to think for two. Now he must supply the wants of two. Now he will realize what trouble is. The one who made us, made us right. The man has his work to do, and the woman has hers. The man must hunt and kill animals, and the woman must skin and dress them. The man must stand by her, and she by him. The two together are strong, and there is no need of outside assistance. Remember, you are starting out together that way."

To illustrate his meaning, he held up two fingers parallel, and added:—

"If your tracks fork, they will soon be as far apart as sunrise is from the sunset, and you will find many ready to come in between. Carry on in the way you have begun; for that is the way you should end. And remember that if your tracks once fork they will never come together again."

When several of the guests had spoken, Ko-ko-hay rose to address her daughter. Overcome with nervousness, she pulled her shawl so far over her face as to leave only a tiny peep-hole through which to look. Hesitatingly she began:—

"My daughter, you never knew what trouble is, now you will know. You never knew what hard work is, now you will soon learn. Never let your husband want for anything. Never allow another woman to do anything for him; if you do, you are lost. When you have children, my daughter, and they grow up, your sons will always be sons to you, even though they be grey-headed. But with your daughters it will not be so; when they marry, they will be lost to you. Once married, they are gone forever."

She stepped up to her daughter, kissed her, and sank to the floor, weeping copiously.

Once more Standing Wolf rose to speak. He beckoned to his daughter. She advanced and knelt down, holding the fringe of his legging while he addressed her:—

"Mi-na-ce, my daughter, you have taken this man. Be good to him; and, if need be, die for him. Kiss me, Mi-na-ce, my daughter, kiss me for the last time."

She kissed him, and he added:—

"You have kissed me for the last time; henceforth never kiss any man but your husband."

Raising his hand with untutored dignity he pronounced the words:—

"Remember, I have spoken."

The Matter With Kansas

Governor Capper, of Kansas, recently pointed out what he deemed to be the "matter with Kansas." The average Kansan, he said, gets up in the morning in a house made in Michigan, at the sound of an alarm clock made in Illinois; puts on his Missouri overalls; washes his hands with Cincinnati soap in a Pennsylvania basin; sits down to a Grand Rapids table; eats Battle Creek breakfast food, and Chicago bacon cooked on a Michigan range; puts New York harness on a span of Missouri mules and hitches them to a South Bend wagon, or starts up his Illinois tractor with a Moline plow attached. After the day's work he rides down town in a Detroit automobile and buys a box of St. Louis candy for his wife.

Headed For It

They had lost their way in their new and expensive car.

"There's a sign, dear," she said to her husband, who got out of the car and flashed his flashlight on the board.

"Are we on the right road?" she asked.

He read: "To the Poorhouse."

"Yes," he answered. "We're on the right road and we didn't know it."

That's Right—Why?

"Oh, all women are alike," said the cynic.

"Why then," asked a woman, "should any man commit bigamy?"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

A Christmas Folk Song

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The ox put forth a horned head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Up rose the sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God come enter here."
He entered there to rush and read,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

DEAR Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:—I am not going to bore you with a long talk, just a very short one, and that to wish you the oldest and happiest wish in the world, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." We've had a very happy year together in the Cosy Corner, haven't we? A lot of you have won gold buttons, some of you have won other prizes, many have paint books and paper dolls that were won by careful work in coloring and painting. You've had a busy time, and so it must have been a happy time. Here's hoping that 1925 will be even happier and busier and more successful for every one of you. This year we must put on our thinking caps and get new ideas for competitions and stories. Here's wishing us all success, Bobby Burke and the boys and girls, Merry Christmas all round!

SOMETHING TO PLAY ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Have You Seen My Sheep?

In this game the player outside the circle touches someone on the back and says, "Have you seen my sheep?" to which the other replies, "How was he dressed?" The first then replies by describing the dress of some player who, when he recognizes himself, must run round the circle and try to regain his place without being tagged, as in Drop the Handkerchief.

Queen Dido is Dead

The players stand in a circle or row. One starts the game by saying to her right hand neighbor, "Queen Dido is dead." The neighbor inquires, "How did she die?" The first answers, "She died doing so" and begins shaking her right hand, which she continues to shake all through the game. The one on her right now addresses her neighbor in the same manner, and so the game goes on until all are shaking their right hands. The one who started the game, while continuing to shake her hand, takes up the conversation again, choosing a new movement, such as shaking her head, or her left hand. This motion is passed on in a similar manner, a new movement being added each circuit until all are tired with shaking, stamping, nodding or laughing. If preferred, a new motion may be chosen by each player as it comes her turn.

Paddy from Home

In this game a ring on a string is held in the hands of children standing in a circle. The ring is slyly slipped from one hand to another. Each child is given the name of a railway and Paddy stands in the centre and sings: "Paddy from home has never been,

A railway train he's never seen;
He longs to see the great machine,
And travel along the railway."

When Paddy sees the ring he must call out correctly the name of the station where it is. If correct, the child representing the station must become Paddy.

WHAT THE ANIMALS DO NOT DO
(Fables Most of Us Believe)

MOST of us have grown up believing many things that are not true. We should be surprised no doubt if we knew how many fables we believe. They come to us down the ages and are accepted without question. Natural history is full of such fables which millions

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

of people believe to be true. We are told that the ostrich buries its head in the sand believing that it cannot then be seen; that the camel can live without water; that monkeys form themselves into bridges to get across water. These and a hundred things like these we have been brought up to believe. Let us look at one or two of these fables.

To begin with there is no such thing as a sea serpent. There are sea-snakes in tropical seas, most poisonous reptiles, but they are not seen often enough nor are they large enough to attract attention. The supposed sea-serpent is usually

The toad does not spit poison at us. They are some of the best friends we have for they eat the garden pests and flies but old fairy stories have always made toads fearsome. A toad has a poison bag which he would use against a dog that picked him up in his mouth but the only defense they have against people is to let all the moisture out of their skins if they are molested, so that they shrink and can get into small holes and corners to hide.

The old story that appears in many readers about monkeys making chains

of this to use their eyes in the dark better than humans can. A story is told of a tiger hunt in India when the hunters found their prey in a cave asleep and chased it over rocks before they finally shot it and when it was dead it was discovered that all the soft pads had been burned off its feet by the heat of the rocks over which it had run. This will give reason enough for the night prowling that terrifies the jungle.

When an ostrich is pursued it puts its head down close to the ground hiding its neck and crouches its body so that it looks as much like the desert where it lives as possible. This is the same protective instinct that other animals, birds and insects have. The snake does not move along in loops or wind itself around a tree but it wriggles along, curving from side to side by means of the scales attached to each pair of ribs. The porcupine does not throw out its quills; they are fast rooted in the flesh and cannot be dislodged until they become old and have to be replaced by new ones as our nails are for instance. The quills are for defence and they may be employed for an offensive or defensive attack. When menaced by an enemy the porcupine makes a sudden backward charge and uses his armour as a cluster of fixed spears. Spears, not arrows or darts! Think what the truth of this fable would mean to this harmless creature. It would mean the most complicated system of defence ever thought of by plant or animal. If he discharged the whole series of quills he would immediately become the helpless victim of his enemy, or singly, he would need a brain like the captain of a dreadnought directing his ship's gun fire. Which quill? Which spine? What direction? No! Crabs and lobsters can cast off their limbs, some reptiles can take a sudden leave of their tails but none of these things are as impossible as that any animal could suddenly become its own gunner and fire off part of its own body for ammunition.

SOMETHING SENT IN

Dear Bobby Burke:—May I join your Cosy Corner? We have been taking your paper for some time, and I like it very much.

I am thirteen and go to High School. I lived on the prairie till I was nine then came here.

I would very much like any girl or boy to write to me.—Ethel Kline, 1041 Marion Drive, W., Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Bobby Burke:—I am very, very sorry I did not answer your letter before. I am very proud of my gold button, and all my chums have asked me about your Cosy Corner. I hope you will forgive me. I have been very busy doing my chores and homework. I will send you a letter later on how the bulbs are coming along. We have been going to school, and have manual training, which I like very much. In my next letter I will send you different leaves that we get around S. Vancouver. I will write you a long letter soon. Now, I must close.—James Alfred Green, 6666 Butler Street, S. Vancouver.

Dear Bobby Burke:—This is my second letter. I wrote once before, and it was not answered, so I will try again. (Both your letters came in the same mail, Raymond.—B.B.) I colored a cut out dolly, and I hope it will win a prize. I am nine years old on the 16th of February. We had a small garden this year; we grew potatoes, carrots, peas, and the chickens ate all the lettuce. I have one sister and one brother—their names are Ethel and Frank. I passed into Grade IV., and we are getting quite hard work, although I can do it. Ethel is too small to go to school; she is three years old on the 18th of April. Ethel has a small carriage and two dolls to take round in it. I have no more news now but I will have to write some other time.—Raymond Smith, Theodore, Sask.



Lines to the Nursery Wall Paper

By William Thompson



Just think, if dear old Santa Claus
Was like the one you see
There'd be no presents every year
For every one and me.

We'd have no drum, or pussy cat,
Or painted ball, or squeaking rat,
No Kewpie with a funny head,
Or lovely doll to put to bed.

No monkey climbing up a string,
Or dainty dress, or pretty ring,
No Topsy with soft wool for hair,
Or elephant, or Teddy Bear.

I'm very glad, and so are you,
That Santa Claus is really true,
Not like the one that's not at all,
Just picture on the nursery wall.

a long ribbon-fish floating on the surface of the water or it may be a number of porpoises swimming in line with their backs showing.

Can camels live without water? Camels are equipped with special water-retaining cells in the stomach which enable them to go without drinking for several days on the march but camels die for lack of water. The desert highways are white with the bleached bones of camels who have perished in hundreds from thirst.

Did you ever hear of the salamander, a little lizard which is supposed to be able to live and flourish in fire? This story was started by an Italian who saw one in the fire and thought its squirms of agony were pleasure. The salamander is a water born creature that lives in damp places like other lizards and hates heat and fire as much as they do.

to cross rivers has been investigated by naturalists and proved to be absolutely untrue. Where trees lean across a river and nearly meet monkeys swing across from bough to bough, and often follow one another closely and this is evidently the way the story has arisen, but if they ever did form a chain, when the first monkey swung down he would likely be dashed to death against the trees and the river bank.

Cats cannot see best in the dark. They see better than we do because of wonderfully constructed lens of the eye, but no living creature sees in total darkness at all. In tropical countries where the original cat family (lions, tigers, pumas, etc.) live, it is too hot to hunt food by day and so the evening brings the cat family out and they have learned because

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

A List of Problems

IN a book devoted to certain educational problems, Professor S. C. Parker gives a very complete list of everyday matters that are constantly calling for solutions. He places his questions under the following classification:

Problems of health; problems of making a living; domestic problems; civic problems; recreational problems.

1. Problems of health: What shall I eat in order to secure the best results? How shall I secure adequate ventilation under difficult and varying conditions? How shall I avoid certain common diseases? What steps, such as cold baths and antiseptic gargles, shall I take to avoid common contagion? What can I do in the way of first aids? What is a reasonable scientific treatment of simple ailments? How much exercise do I need and what opportunities can I take advantage of to secure it?

2. Problems of making a living: What are my capacities; that is, for what am I fitted by nature? What are the opportunities in various vocations? What are my opportunities to secure training? How can I best take advantage of them? How shall I secure a position? What attitude shall I assume toward my work? How keep on improving myself? How keep in touch with advances in my vocation?

3. Domestic problems: Shall I get married? Can I support a family? Is my prospective "better half" congenial, healthy, and likely to be efficient and successful? How can I best distribute the income for food, rent, clothes, and recreation? How save and invest money? How much and what kind of insurance shall I carry?

4. Civic problems: Shall I register today? Shall I vote? For what candidates? Shall I keep my yard clean and beautiful? How shall I aid charitable enterprises?

5. Recreational problems: Have I time to read for pleasure? Shall I read what I like or read for motives of culture? How much shall I go to the theatre? Shall I go to be amused or to be improved? Shall I keep up my music? Shall I play golf? What clubs shall I belong to? Shall I play bridge or poker? Shall I gamble? How shall I spend my vacation?

Professor Parker remarks that these are typical problems of everyday life and that it is important to remember that everyday problems like these may be disposed of by the most impulsive decision or may lead to the most careful kind of a reflective inquiry.

We hope in future issues to be able to answer some of the questions raised by these problems.

Sunday Study

OCCASIONALLY the question comes up—Should students and young men who are taking special courses, study on Sunday? The answer depends, perhaps, on the regard that one has for the commandments. The familiar words are "Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do," but it seems that some are drawing the fine distinction that studying with books and papers is not work in the same sense as the use of the shovel and axe. There can be little doubt, however, that studying is the work of the student, and if it is wrong to do other unnecessary work on Sunday, it is also wrong to study.

Professor Miller says: "Students of every age and kind, beware of secular study on the Lord's Day."

Macaulay wrote: "If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and less civilized."

There is reason to believe that Sunday studying is a fairly common practice in Canada; in fact, I saw recently a letter from an institution offering instruction by correspondence, in which the suggestion was made that Sunday spare time could be used to good advantage in following the course of study.

The rule of one day of rest in seven was wisely ordained. The head should be rested as well as the body. Students may persuade themselves that they are accelerating their progress if they can get in five or six hours of study on Sunday, but there is a possibility that such work carried on in defiance of Divine command and of reasonable human requirements will be barren of real results.

A Letter from Lincoln

IN any recognized biography of Abraham Lincoln, reference is usually made to the letters that he wrote to his friends and political associates. The following letter, written to a political opponent, will repay careful study:

"I have just read yours of the 19th instant, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune.

If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it, in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing' as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution.

The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be,—the Union as it was.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors where shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

Lincoln's statement that he will adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views, strikes a note that tells of a nature keen to make progress.

Speaking and Writing

"CONSTRUCTIVE English" is the title of a new pocket manual from the press of Ginn and Company, publishers, 2301 Prairie Avenue, Chicago. It is clearly printed, well bound, contains four hundred and fifty-eight pages, and is sold at ninety cents a copy. As a guide to correct speaking and writing, it would be hard to recommend a better book for the young man, no matter what work or profession he may be engaged in.

The title page contains a quotation from the writings of Diogenes to the effect that "the foundation of every state is the education of the youth." This is followed by a very complete table of contents in which, among other topics, are listed the following:

Words, sentences, grammar, clearness, reading, good authors, acquiring a vocabulary, uses and abuses of words, words often mispronounced, the use of capital letters, how to punctuate correctly, letter writing, etiquette in formal letters, and the proper use of abbreviations.

Full and clear explanations are given concerning the proper use of many words about which there is often some doubt, and the hundreds of words so dealt with are listed for easy reference in an alphabetical index. The author, Francis Kingsley Ball, spent a number of years in collecting the material for this book and has done the work very thoroughly indeed.

Some idea of the quality and helpfulness of the book may be gained from a study of the following selection:

"Instead of describing everything as good, be more specific in your meaning by using synonyms; as, a savory dish, nutritious food, delicious fruit, a praiseworthy act, a faithful friend, a useful invention, a noble nature, valuable advice, a cheerful disposition, courteous manners, productive soil, an advantageous offer, beneficial exercise, profitable reading, an opportune moment, a desirable opportunity, an agreeable companion, a favorable outlook, an excellent education, a brilliant speaker, a healthful climate, an amusing story, sound sense, a pleasing concert, just grounds, fair weather, a graceful style, refined society, a pleasant time."

If you are planning to do some helpful reading during the New Year, "Constructive English" should be among your first investments in books.

A Merry Christmas

DURING the year about to close, the editor of this page has had the privilege of serving a number of young men in connection with the problems that are discussed on this page. There are signs that speak well for the immediate future of Canada and of the West. In the quickened activity that may be expected, new problems will arise and

old ones may be presented in more urgent ways. Our readers are invited to write freely whenever they feel that the editor can furnish information that may be of help. In the meantime, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!
—Longfellow.

A Short Course in English

NO. 3.—In article No. 2, some mention was made of the various headings under which a study of words might be undertaken. This month, the sentence is the subject of our article.

In grammar, there are four classes of sentences: 1. Declarative—used in making an assertion.

2. Interrogative—used in asking a question.

3. Imperative—used in making a request, an entreaty, or containing a command or permission.

4. Exclamatory—used to express strong feeling or emotion.

Example of a declarative sentence—"The Victory Loan was over-subscribed."

Example of an interrogative sentence—"Has the decision of the Board been announced?"

Example of an exclamatory statement—

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"
—Shakespeare

Example of an imperative sentence—"Mail this letter in the afternoon."

A complete sentence must have a subject and a predicate. The subject is that of which something is said, and the predicate, or assertion, is that which tells what the subject is or does. In the sentence—"The men who have worked faithfully have succeeded, even though they had to forego many temporary benefits,"—"men" is the simple subject, and "have succeeded" is the simple predicate.

"It is better that you should give yourself a good deal of trouble to express your meaning clearly than that you should give the reader a good deal of trouble to discover what your meaning is."—Alfred S. West.

Question: Is the following sentence written correctly?

"I was able to get neither the styles and sizes wanted or a definite promise for the future."

Answer: Neither should be combined with nor, and either with or. The sentence should read:

"I was able to get neither the styles and sizes wanted nor a definite promise for the future."

Look in the January number for Article No. which will deal with the paragraph.

Management

IN a circular recently distributed by a financial company inviting investors to buy the first mortgage bonds of an industrial corporation, a number of statements are made concerning the favorable position of the company. Among these statements, is one headed "Management." Under this heading is the statement:

"The management will continue in the hands of the present officials of the companies, who are all widely experienced in the business, and have been responsible for the success of the companies."

Responsible management is an important thing in any undertaking. A young man may have knowledge but that alone is not enough. He must learn also how to manage his affairs.

Some time ago, Lord Leverhulme, the great soap manufacturer, was involved in a dispute of an industrial nature and in the course of an article replying to his opponents, he gave a strong illustration of the importance of good management.

Early in his career, he said, he had accumulated enough capital to buy a small soap works. The owners were anxious to sell. They had not been doing business at a profit; their employees had been working long hours and were complaining of the conditions and of the wages. Lord Leverhulme secured the works, studied the situation carefully and by good management reduced the hours of labor, increased the output, found a wider market for the product, and increased the wages of the employees.

Good management need not refer only to corporations. Most young men by combining good management with knowledge and skill can increase their wages and improve their positions in life.